

# MCCALL'S

NOVEMBER, 1925

TEN CENTS



❧❧ ETHEL M. DELL'S ❧❧  
NEW NOVEL IN THIS ISSUE

# These attractive pattern floors bring new beauty to your home

*The colors and designs of these enduring floors meet every decorative need*

TODAY in old homes as well as new, sombre floors of wood are being replaced by these newer, brighter floors of Armstrong's Linoleum. And no wonder! There are colors and designs for every type of home, for every kind of room—soft, rippling Jaspés in two-toned greens, blues, grays, and browns; smartly colorful figured designs; bolder Handcraft tiles; and natural marble effects—patterns created by Armstrong's expert designers to meet every decorative need.

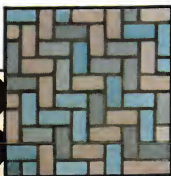
These new floors are unbroken by splintering cracks, by careless seams. They are smoothly and firmly cemented in place over a lining of builders' deadening felt, then waxed and polished until the rich colors glow with a mellow radiance. These floors never need refinishing. They are springy, easy to clean, sanitary. They should last a lifetime.

## *New patterns now on display*

See with your own eyes the new pattern floors that interior decorators and architects recommend for fine modern homes—the floors that are in keeping with the new trend toward color and design in floors. Stop at a good department or furniture store the next time you go shopping and ask to see the new designs in Armstrong's Linoleum. Their beauty will delight you, their modest prices surprise you.

To help you find exactly those decorative touches your home needs—in floors, draperies, and furniture—we offer you the services of our Bureau of Interior Decoration. The Bureau is

*The charm of this attractive dining-room lies in its simplicity of furnishings and deft handling of color. The floor, which is Armstrong's Marble Tile Linoleum (Pattern M02), serves as the basis for the decorative treatment.*



*Above—Handcraft tile design No. 3148  
Left—Black and cream inlaid No. 330*



*Above—Jaspé tile pattern No. 78  
Right—Printed rippled pattern No. 8157*

*Left—This inlaid pattern (No. 5423) also comes in blue, gray, and green.*

headed by an experienced decorator, Hazel Dell Brown. Write to Mrs. Brown, describing the room or group of rooms you would like to redecorate. She will gladly give you her individual suggestions for draperies, wall fin-

ishes, and correct floors of color and design. This information will come to you in a practical form consisting of color set-ups of actual materials which you can get in almost any good store. There is no charge at all for this personal service.

## *A new book on the art of furnishing and decorating homes by Agnes Foster Wright*

Mrs. Wright is an authority on home furnishing and decoration and a contributor to House and Garden and other magazines you read. Her new book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color," is brimful of illustrated ideas you can use to make your home a better and brighter one. This interesting and valuable book will be sent to anyone in the United States for 25 cents. Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 874 Virginia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

*Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the linoleum back*



# Armstrong's Linoleum for every floor in the house

# CONTENTS

FOR NOVEMBER 1925

COVER DESIGNS "HER BRIDAL DAY"  
*Flower of a Series "The Millionaire in a Woman's Life"*  
 PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NETSA McMEIN

## FICTION

THE LOVE OF CACTUS CARRIE.....	VINGIE E. ROR	5
INVISIBLE CORDS.....	MRS. O. HENRY	8
THERE'S A LAND THAT IS FAIRER THAN DAY.....	FRED McCULLOUGH	12
CASTAWAY STUFF.....	HUGH RANDOLPH	14
THE MYSTERY LADY.....	ROBERT W. CHAMBERS	17
A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY.....	ETHEL M. DELL	21

## SPECIAL ARTICLES

MARKING YOUR VOTE COUNT FOR SOMETHING.....	GENE STRATTON-PORTER	2
THROUGH AFRICA WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES.....	MAJOR FRANK E. VERNY, M.C.	6
THE FATHER OF LITTLE WOMEN.....	RONORÉ WILSIE MORROW	10
THE ANGEL STANDING IN THE SUN.....	THE REV. S. PARKES GAGAN	16
THE CIRCUS LADY.....	JOSEPHINE GEMOTT ROBINSON	24
WE COOK AND SERVE THANKSGIVING DINNER.....	RECIPES PREPARED IN McCALL'S LABORATORY	35
IF YOU WANT TO INCREASE YOUR WEIGHT.....	E. V. MCCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONS	38
HIS MAJESTY'S REALM.....	CHARLES GILMORE KEBLEY, M. D.	40
PARISIAN DINING ADVENTURES.....	ROBERT FORREST WILSON	45
A DOZEN UNUSUAL DINNERS.....	HILDEBRAND WHITLEY HIGGINS	46
THE EARLY AMERICAN HOME.....	MARCIA MEAD, COLLABORATING WITH D. P. HIGGINS	52
IN THE EARLY AMERICAN MANNER.....		58
WITH A BOB IT'S THE UPKEEP THAT COUNTS.....	VIRGINIA KIRKUS	68
ALL HAIL THE TULIP AND THE DAFNODIL.....	DOROTHY GILES	98

## FASHIONS

TO BE FASTIDIOUSLY CORRECT, YOU MUST BE EX- QUIETLY DAINTY.....	EMILY POST	64
FLOWING LINES DISTINGUISH THE EVENING MOOD.....		71
THE MODE ADORES A NEW GRACE AND MOTION.....		75
THE OUTLOOK.....	ANNE BITTENHOUGH	75
THE SUGGESTED WAISTLINE A NEW LINE OF DIVI- SION.....		76
FASHION APPROVES THE REDINGOTE AND SURPLICE FRONT.....		77
THE PRINCESS SILHOUETTE SPONSORED BY PARIS.....		78
ROLERO AND COAT EFFECTS ARE CHIC.....		81
PRACTICAL AND DRESS-UP PROCKS FOR THE SMARTLY CLAD JUNIOR.....		82
THE NEW EMBROIDERIES FOR COLORED COTTONS.....	ELIZABETH MAY BLONDEL	84
ANSWERS TO WOMEN.....	WINONA WILCOX	102

Zane Grey  
 in characteristic  
 costume in  
 Arizona,  
 which is the  
 scene of his  
 latest and  
 finest novel,  
 "Desert  
 Bound"



Zane Grey  
 and  
 Dr. J. A. Wilborn  
 of Catalina  
 Island  
 at Long Key,  
 Florida,  
 starting on a  
 tarpon fishing  
 expedition



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ZANE GREY



## ZANE GREY

THE GREATEST WRITER OF WESTERN STORIES THAT AMERICA  
 HAS EVER PRODUCED

AND

ONE OF THE GREAT NOVELISTS OF OUR TIMES, WILL MAKE HIS  
 INITIAL APPEARANCE ON

McCALL STREET

NEXT MONTH WHEN HIS FIRST NOVEL, WRITTEN FOR THIS  
 MAGAZINE, AND ENTITLED

"DESERT BOUND"

WILL APPEAR IN THE PAGES OF McCALL'S, BEGINNING IN THE  
 ISSUE FOR

DECEMBER

In "Desert Bound," Zane Grey indubitably  
 adds new and surprising laurels to his already  
 renowned name. For, in addition to hav-  
 ing created a great picturesque novel of high  
 adventure enacted on western plains, as is his  
 wont, Mr. Grey has here added to his work a  
 thorough-going development of character that  
 is going to amuse and delight even his most  
 ardent admirers. Such a departure af-  
 fords new and fascinating possibilities for Zane  
 Grey's pen, and bears witness that he is no

longer to be accounted solely a preeminent  
 novelist of action, but that he is now to take  
 his rightful place with those writers who have  
 given the world great portraits of unforgettable  
 persons to hang in the galleries of memory.  
 Mary Newton, tragic heroine of "Desert  
 Bound," will doubtlessly take her place with  
 the supreme women of contemporary fiction—  
 Tess, Dams, Jennie Gerhardt and the rest of  
 that shining company of women whose lives  
 have been freighted with much unhappiness.

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# Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



*We shut ourselves up in our house while the parading Democrats, a howling mob, rode up and down the sidewalk.*



Are you satisfied with the way your country is being governed? Do you approve of the way your money is being spent? This significant message from the pen of McCall's best loved writer should arouse every voter at whose door, she claims, lie most of the faults of present day politics.



## Making Your Vote Count for Something

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AUTHOR OF "FRECKLES", "THE WHITE FLAG",  
"THE GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST", ETC.

ILLUSTRATION BY E. F. WARD



WHAT could be done with all the money that is sent to Washington if it were honestly, sanely, and carefully spent for the development of our land, for the culture of our people? This is a question which is far from being answered.

You and I, the people, are ground between the upper and the nether millstones. We do not know what the trouble is; but we know that something is wrong. We know that there never was anything more rotten in Denmark than the rottenness that from time to time fills our administrative offices in Washington—beautiful white buildings in one of the wonder locations of the world, and in them there goes on daily grafting, cheating, stealing, all kinds of schemes to waste the money collected from a struggling people in taxes—to divert it and to fill the purses of grafting politicians and to let the improvements the people who paid the taxes expected to get, fail in ever being carried out.

This is a subject on which I want every reader of these editorials to set to thinking, and to thinking deeply. How much longer are we going to stand by and let this sort of thing go on? How much longer are we going to pay taxes that are grinding the very lives not only from individuals

but from industries that need the money for development, and then stand back and see these enormous sums totalled and rolled up and sent to Washington and nothing happen with them?

We have been electing to fill our state offices and our national offices men who were willing to occupy these offices, not because of the salary that attaches to them, but because of the opportunity they offer to accumulate ill gotten gains. If there is any tendency on the part of anyone to question any of these statements, let him cast his optics on the records of the Governors of half a dozen of our different states

during the past year; look up the records of some of our senators and congressmen and high officials and convince themselves that what I am telling you is incontrovertible truth.

If we as a people will wake up and shake off our lethargy; if we will forget our

individual concern and think of the children, the hundreds of thousands of children who are growing up in this country who have not adequate religious or civil education, if we will think of the improvements that could be made in living conditions, if we will think of the railroads and the canals and the bridges that could be constructed for the furtherance of commerce, if the money that belongs to the people could be spent for the people, we will all come closer to realizing what I am trying to get at.

It may be necessary, like Diogenes of old, to take a lantern and go searching for an honest man, but he is always somewhere; he always can be found and if people really demand him he will unselfishly give his services for the betterment of conditions under which we may live, and love and have a little time to think about what is going to happen to our immortal souls.

From the time I was born, at the close (Turn to page 67)



# Nature's perfect food=whole wheat!

—on your table in 3 minutes  
at less than 2 cents a pound!

Tempting golden Wheatena! Each delicious spoonful fairly laden with the sunny strength of the wheatfields!

Wheatena is whole wheat at its best. Plump, golden grains of choicest winter wheat—roasted and toasted by the exclusive Wheatena method. All the flavor and nourishment are retained—the real golden heart of the wheat—the minerals—the carbohydrates—the proteins and the bran—nature's safe regulator. All the elements you need to build bone, muscle, tissue and to add golden years to your life. Treat your family to Wheatena today.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatonville, Rahway, N. J.

## Wheatena Bread

1 cupspoon water 1 yeast cake dissolved  
1 1/2 teaspoon salt 2 tablespoon lukewarm water  
2 tablespoon shortening 1 cup uncooked wheat  
1 1/2 cups boiling water

### 1 cupspoon

Add sugar, salt and shortening to water. When lukewarm add dissolved yeast cake. Add flour and WHEATENA and stir well. Turn out on floured board and knead for five minutes. Place in bowl, cover and set in warm place to rise. Knead dough again for five minutes. Roll into loaf and let rise for 15 to 20 minutes. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about 45 minutes. Brush top with melted butter and cook on wire rack.



Free—Sample package and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today

# Wheatena

EAT WHOLE WHEAT EVERY DAY - ADD GOLDEN YEARS!

## AFTER



*cleanse your finer things  
this safe way...for longer service*



PERHAPS in the past when your dainty things have worn out long before they had even begun to give the service you had a right to expect of them, you have blamed it upon their material or the washing or the soap, when all the time the trouble lay with the acid action of perspiration.

Many women have now discovered the dangers of leaving delicate garments with even a hint of moisture in them. They use a simple means to prevent risk.

*They tub their silks and woolens in Ivory suds as soon as possible after they are worn. They NEVER put them aside and leave them soiled, either in a closet or hamper.*

This quick Ivory tubbing is very simple. To make Ivory suds you may use either the cakes or the flakes. Ivory Flakes is quicker because it dissolves instantly and you have suds in a second.

Of course, with any soap less pure and safe than Ivory, you might have to think twice before risking your delicate silks and woolens in such frequent tubbings. But Ivory has been used for forty-six years, to cleanse and protect the complexions of millions of women, so the thought of risk with Ivory need never enter your mind if the fabric will stand the touch of pure water.

#### *Have you ever considered this?*

A great many women do their entire family washing with Ivory Soap—for their hands' sake as well as for the sake of their clothes. Why not try Ivory yourself for this purpose? You will be delighted with the results.

#### *A conclusive safety test for garment soaps*

IT is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question: "Would I use this soap on my face?"

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-six years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.

#### *Ivory Flakes for a very special need*

IF you have a particularly precious garment that will stand the touch of pure water, let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes to wash it with. With the sample will come also a beautifully illustrated booklet, *The Care of Lovely Garments*, which is a veritable encyclopedia of laundering information. Address a postcard or letter to Section 14-KF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Procter & Gamble*



99 2/3% PURE

IT FLOATS



*Lanterns would throw dancing shadows and the smoke of cigarettes drift by while the men crouched over their game*

Can A Homely Woman Really Have A Great Romance?

# THE LOVE OF CACTUS CARRIE

BY VINGIE E. ROE

AUTHOR OF "THE SPLENDID ROAD," "NAMELESS RIVER"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

Gives the answer to this question which every woman in the world has asked herself at some time or other.



CACTUS CARRIE came in across the line. Where she hailed from nobody knew, or cared. She was gaunt and agile. Her high-boned cheeks were brown. These, and her opaque, direct black eyes, hinted at Indian blood. But there all likeness to the "civilized" Indian ended, for the woman was filled with energy, and, in her starched, white linen dress, was always immaculately clean.

She had hauled in the little desert town late one afternoon, and, twenty-four hours afterward, became an adjunct behind the lunch counter of the Harvey Eating House. The Harvey House flourished so greatly that the fat, hot cluster of adobe huts, the general store, and even the little depot—built after the fashion of the Southwest, with Mission lines—the few houses and the shatteringly quarters of the Mexican section hands, all seemed to have but the single object of being near it. For the rest, there were only illimitable plains, and soft, blue-hazed, majestic space—effort as death itself, and beautiful.

The Arizona dawns and the twilights were awe-inspiring

spectacles. Cactus Carrie found them so—gazing from the window of her cubby-hole room in the gaunt barracks of a rooming house where the five waitresses lived; but the never betrayed it. None would have guessed the hushed peace which the colorful pageant put within her.

"Great Jehosephat!" said Miss Sadie Eppel, fair-artificially; fat—naturally; and forty—unavoidably: "Ain't it hot! If it would only rain once in a blue moon in this God-forsaken country! Sometimes I wish I'd stayed in Boston."

"At Boston wages?" asked little Yvonne Kelly, "an' with ten women to every man? Good night! Not for mine. I come from the East too, an' any square mile of Arizona's worth the whole kit-an'-hooley of it."

"Some little booster, ain't you kid?" said Sadie, laughing. "Go to it: I like to see a guy stick up for his bread and butter."

"Did you get that man-stuff, Sadie?" called black-haired Annie Bruce, as she wiped the polished [Turn to page 55]



The Prince discusses South African affairs with Sir David De Waul

*What happens when a royal prince makes a tour of his Kingdom Which-Is-To-Be? With what emotions does he receive the homage of his father's subjects? And how do these subjects welcome him—the heir to their fealty? H. R. H. the Prince of Wales has just completed a visit to the great Dominion of South Africa, where Englishmen and Boers and native tribesmen united to do him honor.*

*In this, first of a series of articles written for McCall's by gracious permission of the Prince of Wales himself, by Major Frank Verney, M. C., of the British Army, you will read the true story of the Prince of Wales' South African tour, for Major Verney, was privileged to travel with H. R. H. on the Royal Train and to be present at the great state and social functions with which South Africa welcomed her future Emperor.*

## Through Africa With the Prince of Wales —MAJOR FRANK E. VERNEY, M.C.



ventional, and the result a "wash-out," so far as the real Prince of Wales is concerned.

In all circles, the Prince rivals the weather as a stock topic of polite conversation, and one hears many views of him. It was about time somebody who knew something about him, got busy in the Press. Instead of retaining the view that it would be an error of taste for me to write intimate articles about the Prince, I began to regard it as a duty. I mentioned the matter at York House, the Prince's residence in London, and the comment was: "Why on earth shouldn't you? It would be a jolly good thing if you did." So I wrote the articles. Perhaps some of you read them. They were published in McCall's during H. R. H.'s visit

to America, last year, and, I understand, acted as a corrective to a mass of unbalanced and superficial matter that was written and invented about the Prince at that time. Stimulated by the success of this small effort, and encouraged by the fact that the articles were cordially approved at York House as being an accurate sketch of H. R. H., I am—as we say in the Service, "carrying on," my object being to place on record a more or less complete and unbiased study of the real Prince, as a man, as a workman, and as future ruler of the British Empire.

I would like to emphasize this word unbiased, by stating that, though every word of these articles will be read and approved by Sir Godfrey Thomas, who is the Prince's Private Secretary, before publication, no word will be written that is inspired by any other consideration than my desire to describe the Prince as I know him to be. I am not out to add another nail to the Prince's head or to indulge in any form of propaganda. Neither is necessary. Besides, the Prince dislikes "bouquets." At the same time, I am writing with a considerable regard to the Prince's rights as an individual.

From the moment that P. W. came into the world, his future was marked out for him by the relentless laws of his official destiny, and by the high sense of service to the Nation which governs his family. He was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but with a curb bit. To people who are weary with the struggle of existence and the fight



EARLY last year I was so indiscreet as to yield to the persuasions of McCALL'S Magazine, and write a couple of intimate articles about the Prince of Wales. I did not frightfully care about the job; in fact, I shied at the very idea of it. First, because enough has been written about the Prince of Wales to paper-hang the civilized globe; and second, because I felt that it was not "the game" for a soldier-man to join in a paper-chase of his Prince and superior officer. In other words I had the inherited prejudices of my calling. However, the startling nature of the request had its immediate reactions. I was not so hide-bound by regulations, customs and tradition that I could not see the common-sense view. The stuff that had been written about the Prince was pretty first class drivel—a mixture of hysterical sentiment, grandmotherly criticism, and feminine adulation. The "human" side of him was portrayed by widely featuring his smile, his occasional falls in the hunting field, and his performances on the dance floor; the official side by spectacular descriptions of his public functions. A few writers scratched a little deeper, but their excavations were superficial and con-



Left—The Prince visits a South African school Above—He delivered his speech in clear, clipped accents. Right—An early morning canter before the day's work begins.





His personality melts away racial bitterness. By a smile, he destroys antagonisms that have defied time—Painted by Mead Schaeffer

for place, a curb bit may seem no particular privation, and a predestined course no drawback, so long as both are comfortable and lead to affluence. But, to the young and spirited, both are intolerably irksome. Life's principal inspiration is the spirit of adventure, and its only field the unknown. The Prince has a large stock of this spirit, but no field of the unknown. From the beginning he was denied acquaintance with Chance, and the lure of the veiled future. The subtle appeal of uncertainty; the thrill of hope and fear of what life might have in waiting round the corner; the stimulus of the gamble of Existence, were placed by Circumstance within a ring fence marked with the warning inscription—"No admittance for the Prince of Wales." This is not merely an analytic deduction, that I am making, or a bare psychological generalisation. It is a hard and concrete fact which the Prince feels very poignantly, and he always will feel so. It is his own view. He is far too human to get case-hardened to the deadening inevitability of living to a cast-iron destiny. To P. W., CHANCE is a vital factor in life. His nature demands it. His composition screams for it. He wants to take chances. He needs this common heritage that is denied to him by the accident of his circumstances. Judging by the universal curiosity, kind and admiring though it is, one would imagine that he has no individual rights. As a matter of fact, he has precious few as you and I understand the term. But such privacy as he does happen to get is his own, and will be treated with appropriate reserve.

A few weeks ago I received a cable from McCall's telling me that America is waiting to hear about the Prince's tour in Africa, complete with savages, lions, and tigers, and what not. And though the savages are not savages, and lions have to be looked for with very long range glasses, and tigers don't exist, I must take you straight away to the scene of P. W.'s arrival in Cape Town.

Africa has witnessed many stirring events in her chequered history, and her peoples have thrilled to all the great emotions that can move humanity, but never has her heart throbbled to any individual or happening as it did to the Prince of Wales. Not only was almost every living soul of every colour, creed and race gathered in the streets of Cape Town to welcome the Prince's arrival there, but on every tongue, and in every pair of eyes was a deep and united spirit of welcome that could have had no source but the heart. I know Africa, and I know the African people, for I have lived among them. There was no "second thought" about its greeting; there was no crowd stimulus in it; there were no mental reservations attached to it. Even ordinary curiosity was absent. It was just—"Our Prince is here." Here was something which defied analysis, forbade argument and scattered all politics and radical differences to the four winds of Heaven.

And while this great gathering of the peoples of Africa gathered in the streets of a great Dominion and waited abroad, to give the greetings of a great Dominion and a hundred races, to the heir of the King Emperor, P. W.

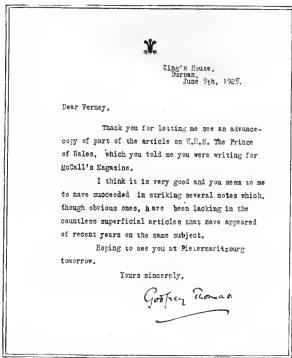
stood in the cockpit of a little steam launch that was chugging its way across the blue waters of Table Bay from the low, grey bulk of an anchored battleship—the Repulse, staring over the top of the cabin and making casual and humorous remarks to his Comptroller, Admiral Halsey, on the action of the boat, the peaceable weather, and the film of silver mist which lay on the top of Table Mountain, exactly as if he were an ordinary Naval Officer going ashore for an hour of inconsequential business. In this little incident of the manner of the Prince's approach to an experience of enormous importance to the Crown—as well as a terrific test of himself—you can see reflected that simple naturalness of his, that

stairs to the pier level. His face had now lost its look of easy incoherence—the subaltern look—and was grave and slightly strained—also the subaltern look—as he stood at the salute whilst the Band crashed out *God Save the King*. Then the pent emotion of the gathering broke loose over this clean-faced young man in Naval uniform who was the Tradition of a people come to life. Hats went into the air, hard eyes grew humid, and a passionate wave of cheering—shattered formality and swept along the pier to the human masses beyond the barriers, travelling up the streets of the city like a wind of flame, forming a mighty human diapason to the distant roar of guns booming out the majestic motif of a Royal Salute.

Falling slightly beneath his bronze at the music thrill of a country's welcome, but self-composed, and every inch the Prince of Wales, P. W. moved forward with his Staff to greet the tall and royal person of his cousin, Princess Alice, the Earl of Athlone (Governor-General), the Prime Minister, his old friend General Smuts, and various other members of the Government. An occasional swift smile broke boyishly over his face, irradiating its air of rather nervous gravity. And then quickly he passed on to inspect the Guards of Honour. A word here and a word there to officer or private; a quick question about a medal, the length of a man's service, a former meeting, an item of uniform; noticing everything and missing nothing, making the whole Guard feel that he had come to Africa especially to inspect them, and make their acquaintance. A turn round on his heel; a dozen or two more hand shakes; a few more salutes in acknowledgment of renewed bursts of cheering, and then a businesslike line for the car that was waiting to convey him up into the city and its eager multitudes.

But let's get on with the lions and the tigers by making a dash for the scene of Africa's official reception of H. R. H. Being on a kind of social crawl with the Prince, and free of movement so far as participation in processions and ceremonial is concerned, I made a short and rapid cut up to the great parade ground on the flank of the ancient castle and in front of the modern Town Hall, so that I might feel as an onlooker and a unit of the crowd, the pulse of South Africa's greeting. It was not easy to get there, but my guide was a senior police official and my car a police car.

I have taken part in many ceremonies which had H. R. H. and His Majesty for centre piece; I have witnessed many others. I have been on duty at a Royal Review at Aldershot when Laifans Plain had been decked with the scarlet and gold splendor of the British Army in full dress; and the morning sun has flickered on twenty thousand gleaming bayonets and sword blades, moving as one in the Royal Salute, to the stirring music of massed bands playing *God Save the King*. I was also present on that famous occasion when half England gathered in the London streets to welcome the return of the Army from the late war. But [Turn to page 30]



Mr Geoffrey Thomas, Secretary to the Prince,  
congratulates Major Verney on his article.

complete absence of all swank or fuss, which is the key to the man and to the hearts of all men. At the pier head he gathered up his sword and hopped ashore; ungartered his tie while Halsey disembarked, and then led the way up the stone



# Invisible Cords

BY MRS. O. HENRY

(SARAH LINDSAY COLEMAN)

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HEITLAND



*Does a wife inherit her husband's genius? ■ ■ You'll suspect she does after reading this story by the widow of Sidney Porter, who as O. Henry, won the applause of millions and is hailed as the great master—nay, almost the creator—of the modern American short story. ■ ■ For one would be compelled to go to the pages of O. Henry himself to find a tale of greater effectiveness, mellow loveliness and of deeper, compelling emotion, than this one which his widow has fashioned here.*



*A gust of wind-whipped rain swept a girl into the room*

**F**LASH of light and shock of sound! Wallace leaped from his bed in terror. In the sooty, suffocating blackness that followed the flash he came back from sleep to full consciousness and groped for the matches. He lit his lamp, slipped into trousers, dressing gown and slippers and built a leaping fire.

He drew the table that held his work, the book his publishers were advertising for the fall, up to the cabin hearth. But he did not write. A few restless movements and he shoved back the table to make way for the Morris chair.

Eyes fastened broadly on the flames, he lay back in an immobility characteristic of him when under emotion. He hated storms in the night. Always they brought back that cataclysm of his youth now fifteen years past. Again he felt the scorching blast of pain that had scared him on that stormy night.

The intensity of the storm increased. Above the tumult rose a cry:

"Let me in! Oh, please let me in!"

He went to the door and opened it. A gust of wind-whipped rain swept a girl into the room. Her wet, bare feet made prints upon the floor. The grotesque quilt she clutched about her dripped in little trailing pools.

Again the thunder crashed, the lightning flared, the screaming wind shook the cabin.

The girl screamed too. The quilt dropped to the floor. Had she known who Wallace was it was not the entrance she would have chosen. Her dark shingled bob dropped little streams on her yellow negligee and her feet were muddy.

"I e-can't help it," she spoke through chattering teeth. "Grandmother did it. When I was a little and naughty, she said the lightning would strike me dead. I'm not

afraid of anything else. I b-leeve your pardon for a-m-radiat. B-but you'll have to put up with me till it's over. A-and I'm sorry to look like this. I-I got my lamp lighted and this far along. When I reached for my m-m-als, that bad one came. There wasn't anybody to come to but you—your light," she corrected.

Wallace looked at her suspiciously. Ladies were always wanting to know him, but with approaches more subtle, more decorous.

He caught up the blanket from the bed, wrapped it about the shivering girl and placed her in the Morris chair. He went into the lean-to and brought back a big man-sized towel.

"Used to be a sort of barber myself," he said, making a vigorous and dextrous attack on the head set so charmingly on its slender shoulders. Her curls she bunched on top. Scrumptious! "Don't you girls, with your bobbed heads get tired of all looking alike?"

"It saves time."

At a flash from sky to earth she quivered. The cabin rocked with the crash.

With one of his quick changes of mood he held the pretty head to his breast while he rubbed vigorously. Women did bedevil him, but he was a cad to think guile of this girl.

"There, there," he comforted.

He came around and stopped in front of her. "Put out your foot," he ordered.

She obeyed in silence.

"The other."

She stuck it out.

Towel in hand he went toward the lean-to. "I'm going to make coffee, and toast. Late supper or early breakfast, which will you have mam'selle?"

"Late supper, of course. I hate early breakfasts."

He laughed. "Unoriginal young lady. True to type."

Wallace was at his best when the honors of an occasion devolved on him. He was shy and ill at ease in the houses of other people—miserable when he was lionized.

Bacon and eggs, toast, coffee, marmalade. He got it together in an astonishingly short time, and served it on his work table again drawn up to the fire.

The storm was dying down. The girl's panic was subsiding. Her color came back as she drank the steaming coffee.

"The night blew you in from where? You couldn't have come far?"

"Oh, but I did," she sighed. "I meant to stay in the village with a woman I know there. I drove in here there this afternoon, or yesterday, whatever time it was, and I left the macadam for this lovely road. Every time it came a loop I tried to turn back, but the mountains were so friendly. They crowded close and closer in welcome. The road grew rougher, but I came on. When it stopped I was here."

"Across the road! With old aunt Zey?"

"When I turned her out and sent her back with the buggy I didn't reckon with the elements." Her somber eyes laughed into his. "She's down at dart's," she mimicked.

"When daylight comes she will be back to milk the cow and feed the pig and the chickens and help me with my breakfast. But I won't need any breakfast. You've been so good to me."

She had apologized at her entrance and had made no other reference to her unconventionality. She had graciously accepted his hospitality, and without squeamishness. There was something honest and unaffected about her that made his voice warm, his whimsical lips sweet, his eyes that saw

deeply below the surface of things, soft as he gave back: "Why child, you came to me when you were afraid. What man would have leaved—?"

Her hand flashed to her heart as though from sudden pain, and traveled to her lips as if to still words that must not be said.

She got to her feet. "I'd better go now. Daylight's coming and Aunt Ziry wouldn't understand my being here." Eyes like lightning pools, she looked at him in smiling gratefulness.

Wallace swooped her up in his arms. She was a little thing and he carried her lightly across the road to her own cabin, and dumped her down in the soft feather bed from which she had fled.

"What's the game. Hide and seek?"

"There's nobody to hunt for me. Daddy's in Europe." "I'm glad that means you don't want to be found."

"No," she spoke slowly, "I don't want to be found."

From the doorway Wallace looked back. "Auf Wiedersehen, Miss Terry."

She sat up in bed laughing, as unconscious of herself and her surroundings as a child.

"That was neat. It flatters a woman to have a man think her a mystery."

"And a man's ego flaps its wings and crows like a lousy rooster when a woman appreciates him." Wallace was not to be outdone in compliments.

In the early afternoon, he was awakened by a woman's voice calling "Felicia!" He went to the window and looked out.

The cabins were opposite each other and not a hundred yards apart. Beyond them was the trail that led to the mountain tops.

A wagon driving like a horse hitched to a shiny little huggy had drawn rein at Felicia's door. Obviously she was the lady from the village some miles below—the woman with whom the girl had "meant to stay."

Felicia came out. "Met the writer yet, Felicia?"

"What writer?" "Cheer up child, even if you are in the dumps. In that miserable shack opposite your equally miserable shack Wallace is writing a book. Guess he's just as cranky as can be. I hear he's shy, that he hates women—was mixed up in some sort of a scandal with one, but he's Wallace and it would be thrilling to say you knew him intimately. With I had your chance."

Late afternoon when the lady had gone the girl sat on the porch. "Anything more you'd like to know about me?" Wallace megaphoned, cupping his hands to his mouth.

She shouted back: "Daddy's simply mad about your stories."

"And are you too?"

"Never read 'em."

He laughed whole heartedly, like a boy.

"Neat name, Felicia. Always liked it!"

"It's a lot of a name!"

"How come? What's wrong with it?"

"It means 'happiness' in the dictionary."

"Don't pity yourself," he yelled. "I can't come over and jolly you up. I've got too much work to do."

"I pity you that you can't come," she called back saucily.

It was true that the hurt one woman had given him made him distrustful of all women; true that he was shy by nature, but he liked this girl with her hoysish honesty.

As though jealous of a world to which they might return, the mountains, bathed down then how savage it could be, smiled on Felicia and Wallace. Days full of sunshine—towering hills in changing moods—misty and blue at dawn—

ethereal and purple sunset. Moonlit nights, glamorous

and unreal, mysterious shadows all around them.

Felicia moved in and out of her cabin. Sometimes she climbed the trail. Sometimes she went down the road. Wallace worked hard. There were times when he toiled half the night and slept half the day. They exchanged occasional greetings with each other from the porches. Wallace thought she was a nice, exceedingly nice, girl having a lark all alone in the big world, although, for the moment she called the lark a tragedy.

It was, perhaps, a week after the storm that she put her hands up and trumpeted across to him:

"Come to supper. I've been to the village and I've got some good things."

He went over.

Felicia, in honor of the occasion, wore a flame colored silk slip that suited her dark, slender beauty.

After a pause, "When's this to be over, Felicia? When do you go home?"

"Home's a far castle in Spain," begin. "Anyway I've fallen out of love with things that airily with h—home—husband—"

This time the silence was deep. Wallace made no attempt to force her confidence.

"He thought it was I in the man's arms telling him good-night. He leaped at him and he said terrible things. It was a friend of mine—a school mate. Her mother was trying to make her marry a man she didn't want. She was seeing her lover at our house. Malcolm knew about it. It's He hadn't come to dinner. He was extra busy. Oh, he was penitent! I was decent. I didn't make a scene. But when Alice was gone and Malcolm back at the office next day, I took all he'd ever given me and piked it high on the bed with my wedding ring on top of it. I said I didn't love him any more. That I didn't love a man who couldn't trust me when the lights were dim. That was his plea. The lights were dim!" She gave herself a little angry shake.

Wallace saw her hands clench in her fight for composure.

His hands closed over hers. "How old are you, Felicia?"

"Twenty-one."

"Quite sure you haven't turned the figures around?"

She stiffened, tried to draw her hand away.

Wallace held on to the unwilling hand. "It's a funny thing but you can't get away from marriage—separation—divorce—death—once married, always married. Just because you have run away to these big woods are you unfettered? Are you the girl you were before you married? Don't you feel that in some invisible way Malcolm set his seal on you?"

"He came to our school and he was sweet." Wallace knew that something bigger than the girl herself, with her acceptance of the up-to-date attitude toward marriage, was drawing the words from her reluctantly.

It might have been just the glamorous night with old dame Nature behind it pulling at the girl's heart strings.

"I can see him now in his little checked suit, standing so straight and with that stubborn chin of his bold high. His hair! It stands up in that absurd cowlick. And his eyes. Nice eyes. Then Wallace had got in the way, having moved. His family moved. I never saw him again until last fall. It was hateful then—still the wedding day."

She jumped to her feet. "The lamp's going out. I forgot to put oil in it."

Wallace's hand restrained her.

"That from you," he said. "That subterfuge. Good night. Got to work on that book. Time's most up."

June days passed, splendor of sunshine, glory of color and fragrance of wild flowers—always, except for the coming and going of the old mountain woman who tidied both cabins and helped them with their cooking.

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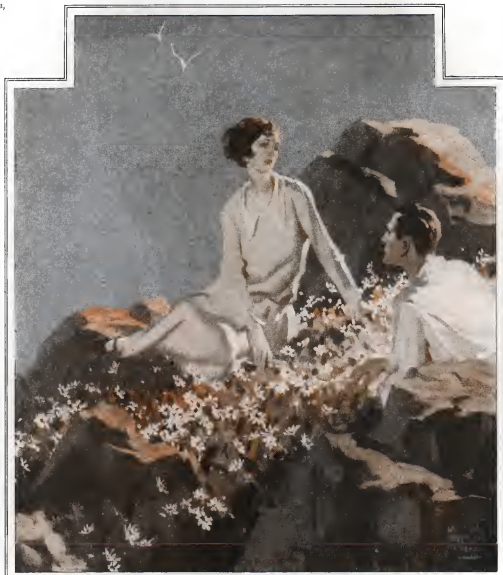
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The terror of the storm passed. In the days which followed Felicia and Wallace found new joy



After supper they went out on the little porch. Twilight and the liquid notes of the thrush. Felicia went inside and lighted the lamp. She came back and sat down beside Wallace on the porch steps. She said never a word. Wallace was a man of silences. The moon rose. Its light slid mysteriously along the tree trunks turning them into fantastic

human—place for dryads to steal out and meet fauns. Felicia's hand went out and patted Wallace's knee.

"You're nice—as nice as my daddy."

"And as old. Thank you." Wallace's voice was chagrined.

Here is the amazing first installment of what will prove one of the great literary sensations of the times. It is a genuine recreation of the family circle of "Little Women"—a recreation fashioned from the fifty unpublished diaries kept day after day by Bronson Alcott, the brilliant, luckless father of Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women" and herself the famous "Jo" of that story. These articles, arranged directly from the diaries by Mrs. Morrow, will establish once and for all time the



A. Bronson Alcott, the Father of Little Women

reputation of Bronson Alcott, great and neglected genius, whose theories have revolutionized our modern education; a man Hawthorne and Thoreau were proud to call friend, but whom most of his generation thought only a blundering fool. McCall's Magazine is proud not only to throw this new light upon the real lives of the famous "Little Women" themselves, but also to lead the way toward a tardy recognition of the great American who was their inspiring father.

# The Father of Little Women

BY HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

AUTHOR OF "THE FORBIDDEN TRAIL," "THE ENCHANTED CANYON"

BECAUSE she was a New Englander born and bred, of Anglo-Saxon stock, America meant something to my mother which it cannot mean to a person of different background. Mother spent most of her married life in the Middle West and I think one of her greatest problems in rearing her children was how to produce for them that background of traditional responsibility toward our country that had come to her quite automatically, because she was of the lineage she was, and because she had been reared where she had been. And the Middle West was without tradition.

As I look back at our intellectual relationship to Mother I realize that she attacked the problem from many angles. But most obviously by talking to us so much about New England, about life in the New England town that bred her and about the men and women who, she said, had given America whatever standing it had in the world of letters and of statesmanship, that we actually grew to look on New England as our true home, and on her birthplace as our own.

She was a fluent talker, and one of my dearest pictures of her is of winter twilight, with mother rocking my little sister before the old base burner with its glowing eyes. Curious—as that picture returns to me at this moment, every line is wiped from her face, every grey hair has gone from her head. She is young, and I am tiny, and look up into her eyes, so rich and warm a blue in the firelight. And she is



Home of the Little Women, now maintained as a memorial

talking to us about the picture that hangs beside the Daniel Webster engraving. It's a tiny water color of a mossy rockland in a narrow blue frame. There was a series of stories connected with that modest painting that we children asked for again and again. For it was painted by Abigail May Alcott,

fascinating talker that I had known or ever would know. And I still think so. And I'd like to see justice done him.

"Yes, and what of that?" I asked with the nonchalance of youth and ignorance.

"What of that?" flared Mother. "What of anything that

the "Amy" of "Little Women," from whom my mother had taken painting lessons when she was a young girl. And Mother told us over and over of the gaiety and charm of May, and her really fine talent, "which," Mother always added firmly, "she inherited from her father and not from her mother. Mrs. Alcott was always given the credit for what Louisa and the others amounted to. But my father always said that Bronson Alcott, their father, was a very great genius, born a hundred years before his time. And I believe that both Louisa and Abigail May got their great talents from their father."

In the telling of what we called her "Amy stories," Mother repeated this statement many times, and at last I grew up sufficiently to ask Mother why she always stressed it so. "Because," she said, "I believe that Harriet Martineau, when she ridiculed Mr. Alcott's Masonic Temple School in Boston out of existence, set back the clock for education not only in this country but in the world a hundred years. I remember Bronson Alcott vividly. When I was a girl and he came to Exeter to lecture, he used to stop at our house. I can remember that I thought him the most beautiful man to look at and the most fascinating talker that I had known or ever would know. And I still think so. And I'd like to see justice done him."

impedes the nation's growth? Bronson Alcott would have been one of the greatest glories of New England and they would have it, they credited him. They laughed at him as an impractical visionary, a man who allowed his family to go hungry while he dreamed dreams! Every one but Emerson, Emerson understood him and was not above drawing on him for philosophical sustenance. Never forget that."

And you observe by this that I have not!

As I grow older many anecdotes me so much as the inexplicable continuity of apparently irrelevant events in one's life. There is my dear mother in the Middle West with her unquenchable enthusiasm for the older giants of New England and her unceasing partisanship for Bronson Alcott; and there is many, many years later, one of the younger officers in New York City who asks me if I would be interested in looking up Bronson Alcott's diary. Me—I never had heard of Bronson Alcott's diary! But this editor informed me that Bronson Alcott had kept a diary for over fifty years that never had been published! And he asked me if I would not try to get permission to delve into that diary and find out what sort of father produced the Little Women. Thus was I involved into the most charming literary adventure of my experience.

The first thing to discover was the whereabouts of these diaries. That was not difficult. The diaries were in Concord, Mass., in the Alcott home in which lives Mrs. Frederick Alcott Pratt, who was the wife of "Demi," "Meg's" son. I wrote and after a time I received permission to call on her.

I got off the train at Concord in a blinding storm of snow and sleet. It's just a small town, much as it was when the Little Women themselves lived there. I asked the station agent how to reach the house. It was only three or four blocks from the station. I was to recognize it by the white picket fence that surrounded it. I pushed my way through the storm; conscious that great elm trees tossed gigantic arms above wide streets; conscious that the girl Louisa and her sisters had buffeted many such a storm in exactly this spot. Thrilled and restless, I turned in at the gate in a picket fence, and reached a little New England "stoop."

A pleasant-faced maid led me into a hall and, after I'd divested myself of my heavy overcoat and hat, she led me into a large, low ceilinged parlor whose walls were hung with many fine paintings. While I was examining them, a small, grey haired woman with the keen, kindly face that only the New Englanders, came in and we introduced ourselves. This was Mrs. Pratt.

I think we talked about the weather, first, and then we

talked a little about writing, and then we touched on the relative merits of women's magazines versus *The Atlantic Monthly*. But we didn't seem to get to the subject of the Bronson Alcott diaries. I began to feel a little chilled, mentally. I recognized the atmosphere fully. It was the same kind that my mother created with strangers whom she proposed to hold at arm's length. And it is an extraordinary difficult atmosphere for a westerner like myself to break through. I admitted the paintings.

"Yes," replied my hostess pleasantly, "most of them were done by Mrs. Alcott."

"My mother took painting lessons from May Alcott when she was a girl?"

"What was your mother's name?"

"I told her, Mrs. Pratt leaned toward me, her face eager and tender. "O, my dear!" she exclaimed, "I knew your mother. She and I went to the seminary at the same time," and in a moment we were plunged in a flood of questions and answers, regarding Exeter. It was after this that my hostess asked me to have a look at the diaries.

She led me into the room nearest—such a room as time and New England alone can produce. In all the far West, in all the Middle West or South there could be no such room because the culture there lacks the austerity and the richness that created Bronson Alcott's library. It was a square room with two opposite windows, and a small, marble-tiled fireplace, inconspicuous in design. Worn old chairs and reading lamps, and round the walls, bookshelves, crowded with books.

Books overflowed the cases to tables. There were busts of Socrates, of Bronson Alcott, and of Louisa; tiny, choice portraits of the Alcotts; a program for a child's day of work and play in faded ink; the snow slashing against the windows, the glow of firelight on the rich bindings of old books. This



Louisa May Alcott from a bust-relief

had been Thoreau's home and Bronson Alcott's. Emerson and Thoreau and Bronson Alcott had sat before this fireplace one another those ideas that had made Concord one of the greatest thought centers of the world!

My hostess crossed to one of the bookcases and made a

hand, "1829, Journal." It was a book of about the flat dimensions of *The Atlantic Monthly*, but two inches thick. It contained three hundred pages of a child's paper, yellowed by time, and covered by a fine bandwriting in faded ink that, while beautiful to glance at, was very difficult to read. I looked up at Mrs. Pratt and there was a gleam of pride in that astute lady's eyes as she said: "Volume after volume like that! And Lowell, who admired much about Mr. Alcott, said that when Alcott went to his writing he went to his death! The man could not put himself into such literary form that people would read him."

Something of my mother's old feeling flared within me. "And yet," I explained, "he was a very great teacher."

"Yes, he was a very great teacher," my hostess agreed. "My husband's mother ('Meg of Little Women') felt that, I think, even more than Aunt Louisa did. Although heaven knows, Aunt Louisa was devoted itself to her father. But after all, it was Aunt Louisa who carried the financial brunt of the family, and that tends to lessen one's ardor! You don't know, perhaps, but people in New England felt that Bronson Alcott was a mere impractical visionary."

"And yet," I insisted, "Louisa Alcott's genius could not have been the mere result of birth. Her early education must have counted heavily. Didn't her father educate her?"

"Yes, and entirely according to his peculiar theories. . . . How proud he was of her! Yet, in most ways, Anna was closer to him. She too was a remarkable woman with a life gift for expression."

"Where did Bronson Alcott get his own training?" I asked suddenly.

"No, he never went to college, come to think of it," I was informed. "It's a curious thing that he never went to anything but the worst kind of ill-disciplined school, and that only until he was fifteen. He had almost no access to books either. I've heard my mother-in-law say that frequently, during the time young men are in college, he was a peddler in Virginia in the winter, and worked on his father's farm in summer."

"And yet," said I, "at twenty-three or four he was conducting the greatest experiments in education this world had known and was evidently, even then a profound thinker and a classicist. What went on in that young peddler-farmer's mind? One can't get an education spontaneously as one gets religion. I want to find out what life did to Bronson Alcott so that he was able to give Louisa Alcott to the world."

"It'll be glad if some one will do him justice," said Mrs. Pratt. "Only in your anxiety to do him justice, I want to realize that 'Marnie' was a very noble human being, not that there must be some sound reason why Bronson Alcott

is neglected while every summer twenty thousand or so people from all over the world come to Concord to see the home of the 'Little Women.' She went to the bookcases and brought me another diary."

I opened the book, working slowly through the beautiful, difficult script. It ran:

"Observations on the Spiritual Nature of the Children. (Anna and Louisa). A. Bronson Alcott, 1834-5."

"Monday, October 27, 1834. . . . I dressed them this morning at an early hour. Louisa shed a few tears while being dressed. She has been less irritable, I understand from her mother than usual. She enjoyed Anna's society with several of the little ones at school for an hour. She took a nap at noon: went to bed, shedding tears. Her mother desired her to discipline her into silence; crying on going to bed being one of her almost confirmed habits."

"Anna spent some time with me after tea, in the study. She was remarkably amiable, communicative. But she did not succeed in getting to bed without tears, her common habit. If urged against her will, I punished her, sending her to bed without a kiss and shutting the door to her bed chamber."

"Louisa's deep-seated obstinacy of temper is far from being conquered. She is by no means docile. Submission is an act of self-infliction that she renders doubly painful by her resistance to every entreaty. I have not resorted to physical severity today, reminding of the possibility of submission having succeeded in controlling her. . . . I had [Turn to page 91]



Children adored him. He could make them understand anything—Painted by R. W. Stewart

little sleeping gesture with her hand, "All these are Bronson Alcott's diaries—fifty volumes of them, with much of correspondence. Aunt Louisa had them all bound up for him when he was old."

She pulled out a volume at random and laid it in my





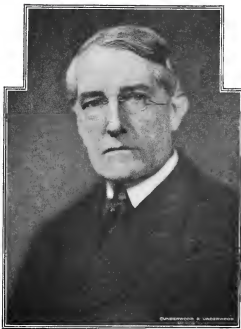
### WHAT WILL HEAVEN BE LIKE?

*This question, so appealingly discussed in the short story presented herewith, was taken to one of the greatest of the Fundamentalist clergymen, the Rev. John Roach Straton, of New York, and also to Clarence Darrow, the noted attorney who led the defense against William Jennings Bryan at the world-famous Scopes trial at Dayton, Tennessee.*

*Their answers, presenting, as they do, the arguments of the two opposing camps—the materialists and the fundamentalists—are given here in parallel columns.*

*In reading them you will be able to garner the main arguments for and against the so-called scientific view of life and death as contrasted with the spiritual view—the view of the Bible and of Aunt Caroline.*

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John Roach Straton

### "Heaven will be much as Aunt Carline Believed"

BY REV. DR. JOHN ROACH STRATON  
NOTED PASTOR OF CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH  
AND PRESIDENT OF THE FUNDAMENTALIST  
LEAGUE

THIS story touched me deeply. We lost our own precious little daughter, a radiant child of twelve summers, only two years ago. We have found ourselves like Aunt Caroline thinking much of heaven, therefore, I rejoice, too, to say that, like the quaint old character in your story, we have an unshaken faith in the reality and glory of the heavenly home. The old fashioned faith which Aunt Caroline so quaintly exemplified is precisely what is needed in these modern times. In the midst of the materialistic philosophy and the superficial speculations of today, the reality of heaven has largely faded from the consciousness of the average individual. The recognition of the reality of an unseen and eternal world is the greatest need of our age.

I like your story, therefore, immensely, and I would say as a student of the Bible that there is far more ground for Aunt Caroline's homely but beautiful faith in the reality of the hereafter than there is for the idle doubts and the empty speculations of today, which know no conception of heaven, except in some vague, intangible way that can neither satisfy the thoughtful mind nor comfort the sorrowing soul of the children of men.

While God through the Bible does not reveal in detail the exact nature and conditions of the heavenly land—nevertheless He does give us all that is necessary to challenge our interest, feed the altar fires of our hope, and strengthen within us the forces of a satisfying faith. And what is taught in the Bible concerning the hereafter, all indicates that Heaven will be much as Aunt Carline believed; not a place so unreal, with conditions so strange and not that pilgrims from earth exulted at home therein. The Scripture's teachings make clear that the conditions of heaven will be the simple completion, glorification and perfection of the conditions of earth.

When we compare the strength, beauty and usefulness of such lives as those of Uncle Daniel and Aunt Carline with the superficial and silly lives of today, so frequently depicted by our groveling paganism and godlessness, it should make us pause.

John Roach Straton



Clarence Darrow

### "I Don't Know What Heaven Will Be Like"

BY CLARENCE DARROW

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS LAWYER AND DEFENDER OF THE EVOLUTION THEORY IN THE NOTED SCOPES TRIAL AT DAYTON, TENNESSEE

MAN has always speculated on life hereafter. Every person makes his own image of heaven. I don't know what heaven will be like, or if there is any. But any consolation any person may get from the hope and belief and from his image of what heaven is like, he ought to be permitted to have.

Every one pictures the emotions he will experience in heaven as the keenest pleasure he's had on earth. People have no other pattern. Nobody can tell where it is, what it's like or what they'll do when they get there.

Everybody makes his own separate heaven according to his own hopes and desires.

There are very few people who are so sure of heaven that they do not, when ill, send for a doctor to keep them away from it so long as possible.

The main basis of the idea of immortality is the will to live. All normal living organisms fight against death. It is really never overcome except by some physical calamity which destroys the will to live. This amounts to insanity because it's so very rare and abnormal.

One person's guess on heaven is as good as anyone's else. If he happens to guess wrong, he will never know it.

The score frustrated or unfulfilled has been the individual's life, the more anxiously he looks to heaven where he may realize the things he failed to accomplish here.

This is paralleled by the parent and the child. In youth the parent had his dreams of wonderful achievement which are more or less frustrated by the disappointments of life. He then turns to his children with the hope that they may accomplish what he himself has failed to realize. They in their turn probably will fail. And so the tragedy piles up and we pass on the hope to generations to follow.

The shortness of life, the failure of ambitions, the weakness of faith ought at least teach human beings to be kind and charitable to each other and try to make the brief existence on earth as happy as it is possible to be for all.

Clarence Darrow

## "There's A Land That Is Fairer Than Day"

By

FRED H. McCULLOCH



UNCLE DANIEL'S health had been failing gradually for two years. After he and Aunt Caroline celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, an event which was made a great occasion by all of us who were related to them by blood or by marriage, his strength ebbed more rapidly. We had talked and planned the celebration for months, and neighbors, friends, indeed the whole community, made it a great event.

Uncle Daniel was very happy to receive the proof of affection from so many persons. To have all the inhabitants of our village join in the testimonial, seemed to be a fitting climax of his life. He had looked forward to it, timidly, but with great pride, and when it was over there seemed to be nothing left for which he need live.

For weeks after the event he was able to be out of the house and to wander hand in hand with Aunt Caroline



through the old fashioned flower garden. It was early autumn, and the hollyhocks about the fence and the double row of asters along the garden walk were in bloom. On the ninety-second anniversary of his birth, he and Aunt Caroline walked down into the village and received the congratulations of the townspeople who always smiled tenderly as they watched the old couple strolling along slowly, loitering like boy and girl lovers.

The following day Daniel was obliged to remain in bed. I stopped to see him and he told me he was not feeling quite so "peart" as he had been and that the walk to the village had overtaxed his strength, warning me not to alarm "Caroline" by telling her.

I saw the old man was worn out, not sick save that the machine was slowly running down. Aunt Caroline, who was three years younger than Uncle Daniel, and who for several years had been the stronger, protested indignantly when I told her I would arrange with Miss Simons, the only trained nurse in the village to care for Uncle Daniel. I told her she must save her own strength, or both would be sick and she could not help him at all when he needed her and that Miss Simons was just the kind of a girl to have—quiet and helpful. She yielded to my arguments but made small effort to conceal her jealousy of the efficient young woman in the blue and white uniform.

The doctor and I had an understanding, and a week after Miss Simons was installed and given charge of the case, I told Aunt Caroline as gently as possible, that Uncle Daniel could live but a few days more. I had insisted that I, who had been "their boy" when I was small, and who always had been welcome in Aunt Caroline's kitchen when she was making cutters or cookies, should tell her. She sat with her knitting fallen into her lap, her face calm and serene.

"Maybe I'm selfish and wicked, child," she said gently, "but I always have hoped Dan'l and I might go together and, if we couldn't, that I might go first. I've asked the good Lord that He allow us to go together, hand in hand, as we've gone through life." She fidgeted with her worn old fingers until she found her knitting again, sighed and added with a look that I knew best. He knows Dan'l couldn't get along without me if I were here.

Her calmness and serenity, the absence of all outward emotion, amazed me and made the words of comfort I had framed mentally useless. She spoke of her husband's approaching death as if it were a trip to the postoffice, or to the store in the village and I was puzzled until she smiled softly and said: "It won't be for long, child. You run away home, now, I'd better go to Dan'l. He'll be wanting me."

I had arranged with the nurse that she was to call me whenever I might be needed and, only a few days later she slipped from the sick room to summon me. "His strength is exhausted," she said. "And you must come."

When I arrived at the old, white house, Miss Simons was waiting for me on the porch. "I haven't dared tell her," she whispered. "She acts so strangely, as if death is nothing—"

I found Aunt Caroline awaiting a veranda in the porch, "Aunt Caroline" I said gently "Uncle Daniel—"

"I know, child," she interrupted. "I thought it would be today. I must go to him, now."

She walked slowly toward his bedroom, even stopping to straighten a corner of a table cover as she went. Miss Simons came out, closing the door softly.

After our hour I waited. Every few minutes Miss Simons tip-toed to the room, opened the door and entered, coming out again, her pretty face wet with tears. "She says you may

*IS there really somewhere "A Land That is Fairer Than Day"? Does the heaven promised in the Bible actually exist and if so, what is it like? This question, now stirring the nation as a result of the Tennessee evolution trial, is discussed here in this beautiful and inspiring story of an old lady who knew that she saw the Promised Land!*



*Later, it became my habit to sit with her on the porch or on the rustic bench under the cherry tree in the garden and listen to her gentle philosophy—Painted by Pruett Carter*



come in," she sobbed.

Aunt Caroline was sitting by the bedside, holding Uncle Daniel's hand, stroking it softly, her face composed. I came closer and saw he had passed away, the last flicker of life dying out without a tremor. "Aunt Caroline," I said touching her arm, "Uncle Daniel is gone."

"I know, child," she replied calmly. "I smothered the covetous, tenderly arose and said steadily. "I reckon, child, you may send for Dave."

Her manner was unchanged and when Dave, our village undertaker, came, she talked with him and gave instructions. We were afraid the shock of parting had dulled her keen intellect, and that she did not fully realize her loss.

We laid him to rest on a knoll in the village cemetery which is on the hill overlooking the valley. It was a beautiful afternoon in October. I stood with Aunt Caroline

as the casket was lowered, and not a tear did she shed, but, as we turned away, she looked down for the last time and said softly: "It'll be coming soon, Dan'l."

Neither of us spoke as the carriage wound slowly through the drives of the cemetery until we were passing the keeper's cottage. Then Aunt Caroline spoke, her words and her face unshaken. "The asters are fine this fall," she said. "Dan'l always loved them and I reckon he'll have them planted and in bloom when I come."

She seemed weary as we came back to the old, white house, and, fearing she would break down upon realizing she was alone, I strove to speak comforting words. "It seems wicked," she said, as I helped her to get up and led her to her big rocking chair by the fire. "Seems as if I doubt the Lord, but I can't help worrying about Dan'l."

"Why Aunt Caroline," I said, "Daniel was the best of men."

"I'll isn't that, child," she said smiling softly. "I'm worrying for fear Dan'l won't get along well without me. Dan'l was sort of do-less when I wasn't by to help him."

I could not help laughing, and she smiled. It was the first time I had seen a glimpse of Heaven as Aunt Caroline saw it, but thereafter, in our talks, she revealed much to me.

She refused all the urgings of her children who wanted her to make her home with them, and insisted upon living in her old house, with a young soldier's girl she had raised from childhood, and a cook, so that almost every day I found it a duty to stop and be with her for a short time.

In spite of her great age she seldom was what she called "ailing," nor was there any sign of that sudden collapse of mental and physical strength which so often follows the death of an old mate.

During the winter following the death of Uncle Daniel she spent much of the time sitting before a fire in the great fireplace of the old house, a little lace cap over her snow white hair, her shawl over her fragile shoulders, her knitting needles clicking steadily as she knitted for the soldiers who were then in France. She was keenly interested in the war, and listened understandingly as I read to her from the papers. After listening she would tell me quaint stories of our Civil war, how gallantly Daniel had served and how she, then a bride, knew him. I knitted, waiting for him, when her first born came on a day when war arrived.

Dan'l had been wounded in the Wilderness but was safe and was coming home to her.

When spring came she was in her garden almost before frost was out of the ground, digging with her trowel and planting, scolding at the stupidity of the colored boy who did the heavy work. She was just "pottering around," she said and she laughed at my fears that she would catch cold. Later, as the weather grew warmer, it became my habit to sit with her on the porch or on the rustic bench under the cherry tree in the garden and listen to her gentle philosophy. She loved to talk of Uncle Daniel, of their long life together, of their love for each other and of their coming meeting, of which she never held even a passing doubt. From the papers I could fully understand, her mental attitude, until it dawned upon my comprehension that hers was the simple faith which entails no doubts.

One morning I came to her as she sat on the rustic bench, her old-fashioned Bible, with its large type, its quaint illustrations and the faded records of her family, open on her knees. Her steel rimmed spectacles were pushed up high on her white hair and her eyes seemed to be gazing far beyond the limits of the horizon. Many times, during that year, it seemed to me Aunt Caroline's vision was far beyond the limits of the horizon, that she was seeing things through the eyes of Faith. "Child," she said, "there isn't a (Turn to page 50)



*Suddenly his arms were about her and her head was lying on his shoulder and a perfect understanding had been established between them*

# CASTAWAY STUFF

BY HUGH RANDOLPH

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC ANDERSON



*Can lovers in the movies be lovers in real life?  
Can the hero and heroine of a throbbing love  
story continue their romance off the screen?  
Or does professional jealousy so exaggerate  
the faults of each that friendship itself is  
impossible? Familiarity breeds contempt,  
we are told, and in this story of Hollywood and  
the movie colony you will read of two stars who  
fairly loathed each other until fate stepped in to  
play a prank which gave their story quite a  
different ending.*



GOING to shoot the next scene of Robinson and Mrs. Crusoe," said Banks of the scenario department. He was "doing the honors" for Conover, new representative of the all-important financial powers who were backing the company. "Where Lord Willoughby—that's Sidney Servis—first sees the girl. The helms has the finest suite on the boat and she invites him in for afternoon tea. Rena comes in to serve it."

"Oh, Miss Romany plays the part?"  
"Of course. What would a Perfectstart picture be without Rena Romany? There she is now." They walked over to a position near the second set and Conover, who had had neither time nor opportunity as yet to see much of the actors, glanced with frank curiosity at the leading woman. "She's there with the looks, ain't she?" whispered Banks, nudging him. Conover nodded. Even the chalky make-up could not conceal the fact that Rena Romany was there with the looks. She was petite, with lovely and expressive eyes and a quantity of golden hair that beguiled description. If there is anything to set off this combination of charms better than a frilly apron and a cap, a short black skirt with an occasional swish of white beneath it, black silk stockings and French heels, it has not yet been invented.

Harkaway, the director with the temperament of a prima donna, called for a rehearsal of the first bit where Lord Willoughby enters and hands his cap and gloves to the maid. They rehearsed it time after time but somehow it didn't go right. Harkaway was tearing his hair and Rena's sharp heels clicked with irritation. Finally she stopped short and walked over to the director who had slumped aggressively into his chair.

"My dear Mr. Director," she said in a clear voice that

could be heard by everyone, "how can we get this right as long as I am compelled to edge and cirkle all around the set? Mr. Servis has taken centre stage and refuses to budge an inch."

Lord Willoughby adjusted his monocle. "My dear Mr. Director," he remarked, "I have a suggestion to make that may overcome the difficulty. Suppose we drop this scene altogether and fill in with another close-up of our leading lady. It would be only her twelfth, I think."

"Mr. Director!" called Rena, sharply. "You must realize my difficulty in working with a man who only knows one thing—how to keep his profile turned to the camera. Mr. Servis never looks me straight in the eye."

"Mr. Director," rejoined Servis, "if you will permit me to change places with your camera man I'll always be able to look Miss Romany straight in the eye."

Banks whispered excitedly. "The boy swings a wicked comeback. Didn't think he had it in him." Harkaway had sprung up from his chair and was calling for peace. "Children, children! True art demands amity and accord. We can't afford to quarrel."

"He isn't right there," Banks whispered again. "Actors have got to have the real old professional hate for each other if they're going to show the stuff. That's why Romany and Servis have been so successful."

"You mean, then, that our two stars actually have a feud on?" asked Conover.

Banks chuckled. "Say, those two haven't spoken to one another for fourteen months. I bet the censors in Pennsylvania would cut their scenes together if they knew what those two were thinking about when they made them."

The altercation on the lot grew sharper. Miss Romany walked in with her head in the air, each heel tap expressing her contempt for handsome male stars and spineless directors. Her course brought her within a few yards of the two bystanders. After passing them without a sign of recognition, she suddenly wheeled about and addressed the scenario editor.

"Mr. Banks," she commanded, "please inform Mr. Harkaway that I am through for the day."

"Miss Romany," protested Banks, "the light will be good for two hours yet."

"I know all about that," said the girl. "But I've stood as much of that stupid light as I can stand."

"I'm through," told Mr. Harkaway that. "If you please. And perhaps you can tell me," she added viciously, "why Ziegfeld sticks to pretty girls? Why doesn't he do something about the beautiful young men of America as well?" The Ziegfeld Foppies!

Banks had been in the theatrical business but a sense of humor had not been one of the assets he employed in it. "Say listen, that's a fool notion!" he declared. "Where could you book a make beauty show?"

Rena turned back to Conover and one lion-lashed eyelid flickered the merest fraction of an inch. "I've got all that figured out, you could book such a show into New York a few weeks both spring and fall when the women buyers are in town thickest. During the summer you could play mid-week dates at all the summer resorts along the coast. Then for the winter, book it solid at Reno. It would attract all the pretty boys from the movies and we might be lucky enough to lure our lovely Sidney."

"He's not so bad when you get to know him," put in Banks, placatingly.

"I hear he has a new name for me," went on the girl. "In fact, he used it in my hearing today. Rena Reel-hot! Thought it up by himself too! I wonder what with?" "Well," viciously, "I have the satisfaction of knowing I was the first to call him Sissy Servis and that he still squirms every time he hears it!" Without another word, or so much as a glance at Conover, she walked off, coolly ignoring the impatient half that came from Harkaway. There was silence for a moment after she had gone.

"She's a trim little thing, isn't she?" said Conover.

TWO weeks later a fair-haired girl had been made on the outside scenes. It was characteristic of Alvin Harkaway that he had not been content to shoot the island strip along the mainland. He knew of a small island down the coast which answered, in every detail, the requirements of the script according to which Lord Wilboughby and his society folk, ship's officers and crew, suitors, mutineers and savages, all in full make-up, and in addition a veritable arm of assistants, camera men, continuity clerks and extras in general. A great mass of properties for all manner of scenes had been unloaded from the steamer, which lay at anchor close to shore. All the cast and the whole of the island, with the exception of the two main characters.

Harkaway had jumped ahead to the concluding scene of the picture where the lovers, united at last, walk hand in hand to the gentle lull of the shore and vanish in a fringe of trees against the skyline. He wore a satisfied smile as he watched the figures of his two stars gradually recede into the distance. Miss Romany's wind-tossed curls touched the arm of the lover-like Sidney Servis. The final title would probably read something like this:

*And then, and then, with a new born happiness singing in their hearts, they followed the path to the horizon of a new life.*

As a matter of harsh fact, Sidney Servis was allowing

himself the luxury of a groan and an audible comment: "Good heaven! Twenty yards more to those life-saving trees!"

Rena was barred from a direct rejoinder but, without refusing for a moment the tenderness of her attitude, she remarked in an even tone: "No one can hope to succeed on the silver screen without enduring great hardships. At one stage of her career, Miss Romany was compelled to work with an actor who has since been lost sight of and even whose name evoked the memory of the writer. A particularly trying episode was the closing scene of—"

Servis interrupted with a rejoinder of his own:

"Yes," said Mr. Servis to your interviewer. "I feel strongly that the most obnoxious type in the movies is the reel-hot. These silly influences insist on showing their vacant faces—Thank heavens! That's over." He detached his hand from Rena's and got as far away from her as he could in one jump. "Being now at liberty, the long-suffering Mr. Servis will proceed to spend a peaceful half hour in exploring your rhyman glade. And he is going to do it alone."

Back on the beach, Harkaway was shouting: "Cut! Cut! That's the end of this. Now we'll get on with the big quartet scene among the mutineers. Number 47. Here you, Casey, get a bustle on with the props. Call Art Big Bart and

woods at a fast trot and, drawing himself up suddenly, gave vent to an exclamation of amusement and dismay. The boat was under steam and rapidly drawing away into the distance. A moment later Rena joined him, coming from a different section of the woods. Her first reaction to the situation expressed itself in a laugh of pure amusement. "Well," she exclaimed, "What do you know about that?"

Sidney broke the fourteen months' silence by addressing her. "I'll tell Harkaway what I know about that."

"They'll discover what they're done in about a minute and turn back but just the same we'll get good and wet."

Rena watched the disappearing boat with a suggestion of alarm. "They're getting pretty far away, aren't they?" "It's funny they haven't missed us. Don't you think it would be a good plan to go down to the beach and signal them?"

"In this rain?" demanded Sidney. "No, on your life! Besides, they wouldn't see me now. The only thing to do is to stay under these trees until they come back for us."

"Four hours from now, at least, it's raining awfully," she laughed, with a slightly hysterical note. "Here we are playing we are deserted on this island; and then we actually are deserted. I'm sure it's a good joke if you look at it the right way."

"The way I look at it," asserted Sidney, sulkily, "it's just plain stupid. And I'm cold and mad about it. I may even be hinted darkly, 'break my contract over this!'"

"Not a word," cried Rena. "Really? Well, that would make it worth while."

AFTER that nothing was heard for a time but the hush of the rain and the beating of the waves on the shore. Rena, huddled as closely as she could get to the trunk of her tree, finally broke the silence.

"It's still raining when they land," she remarked, "then they'll be in a awful hurry. Since they didn't miss us here, they may not miss us there, either."

"They can't overlook us!" declared Sidney, savagely. "Who ever heard of a king or a president or a millionaire being lost? Well, I guess we're too well known to be lost ourselves."

"But," quavered Rena, thoroughly chilled, "in this kind of weather no one will be stirring around on the boat. Those in one cabin will think we're in another so no one will miss us. Of course, if the worst comes to the worst your friends will notice your absence and start a search."

Sidney's face registered genuine concern. "That's the deuce of it; they won't. You see, I live with three other fellows and we had planned to run down to Tia Juana for the week-end. At the last moment I changed my mind and abandoned them from the dock. They're on their way down by this time, and you'll be missed soon enough."

Rena was holding back her tears with difficulty. "No," she replied, "I won't be missed either. I intended running out to visit a friend my maid, she could take a

and I told my

holiday."

"But your friend will miss you and raise the alarm," Rena shook her head slowly. "I don't think so."

"My heavens," cried her companion. "You haven't forgotten that Monday is a holiday? It's just possible we won't be rescued until Tuesday morning!"

"I have a feeling that is what is going to happen," Rena sobbed. "And to think I'll be here all that time practically alone!"

Sidney Servis stared at her uncomprehendingly. "Where do you get that alone stuff?" he demanded. "We've been antisocial for a long time but you don't suppose I'm going to keep that up, do you? We're in this together and we'll have to make the best of it."

"Yes, I know," choked the girl. "But you see, in all the stories I've ever read where a man and a girl were left together on an island the man is a brute and the girl is a well-respected. He could do things like Lord Wilboughby—build huts and find fresh water and catch fish. And—and I don't want to hurt anybody, but everyone thinks of you as very handsome and all that, but not exactly as a man. I mean, 'hushy,' 'not that kind of man.'"

Sidney stood up, after a pause, he dashed off into the rain. In half an hour he was back drenched.

"It's turning to a steady drizzle," he [Turn to page 61]



They rehearsed it time after time but somehow it didn't go right

the rest of them ready and clear the beach of the rest of this rain-rail. Get them away. I don't care where—thrown them if you like. Now then. Get busy, everyone!"

A frenzied half hour followed in getting ready for the scene. Several times, indeed, Birney, the head camera man glanced at the sky where ominous dark clouds were rapidly banking up. "Say, chief," he remarked, finally, "I hate to interrupt you but just take a squirt at those clouds; will you?" Harkaway looked up and promptly tore his hair with characteristic fervor. "Even the elements are against me," he groaned. "All the blackheads in the world are gathered here in my company but even that isn't affliction enough! Say, Birney, how about it? How long do you suppose we've got?"

"Just about time to make the boat," replied Birney. "Suppose we take along the valuable stuff and leave the rest! It will be like taking a man's grave clothes and leaving it to rot safely. It'll have to be done in a hustle though."

Cal Simmons, the first assistant director, came to life and took hold of the situation. He got the men to work plugging the properties together and the feminine members of the company made for the boats. There was too much to be done in a short time for anyone to notice that neither Rena Romany nor Sidney Servis had returned.

When the first patter of rain, after fifteen minutes later, gave warning of what was to come, Sidney emerged from the



*Our Lord, taught people the beauty of the hills and fields. His parables were steeped in the daily round of the husbandmen and householder*

# The Angel Standing in the Sun

BY THE REVEREND S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

ILLUSTRATION BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

THE nation which visualizes the "Angel in the Sun" has a practical monopoly of hope and good cheer. But the people whose pessimism is so confirmed that they see nothing in the sun save a huddle which is already cooling off, will not have much use for Thanksgiving Day. So the American belief that Nature is not supremely indifferent to human good, because it is the instrument of a benevolent Creator's purpose, explains to a given extent this annual festival of praise and gratitude.

The Parsees formerly worshipped the sun without understanding it. Now that it has been explained by scientists, we worship the God who designed the system of which it is the center. Its heat and radiance pour upon this planet of ours, making it habitable and fruitful. Poets, essayists and orators have celebrated the groves and gardens of the North

American Continent. It is indeed a favored area where none may witness unmoved the lasting bridal of earth and sky. Its summer roses and its winter snows alike furnish inspiration. Its vineyards, orange groves, huge prairies and fields of standing corn; the cattle grazing in countless valleys; the exhaustless resources of mine and factory, cause us to say that out of the earth come bread for man, and fodder for his beasts. Yet above all this opulence and color, this fragrance and provision, hangs the blazing and colossal orb. What adjustments must take place between it and us in

order that the intervening spaces may modify and slightly direct the energies of its light and warmth! It does not tax the imagination to speak of an Angel presiding over the sun's motions to make them profitable for mankind. The poet's vision becomes actual truth.

Moreover, the time-honored festival of Thanksgiving is peculiar to the people of the United States because they persist in believing the best to be the true.

A young nation like ours, resilient, eager, happy; plentifully endowed with material substance, not fatally deficient in ideals, has done something toward solving the mystery of life. Its three hundred years of existence have their smiling episodes, deliverances and achievements. If one had to furnish concrete proof of a superintending Power which shapes men's ends, rough hew them (Turn to page 67)



# The Mystery Lady

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF "CARDIGAN," "THE FIGHTING CHANCE,"  
"THE HJACKERS," ETC.



ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER



MADDALEEN LOVELESS, aided by a man named John Lanier, of whose past she is ignorant, is pitted against the master criminal, Barney Welper, and the latter's confederates of the Forty Thieves for gold buried 350 years before by pirates. The treasure is hidden near Place-of-Swans, an island off the coast of North Carolina, on which is the Loveless home. Welper possesses a map, stolen from Miss Loveless' youthful brother, which describes the location of the treasure, and he thinks that young Loveless has committed suicide. What he does not know is that Maddaleen Loveless has an additional document which corrects the one in his possession, and that the brother caused a false report of his suicide to be circulated and is in hiding near his old home. Miss Loveless and Lanier are at Sides's Landing, waiting for a boat to take them to Place-of-Swans.

THE wind had gone down with the sun but a heavy sea was running. Slowly the launch drew in to where Lanier and Maddaleen were waiting.

"A 'Jake'!" called the girl eagerly.

"Yes, ma'am, Miss Maddaleen! We're a mite late, but it's blowing some. Ye-e-m!"

The launch nosed in along the flimsy dock; a figure in oilskins climbed out.

"Oh, Jake!" she cried, throwing her arms around him. "I'm so glad to see you! Tell me, has Dirk come back?"

"No'm—But don't you worry, Miss Maddaleen. Master Dirk he's hangin' round the house."

"How do you know?"

"Hu! I left the ice house door open, 'n' there are two hull bams 'n' a side o' bacon gone. I've left things when he could git 'em—left doors open—accidentally on purpose, ma'am! That boy will come home when his own cookin' makes him good 'n' sick—he will. . . . Waal, now, Miss Maddaleen, jest you bop aboard—o—your gentleman friend, too—"

Maddaleen made the presentation: "Captain Jacob Winch, Mr. Lanier," and, not forgetting the boy-man, whom she greeted cordially and introduced to Lanier as Mr. Robert Slaw, "the best sick-box beeper on the Bay."

For a few minutes, after the launch started, it was a merry running; then, by degrees they began to feel what the Bay can do. Whiplash! came the spray about splash, dash, whip-splash! Maddaleen pulled down her sou'-wester, bundled up and crouched close.

JOHN LANIER awoke the next morning in a four-poster bed at Place-of-Swans in a great paneled wing-room full of sunshine. To bathe, shave, dress in flannel shirt and knickers, did not take long. Maddaleen joined him at breakfast in the ancient paneled dining-room—a breakfast of fruit, coffee, hot breads, ham, eggs, and crisp little fish—bless, no doubt.

"You seem unusually happy," remarked Lanier, meeting her swift, charming glance.

"That silly, slattern brother of mine nearly emptied the pantry last night. Jake told me. I'm happy and—vexed!"

Breakfast ended, they walked together to the north porch and out across more Bermuda grass to a little stone pavilion which stood at the water's edge near a dock. Boats were moored at the wharf, and Jake and Bob Slaw, busy aboard a launch, saluted them with doffed caps.

"Jake tells me," the girl said, "that there are a dozen men at that shanty on Tiger Island—the place they call 'The Gay-Cat.' He tells me that they're all young fellows and poptons early yesterday morning. If Dirk is hiding on Tiger Island I do wish he'd leave, now. If there were any way to find him—"

"I'll do my best," said Lanier. "But let us clearly understand how matters now remain between the Forty Thieves and you, your brother, and myself. Here is the situation: Welper robbed your brother. He thinks that the boy whom he knew as Fitzjames—or Jimmy—Loveless, is dead. But Welper knows now that the girl who called herself Maddaleen Dirck, and who passed for my sweetheart, is really Maddaleen Loveless, sister to the boy he robbed. That's clear, so far, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the girl calmly.

"Also he knows that you and I are not sweethearts and never have been. There is very little chance that he thinks you deceived me into vouching for you at the Forty Club. He must realize that I betrayed the club and myself when I vouched for you. He is now my enemy as well as yours. Also, you dare not call on the police because Welper possesses lying evidence to silence you—dictographic evidence which, though false, is corroborated by your brother. To publish it

to the Red Moon, we must be very quiet and very inconspicuous in our activities and investigations. A good glass from Tiger Island would inform Welper concerning what we are about. That wouldn't do, would it?"

The girl shook her head: "It wouldn't do at all," she repeated. "We are too remote from civilization. If we did discover the Red Moon, and found gold in her—and if those men at The Gay-Cat learned of it—they could come over and kill us all. Who would pay attention to shooting there, four days in the week, so much shooting is going on during this season? Here and there some solitary duck-hunter in his blind might hear a fusillade, but he'd only think that the shooting must be good in these waters. Why, Welper and his gang could exterminate us and spend a week looking the Red Moon without being seen by anybody!"

"How many men have you here?" demanded Lanier.

"You, Jake, Bob Slaw, and two other bay-men—boys of eighteen—Sid Warner's and Chester Gray."

"Five. Six, if your brother comes in. Your other servants are women in whom you can place absolute reliance?"

"Yes; wives and daughters of bay-men and fishermen. Pearl Gray and Pansy, her sister, can shoot as well as their brother, Chester. My housekeeper, Mrs. Pangborn, has plenty of courage. My personal maid, Jessie Miller, is timid. But all these Southern women can be counted on—" the girl blushed painfully—"better, perhaps, than you can count on me—"

"I don't want anybody better than you!" he retorted sharply, and took her hands in his with a quick roughness that made her wince. But it set her heart beating faster, too; and, though his grasp hurt her, she gave him a swift smile and nervously squeezed the hand that hurt her.

She stood looking at him, holding to the hand that clasped hers. There was a slight hesitation; then she said: "But—may I know a little about you, Mr. Lanier?"

He was still smiling: "I'll tell you; I'm thirty-two, white, unmarried, can read and write—"

She strove to fling his hand from hers but he clung to hers. Both were laughing. He said, finally: "I won't tease; I'm in a service the existence of which is not generally known. It is international in character. I might describe it as a sort of intelligence bureau organized by a certain group of civilized nations to obtain information and investigate and control the criminal activities of modern groups of malefactors. To this international bureau our own Government contributes men from the Army, the Navy, the Customs, Coast Survey, Revenue Service, and from the Departments of the Treasury, Post Office, and the Department of Justice."

He quietly ignored her other hand, drew both against his breast, and looked into her eyes quizzically, almost mischievously: "In plainer words, I'm policeman of sorts. But that seems suitable in our case, because you're a sort of nurse-maid to your brother. So I think if you and I take a Sunday out and sit on a bench together it would complete a very logical situation. Don't you?"

Into the girl's eyes, too, came a glint of something—mischievous?—"Certainly," she said. "—Mary Ann and Dennis the cop."

LANIER was waiting under a window which old Jake had supposedly left open. It was a long, long wait there in the dark. But Lanier, who had been a boy once, knew something about boys. He was taking a chance on the psychological aspect of the case of young Loveless.

About half past two o'clock he heard a slight sound above him. Cautiously looking up he saw on the window-pane, against the stars, a human hand in silhouette. Instantly he



The boy, whose idle curiosity one afternoon in Charleston had led to this adventure.



left his chair, stole on tip-toe to the unbolted pantry door, opened without a sound, crept over the grass to the corner of the house and peeped around. A young man had opened the pantry window and was hoisting himself upward, one knee already on the sill.

As a plankman strikes game, so pounced Lanier on his quarry, plucking the lad bodily from the window and holding him, struggling and kicking in a grasp of steel. "Come over here, house," the young man struggled like a convulsed panther. "Come into the house," repeated Lanier. "Your sister is worrying about you!"

"Let go of me!"

"Your sister needs you!" repeated Lanier coolly.

"I tell you I'll never face her!"

"Yes, you will," said Lanier, yanking him bodily across the grass, into the pantry, through the house in spite of his frenzied struggles. Chairs fell, tables overturned, lamps crashed; but Lanier lugged the frantic lad to the stairs and dragged him up, step by step, fighting like fury.

Both were speechless when finally they floundered to the landing and into a sudden and startling flood of light. A white figure stood at an open door holding a lamp and a pistol. For an instant she stared at the land-breathing man and the panting, disheveled boy. Then she set her lamp on her night-table and laid the pistol beside it. "Dirck!" she said quietly, "come here."

WHAT passed between sister and brother that night John Lanier did not know. The only sequel he perceived was a very subdued and civil youth in the breakfast room, politely awaiting the family guest. The boy, whose idle curiosity one afternoon in Charleston had led to this adventure, reddened and bade him good morning in a low voice, and seemed greatly confused when the older man offered his hand, blandly ignoring any previous encounter. Maddalen joined them and, after breakfast, they took up the question of the search for the Red Moon treasure. The girl, with a map before her, placed the tip of one finger on a spot a little south by west of The Old Man's.

"Here," she said, "is where I have imagined that The Red Moon lies buried under silt and sand." She read aloud from the Spanish script—"From east to west . . . toward the south and at three fathoms depth—"

"There's half a fathom there now, Sir," said Dirck, "but there may have been three fathoms then."

"Particularly," added Lanier, "if The Red Moon struck the vanished seventh island and sank in the shoals at the Old Channel's edge. Why not build a miniature cofferdam out there and try a little excavation? Or—better and quicker—why not do a little digging on The Old Man's, for if that poor Spaniard, Carillo, tried to salvage anything so long ago, some sign of his operations ought to remain on The Old Man's—some buried debris—bits of charcoal, metal, perhaps—"

"I'll get a couple of bay-men and we'll go over and dig now!" said Dirck, impetuously. "What do you say—just for a try-out?"

"All right—if your sister thinks so," said Lanier politely. "In the reeds I don't think we need worry about a glass on Tiger Island."

"If they notice as at all they'll think we're digging a blind, probably," said Dirck. He went down to the water where the five decoys yarded, and where, on the long wharf in a repair shop, Sid Warnock and Chester Gray were patching up keashes, leg-bands, water-corks, and wooden floats. "Take some shovels and picks and a hand-pump over to The Old Man's," said Dirck. "We're going to get sea-boots and row over."

"You all aim't to build a blind, Mr. Dirck?" inquired Warnock better told some cement. "No; but if you're a wooden form we can sink to box in a hole, thick it with you, Sid. You can bring a couple of bay-men."

His sister and Lanier were moving toward the house when the boy joined them. "I'll take a skip pull to the lumpy expanse of mud and reeds called The Old Man. Maddalen led the men to the north-west end of the islet, where reeds stood higher than their heads. A few minutes later the two young bay-men arrived, carrying the pump, the form for cement work, and the tools were carried up and laid among the reeds. It was squishy digging; the four men all fell to

with picks and long-handled shovels; and very soon the box-form was lowered into the hole and the pump started.

At the depth of two spade-blades Chet Gray struck a bit of timber. It was as heavy and sound as bog-oak and had a copper spike in it. "Part of a ship's timber, I reckon," said Chet Gray; "I dunno how it come here."

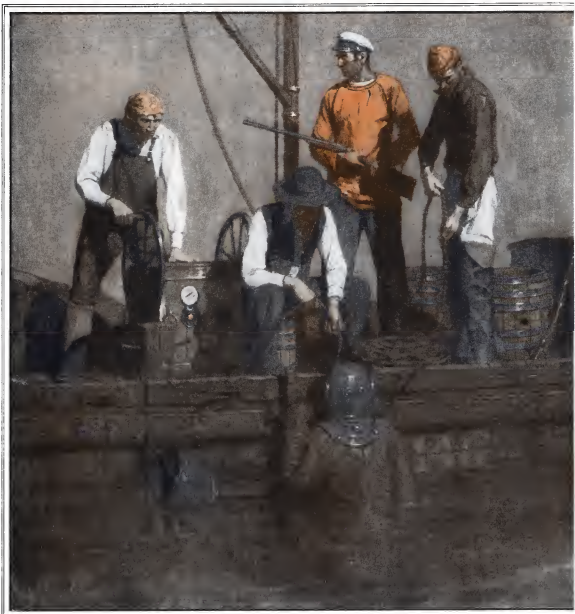
They pumped the box, started to dig again; encountered more fragments of live-oak hewed, chiseled, and planed. Some were pierced by spikes and bolts or bore the marks of them. "These are the fragments of a ship's timbers," said Lanier, "and they are very, very old. They may have been bits of drift from False Cape brought here for boat patching

decided to build your cofferdam, Miss Loveless?"

Dirck warned them to beware of swan-holes as they stepped into the shallow water and moved out, knee deep, toward the south-west. Lanier carried a pointed stake with a rag tied to it. As they waded on, side by side, the girl showed him where the ancient channel once wound between Red Moon and Star Shoal, and where once it flowed on either side of The Old Man's.

"Shall I set the stake here?" he inquired, smiling, and she nodded her assent.

That day, the next, and every day during the week, old Jake and his men were engaged in the preliminaries of build-



At that moment, aboard a scow, a heavily helmeted and armored deep-sea diver was lowering himself on the

or fuel, or they might be fragments of The Red Moon." When the water was all out it was discovered that the silt was out, too. A deposit of almost dry, yellow sand appeared; and, at a spade-blade's depth, Lanier struck charcoal. There was a bed of it full of lumps of metal which rang against the shovels. A few oyster-shells partly calcined, bits of iron and copper, shards from broken earthenware with patches of iridescent glazing left—but nothing of more value—no nobler metal; not a flake of gold or silver—merely the debris of some immemorial camp-fire, or the remains of a burnt rubbish heap, centuries old, perhaps. Yet, to Lanier, this bed of charcoal was vividly significant.

Here, perhaps, tolled that ancient and shipwrecked outcast, Carillo, all alone in this unattended desolation, doggedly striving to maintain life in his wretched body with fire and scraps of scorched sea-food.

"That," remarked Lanier, when an exploded cartridge revealed nothing but yellow sand, "would seem to settle operations, as far as this island is concerned. Where had you

ing a cofferdam on the shoal off The Old Man's. It was going to be a long and complicated matter. The dredging scow had to be overhauled; its machinery put into shape; the pile-driver assembled and installed aboard another scow; fuel gathered and prepared, piles made ready, plank transported.

One afternoon Lanier went quietly to his room. Here he fastened a web belt across his chest, so that the two woven holsters attached to it lay under either arm-pit. Into each holster he slid a loaded pistol; filed the belt flaps with clips, buttoned his coat, picked up his tweed cap. In the little library down stairs Maddalen sat writing.

The young man grinned at her cheerfully. "I'm going over to have a chat with Barney Welper," he said. "I thought—in the remote event of such a necessity—that I'd better leave an address to which you could telegraph from Stodd's Landing. May I have a pen and a slip of paper?"

" . . . Thanks—" He wrote: "Notify Frank Lane, Desk Clerk, Hotel Marquis-of-Granby, Norfolk, Virginia."

"Thank you," he said calmly. "I'll be back to dinner, I expect."

"Mr. Lanier—" He turned at the door; the girl sat quite motionless. He walked back to the table where she had been writing. "Why are you going to Tiger Island?" she asked in a voice so constrained that it sounded cold.

"I thought I'd talk to Welper. There might be some way of getting that dictograph record."

"How?"

"I hadn't quite formulated any plan," he replied airily. "One is forced to become something of an opportunist in such affairs. One must see for oneself just how matters

He picked up his cap and was going. She rose and joined him; and they walked through the house and down to the southern cove where her sail-boat lay. He untied the painter, jumped in, picked up the pole. "Au revoir, Maddalena."

"Good-bye, John Lanier."

LANIER landed, polling to a muddy shore through thickets of tall reeds which already had turned from green to bronze and gold. Here he pulled up the prow a little way, unshipped the mast and furl'd his sheet. But he had no intention of remaining there. This manoeuvre was for the benefit of anybody watching from Tiger Island.

not using his knife, not entirely removing the tender bark, but leaving it as though some of the wild dogs on the island had trampled it while fighting.

Now he continued to walk eastward, parallel with the pine-woods on his right; and as he went he had covered some five miles he walked into the high pine forest searching for some less lofty and climbable tree on the outskirts. He found a live-oak, which was easier and better. Up he went among the evergreen foliage and spectral droopings of shaggy Spanish moss, until he was high enough to see the shore. It was as he expected: where he first had landed there were several men moving in the scrub. He could see the sun-dappled gun barrels. The company that had taken over Tiger Island was guarding its waters very vigilantly.

For some time, now, he had heard the mean whine of a saw-mill somewhere ahead in the forest. But the men who operated it evidently were on the western edge of the woods, and so screened from his view.

As he advanced, the stream of the saw became more distressingly near, and very soon he came in sight of the shore. There were a few huts and a bunk-house on the wood's edge. Farther ahead, in a clearing beside a rough, new road, stood the larger portable house, evidently used for drinking and eating purposes.

Very soon he was near enough to read the letters on the swinging board suspended from two iron hooks: "At the Sign of the Gay-Cat." This satiric humour had always hidden a grimmer meaning for John Lanier. To him it meant that Maddalena was not forgotten; what she had done had been important enough for Barney Welper to remember it, and let her know he remembered it.

Well, there was the tavern; there swung the sign; and beyond, on the water, he could see a sloop and a dredger anchored off shore, two scores, and several boats of various sorts, all clustering off the westward point of Tiger Island where, no doubt, Barney Welper had decided to begin salvage operations for The Red Moon.

Lanier now stepped from the rough ground into the new road; walked carefully past a bunk-house and up to The Gay-Cat; walked into the open doorway where he heard voices and the clinking of heavy glasses. Voices and the tinkle of glass ceased as he entered. From the farther end of a long, pine table three men looked at him out of cold, astounded eyes.

"Hello, Barney," he said, smiling; and to Mr. Samuel Potter and Harry Senix he spoke glibly, amiably, and with the careless, good-humoured ease of a man greeting friends in his own club. "Some plant you've got here, Barney," he added, pulling a chair toward him and seating himself; "I suppose all the Forty are in this deal, more or less."

Perhaps it was the incredible impudence of the man that saved him at that instant; perhaps it was the swift common sense of Welper, whose left hand caught Mr. Potter's right hand under the pine table and crushed it immovable over the weapon it clutched. If Lanier noticed and understood the scarcely perceptible movement he seemed to exhibit no concern. Harry Senix gazed at him out of washed-out eyes like the unblinking regard of a vindictive creature, sick but dangerous.

Lanier said carelessly to Welper: "I'm sorry you've got it in for me, Barney. But I'm sorrier yet that my girl did what she did in the Forty Club. I'm mighty sorry for that."

Harry Senix loosened his colourless, unhealthy lips: "All that's coming to you is Jack. You framed Barney good, you did, and you've got your nerve showing up here."

"If I'd framed anybody in the Forty Club I wouldn't come here, you poor dope. Even if I had no more mind than the coke's left you, I'd beat it if I ever framed the club or anybody in it."

"If you didn't frame me," said Welper softly, "what do you think you did me in for?"

"The two of you framed him," said Harry Senix, his pale, evil eyes unmoved. A silence; and Lanier's even tones again: "If you feel that way, can you shoot it out now?" Nobody stirred a muscle. Lanier, looking at Senix, addressed Welper: "It isn't what it looks like, Barney; my club record concerning you is clear. I wouldn't have had that deal in the Red Moon. Because gold is no use to a dead man. And if I'd framed you into the Forty Club I might as well have kissed myself good-bye."



ladder, while his assistants . . . . stood around the apparatus on deck ready to respond to his signals

stand; and then, whichever way they turn, one must be ready to think quick—"

"Or shoot quick?"

After a moment: "Oh, I don't expect it to turn that way," he said pleasantly.

"But if it should turn that way, Mr. Lanier? I stand to lose you."

"The man you send that telegram to will come and stand by you as I would have."

"You misunderstand. I said that I stood to lose you. Is there any replacing a friend?"

"That's nice of you . . . . But really, I don't believe I run any danger in going over to Tiger Island. Barney Welper knows that you and I are here. He knows, also, that I must have told you exactly what to do in case I don't return. He's in no position to punish me; he's hot after The Red Moon; and the last thing on earth that he wants is any trouble with the authorities. Really, Miss Lovesles, I feel very secure in doing what I propose to do."

And now, stealthily as a Blue Peter sneaking along reeds and rushes, he slipped off the bank and began to pole, jocosely, due east, kneeling so that nobody on land could see his head above the shore-reeds. In and out among the reedy thickets his skill slipped swiftly, edging every indentation of the island, always eastward, until he had put a mile between his first landing place and the spot he now chose. This was a muddy gully, possibly a channel, but probably a blind lead running south out of Tiger Island. Up this he poled a little way, dove his pole in for a mooring, tied his painter.

Now Lanier took from his pocket a reel of tinist wire, attached it to a young pine which grew on the bank above where his boat lay; then, slowly advancing, he unreled his wire along the ground. Between the tall and ancient pines which covered the centre of the island and the growth of young pine there was open scrub and grass. When he reached this he laid his reel of wire under a young pine, walked westward a hundred paces, carefully keeping count, and then he broke off and peeled a living pine about five feet high—

He glanced at Welper now. "You know I never doubted you, Barney. You've more respect for my brains than to believe that, Am I not?"

"M—m—I guess so. But—does that let you out, John?"

"Because I brought her there? Barney, she's my girl and she's got to be my wife. Your Orizava Oil bunch flim-flamed her brother, took his last cent, framed him, and drove him to bump himself. And when his sister came in and told me that she thought they had taken The Red Moon said to her, 'Sure! Go to it—outside the club. That's allowable. That's understood. But,' I said, 'nothing like that here. Well, then, by thunder!' burst out Sam Potter, 'that lets you out, but that's all you got, John! And if you're around here for a look-in you can smell your way home again.'"

"I see. You mean that my girl gets nothing out of this Red Moon job?"

Welper looked up shyly: "M—yes; that's what we mean, John."

"All right then," interrupted Lanier sharply; "if that's the price and the penalty, I lose out too, do I?"

"You've got to be responsible for your girl," growled Potter. "You gotta take your medicine."

"All right; I'll take it," snapped Lanier. "Between you guys and my girl I'm done good. All right; don't get a piece of The Red Moon. All right; you're squared now. He turns to Welper: "Are you squared, Barney?"

"M—yes, John..."

Welper sat up in his chair, eased his cramped limbs, reached for one of the bottles on the table and shoved a clean glass toward Lanier. "This is Scotch," he said. "We got 'er, too, if you want it, John."

Potter heaved a great sigh, straightened his bulky body, withdrew his pistol-hand from his coat pocket. Harry Senix reached for a glass with shaky fingers and held it clutched tightly. Welper half-filled it with red wine whiskey. Then the drug addict of the "Red Moon" and three of Jamaica ginger.

Lanier laughed: "Well then, we're set, Barney. Come on; show me your plant. Anything else here that might try to bump me?"

"Eugene Renton and Dan Supple," replied Welper. "They heard what your girl did to me in the Forty Club. I told Donald Mayne, too. And Helen Wyvern knows. But these are all who know about it. I haven't said it before the club."

"If Dan Mayne repeats it," said Lanier.

"No. But he's coming with Helen."

"Well then," continued Lanier, "don't you think it is just as well that Eugene Renton and Dan Supple should see the record of my behavior, assuming the capacity of the Sam and Harry will share with me the—m—the pleasure of conducting you."

"The came out on the western edge of Tiger Island. At that moment, aboard a scow, a heavily belted and armored deep-sea diver was lowering himself on the ladder, while his assistants aided him or stood around the apparatus on deck ready to respond to his signals."

"A ship crammed full of gold," mused Lanier. "I suppose there must be several millions aboard her."

"The came out on the western edge of Tiger Island. At that moment, aboard a scow, a heavily belted and armored deep-sea diver was lowering himself on the ladder, while his assistants aided him or stood around the apparatus on deck ready to respond to his signals."

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still eyes remained intent on the other man. Welper asked Lanier where he had left his boat. "Yes," said Renton; "Dan Supple and I went down to where we thought you landed, but you were gone."

"Oh, it was you?" replied Lanier carelessly. "I saw somebody down there." And to Welper: "This seems to be a snake place, Barney. It isn't always safe to land where you want to. Well, I'll be going," he went on. "Good luck to you, Barney. Good luck, gentlemen."

What he must do, now, came hard; he turned his back to Eugene Renton. For Lanier was as utterly convinced as though he had been told, that Renton suspected him in spite of Welper's endorsement and its acceptance by the others. For, while Eugene Renton was of a thoughtful, secretive type, with a false appearance of nervous frankness, sometimes ascribed like lightning.

It was hard for Lanier to nod airily to these men, to walk

mand. "Stand and drop that rifle off your knees!"

Men like Dan Supple lose no time under such circumstances. Even as he is jumped to his feet and lifted both arms on high, Lanier landed on the deck. "Step that mast, Dan! Quick!" snapped Lanier. "That's right. Grab that pole and shove her out. Shove!"

The boat shot out into the bay. "Keep on pulling," said Lanier. "Faster! Put your back into it! That's the way—" There came a flash and report that sent the boat hurtling another. There were two round holes in the sheet and a ragged tear where it was partly furled. Another shot struck the water. "Hey, you guys!" bawled Supple. "Who d'you think you're shootin'?"

Lanier picked up the rifle, emptied the magazine, reached over and stripped the cartridge belt from Supple's body. "Thanks, Dan," he said. "Now stop overboard."

"Swim?"

"I don't think you'll need to. Come! Make it snappy. Hop it!"

Supple seized the gunwale, steadied himself, vaulted into the water. It was only waist deep. "Here's your rifle," said Lanier politely. "Look out for your holes."

Supple, over his hips in water, stood goggle-eyed at him. "Dan," said Lanier, holding the boat with the pole, what does Gene Renton think he's got on me to chase me with two guns?"

Supple heaved at him: "You want to know? All right; I'll tell you. You act too much like a squawler to suit Gene Renton."

"He's crazy. I squared myself with Barney! Do you think I could pull anything on Barney Welper and Sam Potter?"

"You done it!" retorted Supple savagely. "Orizava Oil is pinched. Mrs. Wyvern, too. She's out, on bail, and she's wired Gene."

"What?"

"Yes, h'you squawled to square your girl with the Orizava bunch because they trimmed that rat of a brother of her name and I was over to Bonnet House today and Helen Wyvern wired him how she got pinched. That's where you stepped on Gene Renton, and he's got it in for you."

Lanier reddened: "Dan," he said, "I'd rather have Renton put a bullet in me than hear you tell me that Orizava oil had been pinched. You say so to Barney, and to Eugene. If they want to pull a gun on sight, all right; but on my word—which you fellows know I never broke—I didn't know Orizava was pinched; I had nothing to do with it; and I wouldn't have had it happen for anything on earth."

Supple's little, ruddy ferret eyes bored into Lanier's features for a full minute's silence. "John," he said finally, "I gotta believe you. A liar—that's one thing you ain't, unless you've changed. I guess Gene got you in the Orizava oil. My girl, Amy, that's got a girl influenced by her. And Helen wired Gene to watch you because of what your girl done to Barney and because we skinned your girl's brother."

"Got a glass on your island, John? If Gene wants to kill me, I'll burn a flare on the diving-duck at seven o'clock."

"Right. Good-night, Dan."

"Av review!" said Supple, and started towards the shore. It was just seven o'clock when Lanier landed on Red Moon. As he stood up to unbuckle his mast and furl his sail, he looked across the darkness toward Tiger Island. A distant flare burned in the extreme western end where the diving-duck ran out.

Between himself and Eugene Renton, now, any encounter meant death.

At last the colander of The Old Man's was finished; a pump and dredge had been used for two weeks, the debris of mud and sand, dumped on the scow, had been carefully screened. So far nothing was discovered to encourage anybody in the hope that a submerged ship lay anywhere in the vicinity. The dredge had turned up nothing but sand, silt, weed, and a few antique nails. Blue-bird weather had vanished; skies [Turn to page 94]



Slowly the launch drew in to where Lanier and Muddalton were waiting



on past them, to turn his back on Renton. Ten yards, twenty, thirty, and no explosion behind him sent him pitching on his face to the little pilot-boat—she was still ringing his lifeless ears. Thirty yards, forty, fifty; and here he strode out into the scrub.

And here it was natural for him or for anybody to turn, look back, wave a last greeting. He looked back. Welper, Potter, Senix were gathered in a close group; Renton apparently harrassed them with fiercely nervous gestures. He saw them lift their heads to look at him; saw Renton turn and stare. And he waved his cap in gay and careless adieu, entered the bushes, whirled on his heel under cover, and saw Renton start swiftly after him. He saw Senix hesitate, then follow Renton; saw both men fire their pistols.

He freed his own weapons, grasped them in either hand, moved on as fast as he could without running—not caring to face anybody with a thumping heart and gasping lungs to mar a steady trigger finger. All the scrub looked alive, all the wastes of young pines, too. He did not know how far to go nor how low he had gone. He did not know where to turn off towards the shore nor where his boat lay. The forest told him nothing; its edges were unaccented and monotonous; and when he looked for the live-oak he had climbed he saw scores along the edges of the pines, all shrouded with Spanish moss, all similar.

Now and then he obtained glimpses of Renton and Senix, not much nearer, perhaps, but always on his track. The sun hung very low, reddening the scrub till it rolled away like a vast waste of glowing gold. Suddenly he caught sight of his pistol—pin-his; ran to it, swept the ground with the hand, caught the red of wire, dropped it, and hurried on guided by the half-line strands running through his fingers.

It was not far; he saw the cliff where the pully cut in. Then, as he came out on the bank above, he saw Dan Supple sitting in the boat, a rifle across his knees, but looking the wrong way. "Put 'em up!" came Lanier's ringing com-

EVERYONE in the little village of Rickaby was stirred by the arrival there of the beautiful and mysterious Lady Rivers, and her son, Gaspard. The Rev. Bill Quentin, Vicar of Rickaby, had heard enough about them to be vitally interested when he met the mother, first, walking in the twilight, and found her a fascinating woman of the world. Next day, when he helped young Gaspard after an auto accident, he realized that behind the boy's mood of dark despair lurked some sinister, unguessed fear.

But Molly Morton and her sisters at Hatchstead Rectory were not so generous. They agreed with old General Farjeon in distrusting the new tenants at Beech Mount, all which provoked the Rev. Bill to unwonted anger, and set him wondering whether his life as a simple pastor of souls were well chosen.

THE next afternoon Bill Quentin went to call on his new parishioners. He reached Beech Mount and turned up the winding drive that led to the house. It was a foreign-looking place; a long, rambling, white-plastered building, no longer thatched, with white shutters at every window; and it looked out towards Rickaby Cove with its dazzling white cliffs and blue water. Where the beech avenue ended were two tall fir-trees, and on the south front some bent and stunted yews shaded a walk to the broad terrace above the bay where the Italian garden had been cut out, carefully shielded by wall, hank and hedge of yew. Paths and flights of steps ended finally in a hidden way, that wound down to the shore. Here was a boat-house and bathing-hut on a sandy shelf out of reach of the tide; and a deep rock-pool with a diving-board above it.

Bill knew the pool well, had indeed bathed in it more than once during the years that Beech Mount had stood empty. For no one had occupied it till now during all the time that he had been at Rickaby. It had passed to a distant relative of the Admiral Thesiger and had been for sale almost ever since, so that the advent of the new owner had been quite an event for the village.

The front-door was shut, contrary to Rickaby custom, and some seconds elapsed before his ring brought any response. Then the door opened a foot, and a dark face peered out at him. Molly Morton's description of the man-servant flashed into his mind. So this was Benedict!

He asked for Lady Rivers and read the answer in the black, unfriendly eyes before it came:

"Madame is not at home."  
"But Bill Quentin was not to be expelled thus. He put out a restraining hand. "Wait a minute!" he said. "I have come



"She won't look at Stafford now, I tell you, though they were friendly enough last Christmas."

# A Man Under Authority

By ETHEL M. DELL

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER



to see Madame's son also—as his own desire. Where shall I find him? In the garden?"

A gleam of indignation showed in the watchful eyes for a second. "Madame's son is also not at home," the man declared indifferently.

Somehow, instinctively, Bill knew it was a lie. He took his hand from the door, "I will give you my card," he said.

But ere he could produce it the door was once more closed upon him. "Madame does not desire visitors," said Benedict.

The click of the latch followed the announcement, and Bill turned on his heel. After all, why discuss the matter with a servant? The man probably had his orders, and it was not for him to dispute them. Perhaps Lady Rivers had already repented of her graciousness of two days before, while as to the boy—he had probably never intended his invitation to be taken seriously.

He began to retrace his steps towards the beech avenue, walked a few paces, and suddenly stopped. Someone had called. He stood still, listening intently, uncertain whether the sound had come. But immediately it came again—an urgent, piercing cry, and in a moment Bill was racing at full speed across the garden to the yew-walk that led to the shore.

He went like the wind, for something in that cry warned him there was not a moment to be lost, down the little winding path, leaping the flight of six steps at the end. From there to the edge of the bathing-pool it was but a few yards over the rocks. Bill took that last stage in a series of bounds, landing at length on the flat top of the low stone wall that enclosed the pool. For out in the very middle of the pool young Rivers was struggling, making futile, spasmodic efforts to swim!

As he came up Bill shouted to him across the intervening stretch of water: "All right! Keep up! I'm coming!"

And then, without further waste of breath, he dove into the deep, clear water, literally hurling himself along at a speed which he had never achieved before; for that one glimpse of her boy's desperate fight for life had warned him that there was not a second to be lost.

The rush of water from the incoming tide was against him, but he was a strong swimmer and his whole being was concentrated against the opposing force. Reaching the centre of the pool, he trod water and looked about him, certain that he must be near the boy, though he had ceased to see any splashing to guide him. A horrible misgiving went through him, for the surface of the pool was very still. Then, suddenly, a few feet off, Gaspard rose with a terrible gurgling and a look as of death-agony on his convulsed face. He saw Bill



and flung out a clutching hand. The boy was nearly crazed with fear.

He collected his own wits. There was no moment for slacking. "Let go of me and get on your back!" he commanded. "You'll drown us both at this rate."

With strength to let go was not in Gaspard at that moment. He clung with frenzied insistence.

"Don't be a fool!" Bill cried again. "Keep your hands off me, get up, I've got you, I tell you. Get your head back! That's the way! Now—trust me! See? Trust me! I shan't let you drown."

Somehow he prevailed. He was near the limit of his own strength when at length he reached the rough wall of the pool. The water was less than two feet from the top, and the wall sloped out towards him. He made his last colossal effort and hoisted Gaspard toward it. The boy clung; he could do no more. And Bill, freed from his weight, climbed up, himself, and then dragged his companion after him. In his scanty bathing-dress the boy looked little more than a skeleton.

Bill took him gently by the shoulders as he made no movement. Gaspard's head fell back. His teeth were chattering, his limbs cramped and powerless.

He thrust his arms beneath the measure form and lifted it. Then, with infinite care, he turned to make his way over the rocks, and came face to face with Gaspard's mother.

"Ah!" she said, and he heard the great breath of relief that broke from her. "You—have saved him!"

She helped him to lay down his burden on the stones, and she took Gaspard's head into her lap while Bill knelt beside him and vigorously rubbed the helpless limbs.

"We must get him into his chamber," he said. "Where are they?"

"I expect he came down without them. Will you mind him while I go and fetch Benedict?" said Lady Rivers. And was gone over the rocks with the fleetness of a hare.

Again Bill applied himself energetically to the task of trying to bring a little warmth into the boy's chill body, till Gaspard suddenly put forth shaking hands and stopped him.

"Don't! Don't! I say! I'm much better—better. And look here—I want to say something. You—you saved my life and it nearly cost you your own. I don't know how to say it. But—but—" something caught in his throat, preventing utterance; his hand groped rather pathetically for Bill's.

"Oh, rot—rot!" said Bill kindly. "It was up to me to do what I could. One has got to do that. But the other part—well, I hadn't much to do with that. That was God's part. He would have saved you just the same, if my money, if I hadn't been there."

He spoke with absolute simplicity. Gaspard's hand was hard gripped in his own. The boy's fingers clung to his, but the boy's face was bent.

"You believe that?" he said, speaking with some effort.

"Believe it! I know it," said Bill.

It waited a moment, but Gaspard said no more. He was beginning to shiver again.

"All right," said Bill. "Your mother coming now?"

He made reassuring answer. Benedict was behind, carrying blankets; his brown face was lit with deep concern not unmarked with suspicion as he looked up toward Bill.

"It was late that evening when Bill passed out into the moonlight garden to smoke a last cigarette. He was fairly tired, but feeling by no means disconcerted with the day's

work. He did not think that even the forbidding Benedict would ever close the doors of Beech Mount upon him again.

His thoughts did not dwell for long upon that struggle in the bathing-pool. Even his steady nerves flinched a little at the thought of what might have been—at the thought of that woman with her stricken face coming alone to the edge to find the tragedy of her life awaiting her. Somehow that look of hers haunted him. The conviction came to him that this was not her first acquaintance with tragedy. Those strange eyes of hers, what had they looked upon before? It was not



*Lady Rivers had excused herself to the General and leaving him to enjoy the shade of the yew walk, she led the Vicar upstairs to the wide and spacious chamber where Gaspard lay. "I shall leave you alone together," she said to Bill. "Gaspard seems to wish it and I believe you will do him good." The boy caught at her hand as she turned to go. "There is no one quite like you," he whispered, and his voice was husky*



merely the wisdom of the world that they held, but a deeper knowledge, a greater intensity of suffering than falls to the lot of most. What did they remind him of? What was that thing at the back of his mind which so persistently eluded him? It was something which had happened a long time ago—possibly in his boyhood. He had turned a sharp corner and had come upon it very suddenly—a thing with eyes of blank and agonized despair, that had looked at him, but as though they saw him not. And he had been shocked for awhile, but afterwards he had forgotten. Where had that happened to him, and when? He sought his memory in vain. He came along the moonlit path to the alcove that was about to flower. Its spear-like leaves flung strange fantastic shadows before him, and he halted with the whimsical thought that some spell might fall upon him if he trod where they lay. Beyond lay a stretch of shrubbery which the moonlight scarcely penetrated, leading to the gate.

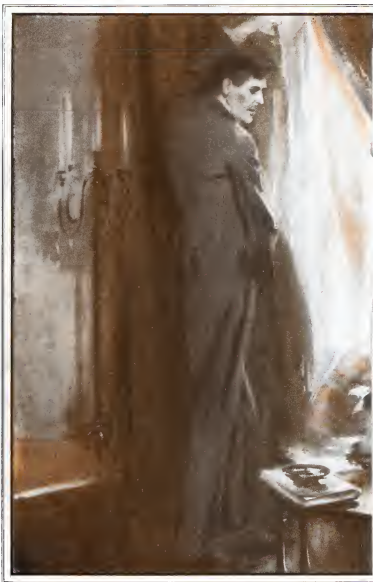
He had not made half-a-dozen paces when he stopped and swiftly turned again. He neither saw nor heard her, but—was waited for her.

And, in a moment or two, she came quite silently, emerging from the dark path, a tall, slight figure in a shimmering gown, and stood still on the other side of the alcove. The shadow of it lay between them. So still was she, so ghost-like, that it would not have surprised him to have seen her disappear again in the garden's shadow.

"I thought perhaps I should find you here," she said. The music of her voice acted upon him like magic. He moved to meet her, every pulse tingling.

Her hand came out to him, and he clasped and held it. "I only came," she said, and again her voice thrilled him, "because I could not sleep without saying 'Thank you'."

Her hand closed upon his. He spoke with some abruptness, for he was moved also. "Don't thank me," he said. "It was a chance in a lifetime, and I thank God for sending it my way."



"Ah!" said Lady Rivers. Her hand pressed his and slipped free. "Then it may interest you to know that you have done me a greater service than you will ever realize—not only in saving my boy's life, but in making him trust you. And I am asking you to make allowances for him. He is young and—in some ways—heavily handicapped."

"You mean his health?" said Bill.

"Partly his health," she said. "He thought he understood her. 'If his health improves, his mind will probably get more wholesome too,' he said.

"I hope so," said Lady Rivers.

In a few moments she spoke again as though it had not been. "I have not said half I came to say, but—there are no words to express it. Perhaps some day I may find some other way, not of repaying—that would be impossible—but of showing you something of the gratitude that will always be in my heart."

"Oh, don't do that!" said Bill impulsively. "Forget it! That's the best. At least, forget my share! I am a man under authority, you know. I only obeyed orders. There is no earthly reason for you to feel under any obligation to me."

"No?" She paused as if this were a new thought. "Now I must indeed be going. I shall get you talked about at this rate."

He heard again an alluring note of laughter in her voice, and it stirred him strangely to protest with genuine anger:



"Do you imagine I care the toss of a halfpenny what anyone says about me?"

"I imagine you ought to," she answered.

"Why?" His question was almost a challenge.

"Because," her words came very deliberately, "as a man under authority I take it you are in some measure responsible for your Master's credit."

"Ah!" he said in surprise. He had not expected such words from her.

They were walking now towards the gate. She spoke with

from her presence, that warmed his senses like wine.

"Circe!" he whispered. "Circe!"

And he knelt, scarcely knowing what he did, and kissed the wet, sweet earth on which her feet had rested.

Lottie Morton's marriage was fixed to take place at the end of June. Doubtless the weather—which had turned stormy—was as trying to the bride as to everyone else, but she showed no sign of dissatisfaction.

General Farjeon alone, seemed to enjoy it. To him the excessive heat was like new life. His nephew Stafford was

sorry. Bill, I didn't say that. What's the matter with you, my lad? Have you got any further in your acquaintance with the renowned Madame Verelme yet?

"I don't know who you mean, sir," said Bill.

"Oh, don't you? You're not very bright this afternoon. I am referring in a jocular fashion to the lady who has just taken Beech Mount, Rivers, didn't you say her name was?"

Bill got up from his chair with abrupt resolution. "I'll take you across to see her if you'll let me."

"What? In riding kit?" The General stood hesitating.

"Certainly," said Bill. He himself was bareheaded and wearing flannels. He never wore the conventional clerical attire when not "on duty." The day was close and sultry, but there was no sun.

They turned up the beech avenue, and here the heat seemed even more oppressive. Each leaf of polished green hung motionless, as if carved in metal.

"Curious place!" commented the General. "I haven't been here since old Theodora died. It used to be a decent old English house, but after his second marriage he turned it into a sort of villa on the Riviera. Rotten bad taste, I call it," was his verdict, "and always have. Hello! Is that Lady Rivers over there with a rose-basket?"

His keen old eyes had spied a woman's figure in a little rose garden at the side of the house. Bill turned swiftly. She had seen them and was moving along the green path to greet them.

"She knows how to walk," commented the General appreciatively. "One of the very few who do."

Bill went to meet her, feeling the blood drum hotly in his temples. In that moment he repeated fiercely having brought General Farjeon. If only he had come alone! And then her hand was in his, and all regrets vanished in a second.

Her look went beyond him to General Farjeon, and she smiled a welcome before Bill had time to effect an introduction.

"General, let me present you to Lady Rivers!"

The General bowed and took her outstretched hand. Then a voice from the house arrested them—an eager, impatient voice. "Padre! Hello! Padre, I say!"

Bill turned. Gaspard was standing at an upper window, his face dead-white against the jet-black of his hair. He was waving an importunate arm.

"Come up here, I say! Come up!"

Bill looked at his mother. "May I run up?" said Bill.

He wondered why she delayed to answer him, for obviously there was no other means of quieting Gaspard, but her permission when it came had the tardiness of reluctance.

"It would be very kind of you," she said, "and to the General, 'My son is not very strong. We have to keep him very quiet.'"

"I won't excite him," said Bill. "I'll just run up for a few minutes, but I won't stay."

"Thank you," said Lady Rivers gently, leaving him uncertain as to which of his unending and earnest eyes gratefully looked at him.

Lady Rivers had excused herself to the General and led the Vicar upstairs to the chamber where Gaspard lay. "Gaspard seems to wish it and I believe you will do him good."

But the boy caught at her hand as she turned to go. "There is no one quite like you," he whispered, and his voice was husky. "I shall leave you alone together, but I'll be with you. I haven't been here before? I tell you, it's worse than being in prison to be cooped up here without a soul to speak to."

Bill glanced round the room, the room of his mother, and was a cheerful apartment—one of the best in the house, large and airy—with open windows that looked out to the sea.

"Well, if you never have a worse prison than this," he said, "you won't have much to complain of."

The silence with which his words were received caused him to look at Gaspard, and he was struck anew by the intense pallor of his face, the restlessness of his eyes. "I'm afraid you've been having rather a rotten time, old chap," he said kindly. "What's the [Turn to page 87]



complete irrelevance. "I love you alone by moonlight. There is something mysterious and Egyptian about it—something of the desert that holds all secrets, past and future."

She paused on the edge of the shadow. "No," she said whimsically, "I will not go through it again. It is too great a risk a second time—especially with no one waiting on the other side. Good-bye!" She turned her head. Her wrap had fallen back from her neck, and he saw the beautiful curve of her throat as she did so.

"Better that than a broken heart!" she laughed. "I don't trust that will come of yours until it comes into flower."

"You will come back when it does?"

"And drink its magic!" She laughed again, that soft, intoxicating laugh, and surely the magic was in herself. "It would be better than a parish tea, wouldn't it?" she said, and was gone, silently, round the aloe and into the darkness beyond.

An impulse, quick and utterly alive to him, suddenly searbed up in his soul. There was a fragrance other than mere English flowers in the air—a maddening, elusive essence to which his whole being pulsed in fiery, uncontrollable response. Thought was beyond him. He was caught by an irresistible magic. She had forbidden him to follow her, but she could not deny him this. And there, alone in the moonlight, the madman came upon him so that he yielded himself utterly to the mystic enchantment that had emanated

spending a few days with him, purely as a matter of duty, for neither appreciated the other's society in the smallest degree, and it was hard to say which of the two was the more bored. The old General rode over one day to see Bill and confided in him that his nephew was a rotter. Even Molly wouldn't have anything to do with him, and goodness knew she hadn't many to choose from!

The General pursued the subject with the tyranny of old age. "No, she won't look at Stafford now, though they were friendly enough only last Christmas. But, Bill, the little lady won't come near now Stafford is here. I've threatened to drop in and carry her off bodily, but she spits like a cat at the suggestion."

"You want him to marry her, I take it, sir?" said Bill rather wearily.

The General stared at him wrathfully for a moment or two, then broke into an angry laugh. "You're getting awfully clever, aren't you, Bill? Of course I'd like 'em to marry. Don't you see Molly is a little girl after my own heart? And she won't be counting the days till the old man's put underground either. She's got a soft place in her heart for me, has Molly."

"It's about the only one there is then, I should think," said Bill. "I hope you will never be disappointed in her, sir. I shouldn't trust her too far."

"Oh, go to—!" The General pulled himself up. "No, I'm

# THE CIRCUS LADY

BY JOSEPHINE DEMOTT ROBINSON



It was some years before I rode in a ring again. A friend of mine telephoned me that a certain picture required a circus scene, that they had a horse and would I ride him? I agreed right away, for it sounded interesting.

I reached the lot, and stood around like a gillie, just waiting. When I finally asked a hot young man to direct me he was very explosive. "You Miss DeMott? Gosh, you should have been in that car that left for location a while ago."

"Oh, never mind," I said, "I'll just walk there."

He hit me. "Oh, will you? It's ten miles away. I'll have to send you in another car. Got the wig?"

"Wig? Wig? No one told me about a wig."

He threw his hands up. "All right, come along." So I was fitted up to look like the star, and hustled out to location, feeling rather foolish, in blonde long flowing curls and a walking suit. My friend came up to me with the horse, and we got in the ring and began to work him. The horse, we soon saw, was decidedly not a circus trained horse.

"Never mind," I said, "you hold him on the lunge rope and keep his head inside. I'll whip him along, and maybe we'll get him around the ring three or four times before he gets dizzy."

So we practised him until, through a far-off megaphone, the director called everybody to get ready. I hurriedly put on the star's costume, and practised a little more, until another call came from the director. "All out of the ring but the rider."

We looked blankly at each other. I never could ride him alone, for how did I know but that he might stop suddenly and catapult me into the air.

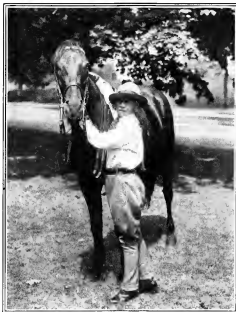
The director was talking. "Attention, rider. The man in the trapeze is your father. As you ride around the ring, he falls from the trapeze to the ground. You jump from your horse, rush to him, and pick up his head in your arms. All set." Off I started my horse, my friend holding the lunge.

"Stop the scene," went the megaphone. "Everyone but the horse and the rider will leave the ring."

We were again; we tried to ignore the megaphone and go around again. And we discussed the possibility of holding him short on the left side and whacking him on the right to keep him in the ring. Meantime the megaphone was enraged. The audience of supers was beginning to jeer too.

"Listen," called the megaphone voice sarcastically. "What's the matter down there? Can't that little girl ride?"

Well, that was too much. Grandmother's blood grew hot within me. I jumped on the horse, thanked the Lord he was at least gentle. He was no sooner well started than I went into what is known as a shoulder stand, a difficult and showy trick. Down went my shoulders on the horse's neck; up went my feet high in the air. Around we flew until the music stopped. Applause rent the air from the super benches, and I swept a low bow in the direction of the



The Circus Lady and one of her favorite mounts



megaphone. From the seats came a yell to the director, first scattered, then in concert, "Well, what's the matter? Can the little girl ride?"

Then we went into the trapeze scene. The man fell, and I leaped gladly from that horse, and ran to my supposed father.

"Are you my father?" I asked, clasping his head.

He gave me a look. "Not on your life," he answered. "You are my mother."

And so we finished the scene. Some months later a voice on the telephone asked if I were Josie DeMott, who used to be a circus rider. Would I come over to the Goldwyn studios at Fort Lee to do some riding for May Mann's forth-coming picture, "Polly of the Circus"? Would I double for the star? I suppose all my life I shall sniff the sawdust from afar and rush to it if I am given the best chance, so I said yes.

I went over and met the casting director. He looked at me just long enough to say how do you do, gave me a strange look, and flew out. Instantly I knew what was wrong—my hair, it had grown white years ago. In the ring, I had colored it, for a little white haired lady dancing on a bareback horse might have caused a sensation all right, but not the kind I wanted. Now that I was living privately again I rather liked the white hair and let it alone.

It must have made a strange impression on the casting director engaging someone to represent a young girl. When he came back he told me that they might want me later, that he would take my name and address and keep me in mind. And so I was bowed politely out.

The world had gone wrong again. Here I was, perfectly qualified in ability, size and all, condemned by my white hair. But a week later the telephone rang again. The Goldwyn studios wanted to know if I was ready to go to work on the picture. I said I was, and went over there again. Later I learned, that after seeing my hair they had looked around to find someone else but could find no one able to do the work.

When they first brought me the horse, they said they had spent days trying to teach him in the ring and couldn't do it. After they showed me how they did it, I saw why the horse wouldn't do it. They were running him the wrong way around the ring!

At the studio, the wardrobe woman allotted me very disagreeably to my dressing-room, apparently deciding I would last only one try-out. She hustled me into a room where there were a lot of extras. I put up with this, not knowing anything of movie people, and realising it is in the movies that youth is served first and best.

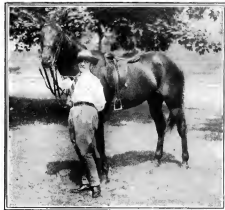
But my first work before the directors put me in a different light. My first doubling more than carried out what they had wanted, and they said so. Some one happened to ask where I was dressing, and I told him in the room with the extras. There was great indignation, and they were surprised that I had said nothing about it. But by this time I had passed the stage where I walked out when my trunk didn't get centre stage!

But they said to me—those kind directors to whom my heart warmed—"You are a star and you must have a star's dressing room." So they gave me the one Jane Cowd had used when she was there.

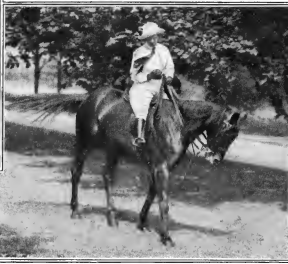
Every night I was all dressed up in my duplicate star costume. Whenever I passed in front of the camera I had to remember to turn my face away from it. I liked the work, and time passed very pleasantly.

We reached the big part in the picture, where Polly falls from her horse as she rides him around the ring, when the clown is holding her hoop carelessly. She is supposed to faint and fall over backwards, from the standing position to her back on the ground. I told the director that a rider would not faint and fall like that, that she always tried to recover her balance, struggling, and then fell. But he said the script demanded a straight fall from the top of the horse. So I yielded. It was not exactly my party excepting that I was the person who was to fall.

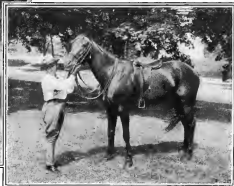
[Turn to page 25]



Above  
Lessons are postponed while Mrs. Robinson and her horse pose for a photo



Right  
That Mrs. Robinson makes a pet of each horse accounts for her success



A well-trained circus horse never forgets his tricks

# Eat soup to get the full benefit of all your food!



If you think of soup only as a delicious and refreshing first dish of the meal, you are overlooking a fact of very great importance in the diet.

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Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately.



Oh, here they come and going some,  
Let's greet them with a cheer.  
The soup they ate will make them great  
And fill their foes with fear!



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NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, a thousand eyes are fastened on her face. How does she keep her skin flumky—youthfully firm, irreproachably smooth and clear?

Of two hundred and fifty actresses playing this season in New York, an overwhelming majority—nearly three-fourths—use Woodbury's Facial Soap for their skin, because of its purity and its soothing, non-irritating effect.

## One Hundred & Eighty Leading Actresses of the NEW YORK STAGE declare that this soap is best for their skin

She must never grow old.

Starry-eyed, laughing-lipped, with cheeks like a rose—she must create an illusion of never-dying youth and joy for the tired, work-a-day world.

An actress cannot neglect her appearance, even for a single day, any more than an athlete can neglect his training. Her success, not only as a woman, but as an artist, depends on a beautiful physical condition.

How does the successful actress of today take care of her skin? What soap does she use to keep it smooth and fine in spite of harsh make-up?

### What they said when interviewed

We asked two hundred and fifty leading actresses of the New York stage, playing in 44 of this season's plays, what soap they used for the care of their skin.

One hundred and eighty—or nearly three-fourths of the entire number—said they were using Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"It is a wonderful soap for the skin"—  
"It doesn't sting as other soaps do"—  
"It is very soothing"—"It leaves a nice, smooth finish"—"It closes en-

larged pores"—"Oily skin was cured by using it"—"It keeps the skin firm and fresh looking, preventing large pores and blackheads"—"I have a perfect skin. I have used Woodbury's for years."

These were some of the comments made by the actresses when interviewed in their dressing-rooms. Every one of the Woodbury users was eager to speak some word of praise and appreciation for the wonderfully soothing, non-irritating quality of Woodbury's.

A skin specialist

IF YOU ARE TROUBLED with blackheads, blemishes, an oily skin, or any other skin defects, learn how to overcome them from the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

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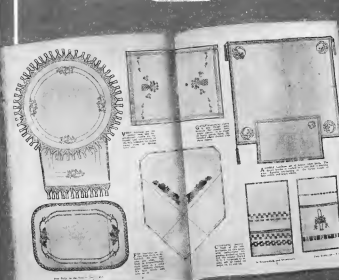
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## The Circus Lady

(Continued from page 25)

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CLARK'S **ONT.** ARTISTIC DESIGNS  
EMPHATICALLY  
"When I was through speaking a voice  
came from the audience."  
"Whose method do you recommend?"  
I was stumped. There was grand-  
mother's and my father's, and I suppose  
I had added a few ideas of my own as the  
years went on. But whose method—  
my probably meant what book.  
But I told them of my early training,  
and it was long after my allotted time  
before they let me leave the platform.

the Strand. We all sat watching—the cast, and its friends, and the usual celebrities arrived to see a first run. The play opened with a riding master coming out in front of the curtain and telling in a loud voice of all the show things to come, in imitation of actual circus methods. He told how every performer was the highest standing in the show world. The clowns were the biggest paid, so were the freaks and the acrobats. And the rider who did that dangerous work in her day had been the biggest priced and the most famous in the world.

"So now, he ends with a flourish I introduce to you Miss May Marsh," Marie Dressler, who was working at a picture of her own at the time, sat a few seats from me. She leaned over to me and said in her hearty voice, "Are you going to stand for that? You'd better tell them who the rider is."

But as a matter of fact—and quite in accordance with the ethics of doubling—I got no credit for my work, although the Billboard, which called the play mediocre and drab, added that "the circus scenes are very well done, thanks to the clever work of Miss DeMott."

Before long I was in the midst of the suffrage excitement of those days. I was a valuable acquisition, for I had horses and could make them stand up straight in the air, while I waved a suffrage banner with a firm hand, and lead the parade.

One day our district leader at Hempstead ordered me to report for duty in front of the Press Tent at the Minors Fair Grounds on horseback to meet a certain newspaper man from the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, who would tell me just what I was to do. So over I rode to the reporter. What was I to do?

He thought for a moment, then pointed to the Flower Exhibit building.

"Couldn't you ride your horse up the steps and in the building yesterday?"

"Certainly, if you want me to." It was early and there were few people about. I spurred Nauty, and up and in we rode. I rode around looking at the flowers when an old man hobbled up to me and said, "Lady, lady, you'll have to take that horse out of here right away."

"All right," I said, and went out, jumping my horse off the porch. "What's the matter?" asked the reporter.

So I told him. "Could you mount those steps again and jump off once more?" he asked, and I said of course it was easy.

So he called the picture men and had the jump snapped.

"Now what next?" I asked. He was still laughing. "Oh, you may as well go home now," he said. "You have done a good day's work."

Going home that afternoon I heard a boy calling an extra. I bought one, and to my horror there on the front page of the Brooklyn Eagle was a huge picture of Nauty and me jumping off the fair ground steps. In the biggest kind of type were the words, "Josephine DeMott Robinson, suffrage leader, bodily thrown from exhibit building."

It was bad enough to read it, but telegrams and the next day letters came from my people in Philadelphia. Why would I mix up with these terrible women, who did I mean by disgracing our name in that way with those brazen women?

Last of all, the district leader jumped on me, saying that I had seriously injured the cause by my conduct. And the cause was what she had told me to do.

But I had pleasant experiences. Once in New York I gave a lecture from a real platform, on how to keep fit in order to be of help to the cause of women. I was well liked when I walked in the building to see myself announced outside. "Lecture by Mrs. J. D. Robinson."

When I was through speaking a voice came from the audience.

"Whose method do you recommend?" I was stumped. There was grandmother's and my father's, and I suppose I had added a few ideas of my own as the years went on. But whose method—my probably meant what book.

But I told them of my early training, and it was long after my allotted time before they let me leave the platform.

Then war came, and suffrage was put by for the time. It was easy to help. First I sold my farm and bought government bonds. It took quite a while to get all my stock in conformity with laws. Especially the goats. The pleasant stout officer in the traffic booth in Hempstead took one of them and has him still.

At the Fifty-ninth street Orthopedic Hospital I worked in the corrective ward, specializing in infantile paralysis. I had already taken a course under Dr. Lovett of Boston on infantile paralysis and received my diploma for it.

With us of the circus, health was expected and sickness was a great rarity. This work among poor unfortunate with twisted backs hurt me all through. There were some who only held their heads tighter when they tried to undergo them. There were many who would never walk again, and some whose limbs no amount of care could straighten.

After my term was over I was glad to see my stable and my horses again, glad to be back teaching children again. Horses and children, I often think, have a lot of the good sense there is in the world.

Children were never wrong. By telling them essentials, and teaching them everything from the ground floor to about horses as well as riding, it was not long before I could turn the stable over to anyone of some twenty children ranging in age from eleven to fourteen, feeling perfectly safe. I knew the horses would be correctly saddled, fed, watered, bedded down, and ridden. When I was out riding with someone, I knew the other horses were getting good care. I have taught them the care of horses as my father taught me. I long ago gauged the importance of quietness, of gentleness, of firmness, of learning to act instantly when once they heard the word. I had to do a thing. That lesson I had learned myself thoroughly from my father in the days when every trip with him was a lesson. I learned to be especially on that never-to-be-forgotten day when the horses ran away and little Josie sat motionless, her father's marvelous handling of the frightened animals.

They have learned more than horses, too, though they never learned to ride the field to the saddle and back again. They have learned carefulness and gentleness and kindness towards animals, something that will benefit them all their lives. Communion with children is always a pleasant thing. Sometimes it is even blessed. One of the most charming children who ever rode with me was a dear little girl of fourteen who died a few years ago. Her mother found among her papers, some which she sent to me. One was an essay, a school paper, the assigned subject being, "The Most Useful Children of My Acquaintance." And the child had written about me, had picked me out as the subject of her paper!

I have never been so proud as, as I read stray sentences in the unformed child hand. "I honestly believe that a lot of youngsters around here are more kind than that little woman's plain horse sense than to all the expensive advice of the city specialists." "Any fool can put the worst into his mouth with whip and spur and heavy hand. A good hand with horses is, ten to one, a good hand with men; they both need the same sort of handling—kindness, firmness, strength, patience—a steady hand, a quiet voice, a cool head, and a warm heart. Well, Mrs. Robinson is decidedly a good hand with horses and children. She gets results."

It is hard to believe, reading over the worn, bright phrases, that the child had written them so emphatically, so earnestly, is now actually dead.

Sometimes only a phrase will bring it all back again—the old magic, for it had a magic for us as well as for the gillies. Only to find it is the magic of the past.

The tinest robes shine and shimmer under the lights, and the audience sees the sheen and color. But we see more than that. We know we are the tinest into making that gleaming costume. The weary stitches set so patiently, so lovingly, one after the other.

The jargon of the circus is a vocabulary by itself. Certain phrases will bring a smile or a tear. [Turn to page 33]

# First—Last—Always!

**M**EN have been known to go for months without shelter, for weeks without food and for days without water, but no one can live for more than a few minutes without air.

Breathing is the first necessity of life—yet few of us know how to breathe to develop our bodies and to improve our health. If we could be always in fresh air taking plenty of exercise, our usual undirected, instinctive breathing would naturally develop to give us better health. Nature would take care of us. But the conditions in which we live, the stress of present-day life, cause us to accumulate an excess of poisonous waste products in our bodies. To help dispose of these we should go beyond instinctive breathing and at frequent times during the day mentally direct the breaths we take.



AIR!

Baby's first cry! However it may sound to grandmother's ears, it is music to the baby's mother. Under the spell of her eager imagination that thin little cry is a call for her. But what he really is crying for is air. In the Land of Unborn Babies he had no need to use his lungs. But here, in the great wide world, his first need is air and through every moment of his life he will demand air.

and chest contracted you squeeze your lungs and make deep breathing impossible. Lift your head, raise your chest, straighten your spine, elevate your ribs and you cannot help "breathing for health".

Deep breathing exercises should be taken night and morning. Empty the lungs as fully as possible with each breath. This is important because fresh air removes harmful waste matter in the blood.

## That "Stitch in the side"—

Have you ever felt a stitch in the side when running? This is a warning—not always that your heart is weak, or that you have indigestion, as many persons suppose, but sometimes that your lungs are unaccustomed to being filled to their full capacity. Most of us rarely breathe to the bottom of our lungs. One-third of the lung cells of the average person is unused. These cells tend to collapse and stick together. When the air is forced into them, it sometimes causes pain.

Your health demands that you should breathe properly; the condition of the blood is an important element in keeping well. The blood circulates all through the body distributing material to build and repair the tissues, picking up waste products and fighting disease germs. The turning-point of its journey is in the lungs where it deposits the waste and takes a fresh supply of oxygen from the air.

Without deep breathing of fresh air there cannot be an ample supply of oxygen. Without sufficient oxygen there cannot be adequate growth or repair of any part of the body, nor vigorous warfare against disease.

Begin today to breathe deeply—breathe for health.

## Count Your Breaths—

How many breaths a minute do you take? Stop now with your watch in hand and for 60 seconds count them. Fifteen to twenty short, top-of-your-lungs breaths? You are not breathing deeply. Occasionally you should take six or eight long, leisurely breaths a minute—so deep that the diaphragm is expanded and the ribs are barreled out. Several times a day stop what you are doing, stand straight with head up, shoulders back and breathe—always through the nose, of course.

Try it this way—inhalé, one, two, three, four; hold, five; exhale, six, seven, eight, nine; relax, ten. This will give you six breaths a minute—quiet, unhurried breathing. After a time your unconscious breathing may become deeper and you will begin to feel a new and delightful sense of buoyant power.

## Good Posture First—

You cannot breathe properly unless your lungs have room to expand. When you stand or sit with shoulders rounded

marked decrease in tuberculosis death-rate.

Defects in the air passages should be corrected if one is to breathe most effectively. Wise parents should keep careful watch over their children's noses and throats to see that they are not afflicted with adenoids or diseased tonsils.

Deep breathing must be studied. There is more to it than the taking of a full breath. The diaphragm and abdominal muscles must be strengthened by exercise and the

body must be trained to maintain correct posture.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet giving simple and interesting health rules, including scientific advice about fresh air and proper breathing. These rules, with the simple breathing exercise given above, can be followed by anybody who wishes better health. Send for a copy of "How to Live Long". It will be mailed free.

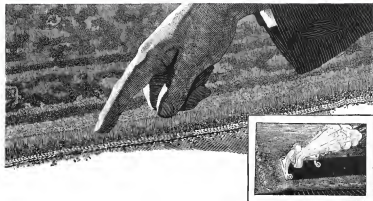
HALEY FISKE, President.

About one out of six of the total number of deaths in the United States each year is caused by diseases which affect the lungs. Pulmonary tuberculosis and pneumonia claim more than 210,000 victims annually. Ten years ago the death-rate from tuberculosis was sixty per cent higher than it is today. Only a short time ago it was thought that fresh air must be kept away from patients suffering from lung troubles. Today it is known that fresh air is one of the main aids in getting well—and this knowledge has helped to produce the



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**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY - NEW YORK**  
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



... if every woman  
could see—  
the deeply embedded dirt this famous  
Eureka "High-Vacuum" test removes!

See the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner, with dust bag removed, passed back and forth across one small section of a rug that has been regularly beaten and swept by ordinary methods. See for yourself the startling amount of germ-laden dust, dirt and grit that the Eureka discharges from the hidden depths of your floor coverings!

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Let this famous Eureka "high-vacuum" test prove to you the vital importance of the deeper, more thorough cleaning that results from the use of the Grand Prize Eureka. Then—and then only—can you fully appreciate the superiority of the Eureka "high-vacuum" principle of cleaning that has resulted in the sale today of one Grand Prize Eureka for every two of the 60 competing "masks."

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And remember that the same astonishing effectiveness can be obtained in the use of Eureka "high-vacuum" Attachments on mattresses, upholstered furniture, hangings, stair runners, etc.

Do not fail to have our dealer near you show you this convincing "high-vacuum" test. Then witness a complete demonstration of the Grand Prize Eureka and its attachments. Decide now to waste no further time and effort with old-fashioned or less efficient cleaning methods and devices! Get a Eureka today.

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your Eureka NOW and re-  
ceive these wonderful at-  
tachments absolutely free.



## Through Africa With the Prince of Wales

[Continued from page 7]

I have never seen anything so moving as this tribute to the personality of the Prince.

See a great sunlit square in a setting of trees of vivid green, with a background of silver grey mountains, and a canopy of turquoise sky. Let loose your imagination and pack that square with people of forty races, all religions, and every known colour, clothed then in every kind of garment from purple *sarong* and torn *velvet* to the latest Paris frock; and every cut of morning suit since the Victorian era. Picture a solid sea of faces of every type and character, from fair skinned Saxons to ebony faced Ethiopians. Put in each and every eye a gleam of tense expectancy such might be seen in the eyes of small children about to witness the magic materialisation of a fairy tale. Fill the air with the crashing peals of bells from a tall grey tower facing the square, and attune your ears to a vast murmuring sound like the surge of a great ocean, that is coming nearer and nearer in growing crescendo, accompanied by vast and regular gusts that your intelligence tells you to be hurrahs from the throats of legions. Then let fall a sudden silence, a breathless hush of a few seconds—and then a triumphant sigh and—"THERE HE IS." A car draws up in front of the flickering bayonets of a Guard of Honour, and from that car steps a slim figure in the blue and gold uniform of a British Naval Officer, a few war ribbons on his breast, and a grave look on his face. THE PRINCE! His hand goes up to the salute as the band plays the National Anthem; and then he calmly turns steps to life, shattering even the silence of the sentinel slopes of Table Mountain, two miles away. Every hat goes into the air, and a mighty thrush travels through that enormous motley crowd—the thrill of a lifetime, the ageless thrill of country, the thrill of a nation, the dawn of a new world moved spirit of a people looking upon its own personification.

I am not out to record in heroic vein the incidents of the Prince's tour in Africa, but I cannot help describing this scene as it struck me, and according to the impression it made upon me—an ordinary soldier-man who has had much experience of national emotion, and patriotic feeling. As I am to be a witness of the show of this sort, I had a most uncomfortable sort of lump in the throat, as I watched the Prince and observed his remarkable effect on the crowd. Knowing him, I knew that it was his own personality that was doing this thing, more than his position as heir to the British throne. He stood quietly, modestly at the front of the platform, very nearly behind a palm, adjusting his tie, and fidgeting with the notes of his speech.

And then, characteristically, when the moment came, he stepped forward from behind the palm, in realisation that every single soul in that assembly had come there to see him, as well as to greet him, and in full view of the eyes of every man, and in the clear gleaming accents of the British Officer he delivered his speech, no faltering, no hesitation, no dwindling of tone. There was a dead silence in that great square as he spoke, and everybody listened intently. Yet, the words he was uttering did not matter. It was the man who was speaking that mattered. And when the voice of the crowd again shattered the air, it was the Prince they were cheering, not the sentiments of his speech.

The band struck up again, and led by two choirs, the immense gathering lifted its hands to the right from the heart, singing: *God Bless the Prince of Wales*. I could not repress a smile at this, for it is true, which follows him everywhere, that every man who he always tries to get wiped off the programme. And one, incidentally, of which he has a very fine parody of his own, that I have heard him sing sometimes on strictly private occasions.

But there was no smile on the Prince's face on this occasion.

To those who are inclined to regard these tours of the Prince of Wales as a formality, or a ceremonious concession to conventional tradition, I would say—can any elected President do a thing like this? Stir to the very heart, individually and collectively, a gathering of people so

politically and racially divided as this polyglot concourse on the parade ground at Cape Town? Has the man ever lived who could fuse into one bright flame of *esprit de corps*, the opposite creeds of different religions, political animosities, melting colours, destroying feuds, breaking barriers, uniting enmities, co-ordinating ideals; welding minds and hearts into one great backbone of Empire?

To give you an idea of what it is like to be Prince of Wales, from the inside work point of view, I can't do better than describe that first day in Cape Town. To begin with, the Prince had not moved into his sleeping cabin on the *Repulse* until after two a.m. He could not very well leave his shipmates, and ship's company, without having a sort of farewell jollification. Even if he could, he wouldn't. It began with a dinner party and ended with an impromptu dance, of which, as usual, the Prince was the life and soul as well as the principal performer, in instrument and vocal.

In point of fact, this story is told of the Prince's musical endeavors when he was an undergraduate at Oxford. One night he had been playing one of his comic musical instruments in his rooms, while several of his neighbors were trying to work, and the door of the room, which College rules, demands an open window as an alternative to suffocation; and through many open windows came the ear-piercing strains of the Prince's musical efforts. On this night to which I refer, half a dozen undergraduates, getting bored with the noise, assembled beneath the Prince's window and commenced a protest in kind—on tin whistles, banjos, suzuccans and other improvised instruments. The Prince, however, accepted the challenge, put aside his fiddle or whatever instrument he was playing and, in the twinkling of an eye, he was in full blast, filling the midnight air with unearthly shrieks and piercing screams until the fellows below gave up the struggle and bolted back in disordered defeat to their rooms. The spontaneity and vigor of this method of retaliation appealed very strongly to the Varsity sense of humour and sportsmanship. "Pragger Waggon" was not a name to be despised, a few more up as a jolly decent "cove." I was not present at the jollification on board the *Repulse*, but I was told about it next day, and I gathering it up, might be described as a "real grown-up" show. You can trust both the Prince and the British Navy for that. But don't run away with the idea that it was an anti-prohibition orgy or anything comic like that, for it was nothing of the kind. It was simply a mild sort of a lingo, such as is usual among healthy young members of the male sex who are full of life and yet know the value of self discipline.

A few of the fellows were looking a shade pallid when I met them the next day, but there were others there who were not. The point is that the Prince did not turn in until after two a.m., and that at 7.30 he was busy with his Secretary and the staff of the *Repulse* in the programme of the day. After breakfast, he "vetted" about twelve speeches which he expected to have to deliver, did some correspondence, and then received the official call of the Governor-General. Shortly before eleven o'clock, he came on to the quarter-deck, and presided over the Oration ladder to the waiting launch to which you have already been introduced.

Yet know the Prince of Wales, as he is handed at the pier head as described. This show, followed an hour's procession through the streets, and the Grand Parade where the Prince commenced the next item on his programme. At this he had to shake hands with several hundred people, most of whom expressed their appreciation of the occasion and their loyalty to the Prince, by giving him what is commonly known as a hearty handshake—which means gripping his hand as if he were one of those comic machines which return the penny if you squeeze hard enough! He then had to listen to some long speeches, look as though he were hearing some-  
[Turn to page 31]



THEY lived in Cleveland. Just getting a start in life. By manipulating their finances they were able to purchase a little home in a new subdivision.

They had yet to pay for it — for most of it, at least. And it was considerable of a burden.

One evening, after they had been living in the new house for several months, he came home, worn out but happy. He grabbed her up in his arms eagerly.

"Well, I knocked another hunk off the old mortgage today. Guess we're getting along."

"That's nice," she replied. But her tone was lifeless. He noted the lack of enthusiasm.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you feel any more cheerful than you sound?"

"I am glad," she said, with effort. "I just love our little home."

"Well, you certainly don't look like you loved anything. What's bothering you? Feet again?"

Tears came to her eyes. She realized she was failing him. "Yes," she admitted. "And I don't know what I'm going to do with them."

"But I've told you time and time again to go get a pair of shoes that will be comfortable, haven't I? I don't see anything to worry about."

"Yes, I know. But they would cost so much, and I'd have to bother with a chiropodist. We can't afford it."

Then he lost his temper. "I don't see any sense in allowing your darned old feet to spoil our happiness. Are your feet more important than our home? We've got to work hard to pay out on this property, and we need all the enthusiasm we can find. Wish you'd go get that pair of shoes."

"But I've got weak feet."

"Nonsense, I don't believe your feet are weak. You used to play tennis and dance whenever you wished, didn't you? Girls with weak feet don't do those things."

"Well—" "Well—" he interrupted — "There's just one thing to do. Get shoes that keep your feet from aching and cramping so you can smile at me once in a while. Let's look through some of these magazines and see if there aren't shoes that will help you."

It might be recorded here that the young man was in the advertising business, and naturally he looked to the advertisements for the solution of most of his problems. For an hour they turned the pages, reading carefully about shoes. Presently they came to the Arch Preserver Shoe advertisement. It said this: "I never dreamed there could be such a difference," quoting a New York literary woman who was visiting her niece in Norwood, Ohio.



*"Are your Feet  
more important  
than our Home?"*

*Little chapters from the story of how  
the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the  
ideas of a Nation. No. 11*

"There is the answer," he exclaimed. "That woman had the same foot troubles you have."

"Do you think those shoes could help me?"

"I'll read some more. You listen."

Then he read (from the advertisement): "It looks just like a regular shoe, but it is different. There is a bridge in the arch. That keeps the feet from sagging . . . Your feet were made to bear the weight of the body, but they also were planned to be supported. The dealer explained this by showing how the foot rests flat on the ground when you are barefooted. And he made me understand that the heel lifted the back of the foot and left the arch without any support at all. The bridge in these shoes gives this support."

He looked up at his wife. "That sounds like sense," he said.

He began again: "But the Arch Preserver Shoe has more than the bridge. The inner sole is flat. That lets your foot rest easily, without pinching the nerves and blood-vessels."

"And listen to this: 'When you buy this shoe they don't

merely put your foot into a size that is long enough and wide enough to cover it. They measure your foot from the heel to that bone just back of the big toe so that your instep fits over the bridge exactly right. This bridge must be right up against your foot, so there will be a firm walking base just as when you go barefooted.'"

The wife seemed convinced, but without enthusiasm. "Yes, those things may be true, but I'd look terrible in such shoes."

"All right," said her husband. "We'll see." He read further in the advertisement, then suddenly his face brightened. "Here's the answer to that: 'The Shoe that has Changed the Ideas of the Nation — because it has provided comfort and style — because it has done what no other shoe ever did before.' I guess that will satisfy you that you ought to try a pair anyway."

The other day he heard from that young husband. "My wife's shoes," he wrote enthusiastically, "helped more to pay off our mortgage than anything else. Your advertising told us about them; and your shoes made good. I felt that you ought to know."

And so we invite you, too, to find out for yourself about Arch Preserver Shoes. The booklet, "Use Your Feet" sent promptly in return for the coupon from you, will give you more facts. Also, we'll be glad to tell you the name of your dealer if you don't know him.

## THE SELBY SHOE CO.

339 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.

*Makers of Women's Fine Shoes  
for more than Forty Years*

**Don't wait until your feet become troublesome. Let this book tell you now how to keep them well while wearing the smartest styles.**



The Selby Shoe Co., 339 7th St., Portsmouth, O.  
Please send postpaid your booklet, No. 39, "Use Your Feet," and name of Dealer.

Name

Street and No.

P. O.  State

# THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

**Supports where support is needed—  
bends where the foot bends**

Look for trade-mark on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E.



Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"



No. 78



No. 470



No. 132



No. 128





In this portrait of Mrs. Longworth, recently painted in the library of her home in Washington by the distinguished American artist, *Wayman Adams, N.A.*, her vital beauty and the charm of her magnetic personality are strikingly revealed.

## MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH on keeping one's appearance up to the mark

**A**LICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH, daughter of the late Theodore Roosevelt, and wife of the Speaker-elect of the United States House of Representatives, is her illustrious father's own child.

Vitality and magnetism, trenchant wit, infectious laughter—these she has straight from him. A gay unconscious toss of her head every now and then recalls that "Princess Alice" who, as the daughter of the President, captured the imagination of America. Brilliance of intellect and a keen grasp of public affairs have drawn about her the most personable of Washington's inner circle. No woman has the same influence in the shaping of political events.

**B**UT Mrs. Longworth has a personal, a womanly side. She revels in her baby daughter. Her clothes have individuality, a touch of herself.

And she believes in guarding her beauty—a whimsical beauty—because the dignity of her life demands that she keep her appearance up to the mark.

Knowing the true foundation of attractiveness to be a clear, healthy skin she is interested in effective ways of caring for

"It's IMPORTANT for the woman who is active in the many-sided life of today to keep her personal appearance up to the mark. Brains, ability and social gifts are none the worse for being supplemented by charm and loveliness. The foundation of both is a clear, healthy skin which, fortunately, only woman may possess. She need only give it the proper care by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

*Alice Roosevelt Longworth*

her own. And like other beautiful women of distinguished position she believes in the cleansing and protection which Pond's Two Creams afford—

Every day, before retiring and always after exposure to the weather, cleanse your face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream, patting it lavishly over your skin. Let it stay on long enough for its pure oils to seep down into the pores. It will float to the surface the accumulations of dust and powder which have

clogged them. Wipe off all the cream and dirt. Repeat the process and finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry leave the cream on all night.

**O**VER your well-cleansed skin, before you go out and before you powder, with delicate finger tips, brush just a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a velvety surface over which your powder adheres smoothly and long. And it protects your skin against chapping cold, drying winds and hurtful dust and soot. Try both these Creams which come in two sizes of jars and tubes, the Cold Cream in big generous jars also. They will give you that clear, healthy skin Mrs. Longworth believes every woman should—and may—possess. THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY.

**FREE OFFER**—Mail this coupon for free tubes of these creams and instructions for using them.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L  
139 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name

Street

City  State

# The Most Delicious Breakfast You Ever Tasted

## FRENCH TOAST FRIED IN MAZOLA —SPREAD WITH KARO

**H**ERE is a breakfast dish as quickly and easily prepared as it is delicious.

To get that wonderful, golden brown crispness—tempting—free from grease—simply fry the dipped bread in hot MAZOLA. (See illustrations below.)

Then over the rich, piping hot toast, pour Karo, the great American Syrup. To-morrow morning, serve this delicious dish as a treat to the family.

### The Pleasant Thought

about MAZOLA—for Frying, for Shortening or for Salads—is that this pure, clear, vegetable oil is always sweet and wholesome—as delicious and good to eat as the corn from which it comes.

*A*

Slice bread fairly thick and dip well in beaten eggs, or egg butter.

*B*

Fry in hot MAZOLA until a golden brown and serve with KARO syrup.



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IN the new, beautifully illustrated Corn Products Cook Book, you will find more than one hundred helpful recipes for preparing the most delicious foods. Write to Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. 15, Argos, Ill.—and you will receive a copy absolutely FREE.







# We Cook and Serve Thanksgiving Dinner

Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, DIRECTOR

WE KNOW that to most of you Thanksgiving Dinner means turkey! For weeks before this great All-American holiday he is a pampered and important bird. So, naturally, when we of the Laboratory-Kitchen began to plan for our Thanksgiving Dinner, the first thing we put on our menu was Turkey.

If you can't obtain turkey, there are many other meats which will taste just as good, of course. There is roast pork, for instance, which is quite as festive and as delicious as turkey if you buy a Crown Roast, stuff it with a seasoned dressing and put a square of salt pork on the tip of each rib-bone to baste it as it roasts. When it is done, serve it with garnishes of baked, spiced or fried apple, parsley, celery curls, rings of green pepper or radish roses.

Roast Duck, with a delectable stuffing of peanuts; roast goose, chicken or guinea fowl, stuffed, done to a turn and garnished attractively, is just as good as turkey. Roast beef; a tender, rolled, stuffed steak; baked ham or a mutton chop will be welcomed by the family in lieu of any of these if you cook it well and dress it up with garnishes.

So, if you want to substitute another meat for the turkey on our menu, we won't mind a bit because we know you will have just as good a Thanksgiving dinner as we did!

## OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER MENU

<i>Assorted Canapés</i>		
<i>Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing and Giblet Gravy</i>	<i>Baked Squash</i>	
<i>Roast Onions</i>	<i>Caramel Sweet Potatoes</i>	<i>Riced Potatoes</i>
<i>Spiced Cranberries</i>	<i>Celery</i>	<i>Olives</i>
<i>Orange-Delect Salad</i>		
<i>Pumpkin Pie</i>	<i>Coffee</i>	<i>Mince Pie</i>
<i>Salted Nuts</i>		<i>Salted Nuts</i>

## WE PREPARED AS MUCH AS WE COULD THE DAY BEFORE

It has been a long time since the first American Thanksgiving and I haven't a doubt that in those early days the homemaker scarcely sat down to her own Thanksgiving spread, so busy was she in "waiting on" the men. But no one-hundred-per-cent American family is going to enjoy their dinner this Thanksgiving Day if their homemaker-hostess merely spends half her time jumping up from the table to serve them. Or if she is all tired out by the arduous preparations for the dinner.

So the keynote of our Thanksgiving Dinner is simplicity in food, and in serving and our watchword is: "Prepare as much as you can the day before!"

Since we must plan our magazine so far ahead of the date

## SARAH FIELD SPLINT

*Talks About*

## GROWN-UP MINDS

SOMEONE once said of a great man that he turned to his advantage every hard knock he ever received. This is the true test of character, to find enlightenment in the lessons life forces on us.

Most of us start out in blank ignorance of what the world expects of us although we have perfectly clear ideas of what we expect from the world. If we begin by thinking that existence should be easy and pleasant, that happiness is our inalienable right, we suffer endless disappointments and waste a lot of time patching up the bruises. But if we advance on life courageously, saying, "I don't know much about you but I'm willing to keep an open mind and learn all I can from you though I shall often be hurt"—then we have set out upon the road of knowledge and growth.

No one can escape trouble. Sometimes we bring it upon ourselves, sometimes it is brought upon us by the persons with whom our life is bound up. But the strong are never crushed by it. With what patience and intelligence they have, they work out of it, to find—a long time afterwards, perhaps—that it was an invaluable part of their education.

One learns to be thankful for adversity as well as for happiness.

it reaches you, we chose a cool day in the autumn and pretended it was our Thanksgiving Day. Here are the things we did the day before and if you will plan your menu well ahead of time, you will find you can do the same things or just as many on Wednesday.

1. Cleaned, dressed and stuffed the turkey.
2. Cooked and molded the spiced cranberries.
3. Made the mayonnaise dressing.
4. Made the pastry for the mince and pumpkin pie, wrapped it in wax paper and put it in a cool place to chill.
5. Made the filling for the mince pie.
6. Cooked the pumpkin for the pumpkin-pie filling.
7. Pressed the table linen.
8. Rubbed up the silver.
9. Salted the nuts.
10. Peeled the onions and white potatoes and put them into cold water.
11. Boiled the sweet potatoes, removed them from water and put them in a cool place, leaving the skins on.
12. Washed and prepared celery and garnishes.
13. Cooked squash, drained, mashed and seasoned it, put it into greased, covered baking-dish and set in refrigerator to await oven-basting next day.

## OUR THANKSGIVING CANAPÉS

Canapés are individual appetizers to serve at the beginning of dinner. Usually they take the place of a fruit cocktail or soup. We chose canapés instead of soup for our festive because they can be made several hours ahead, covered, and put away in a cool place. Just before dinner is announced they can be placed on the table.

Several kinds of canapés are served and one of each kind is placed on each guest's plate. A paper doily covers the center of the plate and a sprig of parsley is added for a garnish. Canapés should be eaten with a fork.

Canapés are made of bread, sliced thin and cut in any desired shape with a knife or fancy cutter and toasted on one side only, or sautéed in a frying pan. The untoasted side is then spread with butter and a savory, highly seasoned paste or mixture, such as anchovy, caviar, sardine paste, cheese, devilled ham or chicken, or perhaps chopped olives, chopped beet or hard-cooked egg. Next they are garnished with hard-cooked egg, anchovies, whole sardines, olives, pickles, capers, truffles, chopped green pepper or pimiento or any number of other colorful, tasty things.

We made three kinds for our Thanksgiving Dinner. One kind we made by cutting the slices of bread in rounds. These were toasted, buttered and spread with mayonnaise. We then covered them with yolk of hard-cooked egg pressed through a sieve and sprinkled them lightly with salt and paprika. In the center of each we put a curled anchovy with a tiny leaf of parsley stuck upright in the middle. (Turn to page 36)



We made three simple Canapés for our Thanksgiving Dinner and served them instead of Soup

We molded our Spiced Cranberries in individual fancy molds the day before Thanksgiving

We made Caramel Sweet Potatoes, spreading them thickly with brown sugar and sprinkling with chopped nuts

We folded the egg whites carefully into our Pumpkin Pie filling after it was put in the pastry shell

## We Cook and Serve Thanksgiving Dinner

(Continued from page 35)

For the second kind we cut the bread in diamond shapes with a cookie-cutter, toasted them and buttered them. These we spread with deviled ham mixed with a little mayonnaise dressing. Then they were garnished with four points cut from the hard-cooked egg white and a slice of stuffed olive in the center.

For the third kind we cut the bread in strips about an inch-and-a-half by three inches, toasted, buttered and spread with a snappy cheese mixed with mayonnaise. Then a whole, small sardine was laid diagonally across the piece. Slices of stuffed olive at two corners and two or three capers on each side of the sardine completed the canapé.

### CARAMEL SWEET POTATOES

These are different from the usual candied sweet potatoes and are just as easy to prepare. We made them this way: Scrub medium-sized sweet potatoes and boil until tender but not too soft. (This can be done the day before, as we did.) When cool, peel and cut in halves lengthwise. Put into a shallow pan, cut-side up and cover very thickly with light brown sugar. Dot with butter and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

### SPICED CRANBERRIES

1 quart cranberries 1 cup water  
2 cups sugar ½ teaspoon cinnamon

Wash cranberries and put into a saucepan with water, sugar, cinnamon and clove. Cover and cook slowly until all the cranberries burst open. Press through a sieve. Put into individual molds which have been dipped in cold water. Chill. Turn out onto small individual plates and garnish with a bit of parsley.

### WE CHOSE A LIGHT SALAD

It is always best to serve a very light, green salad with a hearty dinner; but in the winter when there is a scarcity of salad greens, it isn't always easy to make such a salad. We originated a novel fruit salad to serve with our dinner and I am sure you will like it. Here is our recipe:

### ORANGE-DELIGHT SALAD

Peel oranges and remove all the white membrane. Separate into sections, removing skin and keeping sections whole. Peel bananas and cut in quarters lengthwise, then cut quarters in same length pieces as orange sections. Put the orange and banana into French Dressing and let stand ½ hour. Drain and arrange three sections of orange and three alternating pieces of banana to form a shower on crisp lettuce leaves. In the center put a generous tablespoonful of Pineapple Cream Dressing made by mixing 1 cup mayonnaise dressing with ½ cup whipped cream and 2/3 cup grated pineapple, well drained.

### PUMPKIN PIE

We think our Pumpkin Pie is the world's best and we don't know of anyone else who makes it quite by the same method. Try it and we guarantee you will like it better than any other! Here are our directions:

Pie pastry 2 teaspoons cinnamon  
2 cups cooked and 1/2 teaspoon ginger  
strained pumpkin 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg  
1 cup milk 1/2 teaspoon salt  
2 egg yolks 3 egg whites  
1/3 cup sugar

Line a pie pan with the pie pastry and make a fancy edge with the tines of a fork. Add milk and beaten egg yolks to pumpkin. Mix together sugar, cinnamon, clove, ginger, nutmeg and salt and

add to pumpkin mixture, stirring thoroughly. Put mixture into pie-pan and fold into it the stiffly beaten egg whites with a spoon, taking care not to tear the pastry. Bake in a quick oven (450° F.) 10 minutes, then reduce the heat to 375° F. and bake 20 minutes longer or until filling is firm and pastry brown on edges.

### THE THINGS WE DID ON THANKSGIVING MORNING

The first thing we did after the breakfast things were cleared away, was to make the pies and get them out of the way. While the guests are eating dinner, the mince pie can be reheated if you want to hot. When the pies were out of the oven, we put the turkey in to roast. Then we made the canapés, peeled and sliced the sweet potatoes and put them into the pan with the sugar and nuts, put the onions into a baking-dish and seasoned them, ready to be put into the oven.

Next we set the turkey on to cook and it the salted nuts and raisins, arranged the celery and olives on their dish and set them in the refrigerator. Then before it was time to put the vegetables in the oven we prepared the fruit for salad and put it in French Dressing to marinate. The Baked Onions were put in the oven about an hour before the turkey was done, then half an hour later the Buttered Squash and the Caramel Sweet Potatoes were put in and the white potatoes put on to cook. As soon as done, they were drained, put through a ricer and dotted with butter. If your oven isn't large enough to hold everything, you will have to wait until your turkey is out of the oven before cooking the other things. The rolls can be heated in the warming oven or slipped into the oven at the last minute for a quick heating.

If you serve coffee with the dessert it can be making while you are eating the first courses of your dinner.

If your table is large enough we suggest that you place the cranberries at each place before the guests are seated. Place the salted nuts at each place where you put the meat on the table. Then you won't have to get up again to place them.

If you own a tea-wagon, by all means put it beside your place with supplies of fresh plates and silver if you are going to need them, the pitcher of water, coffee cups and so forth. Then stack the soiled dinner plates on the shelf underneath and wheel them into the kitchen before the dessert course and so save yourself more trips to the kitchen.

### IS YOUR "STANDARD" MEASURING CUP STANDARD?

What kind of measuring-cup do you use? Not so long ago the American Home Economics Association requested the United States Bureau of Standards and the Bureau of Home Economics in Washington to test all the "standard" measuring-cups manufactured. They tested 46 different cups to see how nearly correct they were—the exact standard for a cup being ½ a liquid pint or sixteen level tablespoonfuls of liquid. The best table-spoons, thirds, halves and they found that many cups were not of the right sizes nor were they divided rightly! One cup was found to be twice as large as another!

Now we want you to test your own measuring-cup. See if it holds sixteen level tablespoonfuls of liquid. The best table-spoon to measure with is the one which you buy in a bunch of measuring-spoons. If you can't get one, use a regular table-spoon—not a dessert-spoon. Then if you find your measuring cup isn't standard, we hope you will get one that is.

Use standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.



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Keep your body warm. No matter what outer clothing you wear, it is essential that you wear warm, well fitting underwear—underwear that will not only absorb perspiration, but will keep your body from being chilled.

It is no longer necessary to shiver through the long winter months in order to be stylishly dressed.

Styles have changed in underwear as well as in outer wear, and today, underwear is made to conform to the styles of the outer garments.



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It is beautifully made from the finest of yarns and the greatest care is exercised in every phase of its manufacture.

Every garment fits snugly without a wrinkle, yet is so pliable that it will give readily with every movement of the body.

Every member of the family can keep warm this winter in a comfortable suit of Forest Mills Underwear.

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*Gordon Hosiery - Forest Mills Underwear*

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WE AMERICANS are gaining a new appreciation of the value of health, and a new knowledge of the way toward health.

We are learning the bitter penalties of being "the most nervous nation in the world." We are realizing the foolishness of wasting our energies in a few years of concentrated, feverish effort—followed by longer years spent in self-denial.

We are giving more time to exercise, more thought to the choosing of our food and drink. We know, now, that most of the common ailments originate in "trifling" bad habits—bad habits which have been considered unimportant because they have been so general.

#### You, too, make this test!

One reliable measure of this new swing toward healthful living is the enormously growing interest in Postum. It is known through their letters that 150,000 people made the thirty-day test described below last year, and many times this number undoubtedly made the test without requiring the week's supply of Postum. The remarkable success of this test in turning an ever-increasing army of men and women from the use of caffeine is a good omen for the nation's future health.

In addition to the enthusiasm for Postum prepared in the regular way, there is widespread interest in the new way of preparing Instant Postum with hot milk for children. Thousands of

mothers and teachers who have tried it believe that here, at last, is the ideal children's drink.

Just remember this: Caffeine has no food value, but is an artificial stimulant which deadens the normal sense of fatigue, and withdraws energy from the body's vital reserve. Postum, on the other hand, contains no trace of any stimulant. It is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. Compare these two in your own mind first.

Then make the comparison where you can really see results—on your dinner table! Try Postum for thirty days. Learn how delicious it is. Experience for thirty days the relief from drug stimulation. Then judge for yourself!

Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, makes this offer to you!

#### Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will give you, free, one week's supply, and my personal directions for preparing it.

"Or, if you wish to begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. You will be glad to know that Postum costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"For the one week's free supply, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you want Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot milk), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

#### FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.  
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of Postum Cereal. . . . .  
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 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
 In Canada, address \_\_\_\_\_  
 CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.  
 45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-Flake Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

## If You Want To Increase Your Weight

By E. V. McCOLLUM and NINA SIMMONDS  
 School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

### YOU SHOULD EAT

<b>FAT MEATS, AS:</b>	Cream
Roast Pork	Whole Milk
Pork Chops	Rich Gravies
Bacon	Starch-rich Vegetables,
Mutton	as Rice, Potatoes,
Beef (liberally streaked with fat)	Sweet Potatoes
Duck	Cream Soups
Goose	Cream Gravies
<b>FAT FISH, AS:</b>	Creamed Vegetables
Salmon	Bread
Herring	Cheese
Butterfish	Nuts
Shad	Ice-Creams
Mackerel	Custards
Salads with rich oil or cream dressings	Whipped Cream
Butter	Bananas
	Dates
	Figs
	Raisins

### AND PLENTY OF

Cabbage	All Leafy Vegetables
Spinach	Apples
Cauliflower	Oranges
Brussels Sprouts	Grapefruit
Other Fruits in Season (They add elimination)	

### YOU MUST AVOID

An Incomplete Diet	Fatigue (mental and physical)
Waste of Energy	Worry

THE first thing to consider when you are under-weight is whether you are too much under-weight. Thin people, if they are well, are apt to feel better than those who are over-weight.

If you are considerably below the ordinary standard in weight, it is important (to be examined by a good physician to find out whether or not there is any abnormal or diseased condition which is the cause of your thinness. If any such condition is found, it should be treated by the physician.

Thin persons whose physicians can find nothing wrong with them may be so because of their bad habits of living. Perhaps they work all day, go to bed late, sleep until the last minute, eat a hurried breakfast and do not take sufficient time for lunch. They frequently form the habit of fasting a little food during the day, their digestive apparatus is kept at work all the time and so becomes jaded. It should be allowed to rest between meals.

Other persons are under-weight merely because of their working habits. One seldom sees a fat farmer unless he is prosperous enough to employ others to do his work. The working farmer requires about twice as much food as the professional man, yet he can eat readily enough to keep him from being raw-boned.

Thin people of the nervous type are frequently so active that they use, in waste movement, all the extra food they eat. Their problem is to learn how to rest. Even though they are taking the right kinds of food to gain weight, they must rest in order to store away extra energy.

Many persons regard the time spent in bed as time lost but this is not true. No one can expect to maintain health, strength

and efficiency unless he is willing to adopt rules for sane living.

Some eat large quantities of food yet remain thin. The trouble is that their appetites call for the wrong kinds of food. Others are thin because they eat too little food.

Putting on weight involves only a simple mathematical equation—eat and assimilate more than the daily requirements for energy. The rest will be stored away by the body as fat, and the weight will increase accordingly. You must do two things to gain: one is to eat more thus reducing your expenditure of energy; the other is to eat easily digested foods which will furnish energy or calories in concentrated form. To calculate how many calories you are eating, get a good book giving caloric values of foods.

A good breakfast for increasing weight would be made up of fruit of any kind, baked wheat or other cakes, syrup, plenty of butter and a pint of milk. Another might consist of fruit, bread of any kind, butter, cereal with cream and a glass of milk. A third could be fruit, bacon and eggs, cereal and cream, bread and butter. Coffee can be included if the habit for it is established but if you are highly nervous, break off the habit or take it weak and with much cream.

For luncheon, select creamed soups, meats with oil or a rich whipped cream dressing and include a bottle of milk.

Dinners should consist of servings of one of the fat-rich meats given in the list on this page, liberal amounts of starch-rich vegetables, with rich gravy, bread, butter, cheese, nuts, cream and milk. But since such foods do not aid elimination they should be combined with generous amounts of the leafy vegetables, ice-cream, custards and other dishes using whipped cream are good fattening desserts.





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## How to Cook a Thanksgiving Dinner —and Attend the "Game"

IT'S THANKSGIVING DAY! You want to attend the football game, yet you know the family will be disappointed if you don't serve the biggest, best meal of the year.

"How," you ask, "can any woman cook a delicious meal and enjoy herself at the same time?" Yet, it's simple, really—if you own a gas range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator! The pictures at the left explain the ease and efficiency of the Lorain Whole Meal Method.

1. At nine-thirty in the morning you put the turkey, potatoes, squash, scalloped corn, cranberries and pumpkin pie into the Lorain Self-regulating Oven.
2. At nine-thirty-two you set the Lorain Red Wheel at 250 degrees.
3. Then you dress and depart for the game.
4. After the game, at one-thirty you arrive home, remove the deliciously cooked foods from the oven and serve as fine a Turkey dinner as any family ever ate—and without your having spent one minute in the kitchen during the cooking process.

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You can always "tell" these famous stoves by their Red Wheel. Gas Companies and Dealers, everywhere, sell Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges.

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Mark, sign and mail the coupon.

Note: The illustration below was prepared by a group of men in a Thanksgiving Dinner prepared in a Lorain-equipped Gas Range at one time and sold as one wife. This is the first attempt made after reading the Lorain Time and Temperature Cook Book prepared in our Research Kitchen. In and mail the coupon for Menus and Recipes.

Introductory Price 50C



Baby's living-quarters must have sanitary furnishings

## His Majesty's Realm

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

Author of *Short Talks with Young Mothers*



THOUSANDS of infants cannot have the luxury of a nursery all their own; on the other hand, there are thousands who can. To those parents who cannot follow closely the suggestions given here for the ideal nursery, perhaps this article will suggest possible improvements in the baby's present environment.

The nursery should be a large room with good ventilation. In a city-house select, on one of the upper floors, a room with southern exposure. For a nursery in an apartment, choose a room that will be quiet and that will have sunlight and free ventilation.

For the sake of quiet, the nursery should not communicate with the sleeping-rooms of older children. At least one thousand cubic feet of air-circulation should be allowed each child in sleeping-rooms or in a nursery. Two windows are desirable. The floor of the nursery should not be carpeted. A hardwood floor is best; or, over the floor with a heavy oilcloth or a flooring with a cork foundation. Any composition flooring is sanitary. Each floor can be cleaned with a damp cloth every day. Rooms should never be used. For a covering with a sanitary finish, best on the walls. If paper used, the attractive new method of shelling gives a finish which can be cleaned easily. An open fireplace is desirable.

It is advisable that the nursery connect with a bathroom, to be used not only for bathing the child but as a changing room. Avoid, if possible, changing the child's diapers in his living-room. A pail containing a disinfecting solution should be kept in the bathroom or in a room adjoining the nursery. The diapers are to be placed, as soon as they are soiled, in this pail. Never let diapers be dried in a nursery.

Steam heat as ordinarily used today is the least desirable means of heating. In many city apartments the fires are banked at ten at night. Landlords are sparing of coal and consequently it is very uncertain whether the heat will be properly regulated. The temperature of the room when the child is put to bed is about 70 to 75 degrees Fahrenheit.

In the early morning throughout the winter months it is perhaps 20 or more degrees lower. Because of a child's tendency to kick off the bed-clothing, such a change in the temperature explains many cases of illness. It is therefore advisable when the patient lives in an apartment to have a supplementary means of heating—an open grate fire or an electric heating device. The nurse should be employed as a means of heating the child's sleeping-room because of the rapid exhaustion of the oxygen which results from its use and also because of the danger of escaping gas.

Plain furniture is advisable in the nursery. Hardwood, either in a apartment, enameled or brass cribs or bedsteads should be used. There should be no article of furniture or furnishings in a nursery that cannot be washed.

At each nursery-window there should be

two shades, a light and a dark one; then it will be possible to darken the room during the day and to exclude the early-morning light which often causes the baby to waken too early. Babies should be taught to sleep until at least six o'clock in the morning. This is far better for the child and also for the mother if she occupies the same room. Keeping the room dark will prevent the unnecessary habit of an early awakening at four or five o'clock, usual with many babies. The child should sleep alone and in a crib, and never with an adult or an older child.

The nursery should have a suitable means for ventilation. For this purpose I have found the use of a window-board to be serviceable. It can be made any width; usually I advise that it be made about six inches wide. It is sawed so as to fit tightly under the lower sash. This leaves an open space corresponding to the width of the board between the upper and lower sash and allows the entrance of a current of air directly upwards. At least twice a day during the first months the room should be given about one hour with windows open. There should be a thermometer in every child's room or nursery, and it should be read twice a day. Fahrenheit by day and somewhere around 60 degrees Fahrenheit at night.

IN MANY homes the young child is cared for by the mother, either alone or with the assistance of a maid-of-all-work, together with other members of the family circle. In some homes, however, a special helper is employed to take charge of the baby or to assist in its care. The selection of such a person is of vital importance.

A demand for trained nurse-maids has led to many of our large pupils, to the establishment of schools to train young girls as nurse-maids. These schools are connected with children's hospitals. The course ranges from six months to a year; during this time the pupil is instructed by competent trained nurses and physicians in the theory and practice of infant-care. Although such trained help is greatly to be desired and is in great demand, the supply is comparatively limited.

It is possible, however, to train many women in homes to become very satisfactory nurse-maids. In a few weeks any intelligent young woman, with a taste for the tastes who is fond of children can be developed into a useful helper.

The nurse-maid in the home-school requires every applicant to pass certain tests; the nose, throat and lungs must be free from disease, decayed teeth must receive proper attention and pleasant should be followed in employing anyone who comes in contact with the child. I have seen cases where the child has been transmitted from mother's helper to child.

The ideal mother's helper should be most adept to her job as well, for children must be entertained and pleasantly employed. If a woman finds it a task to play with and amuse the child, she is sure to fail; she must seek other employment than as a nurse.



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## Step with assurance —use your flashlight!



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The type illustrated is No. 2011, the Eveready 5-Cell Pocket Flashlight with hand beam. Handless pistol flash. Solid-brass switch, great against accidental lighting. Compact, unswerving beam.

Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Especially designed Eveready Mazda bulbs, the brightest yet of the flashlight. Lifetime test subject.

**EVEREADY**  
**FLASHLIGHTS**  
**& BATTERIES**  
—they last longer



## Everything From Soup To Nuts!



IF Thanksgiving turkeys are scarce in your locality, why not have a feast anyway with a festively garnished platter of tender, juicy Ham with Currant Sauce for your main dish? In our new edition of *Time-Saving Cookery* is the recipe for it. There are recipes, too, for Oyster Soup for your first course, for Corn Pudding, Drop Biscuit, Tomato Jelly Salad with Mayonnaise, Fruit Compote and Lightning Cake. To complete your menu serve Pickles, Buttered Spinach, Coffee, Nuts and Raisins and you will have a dinner a queen would envy!



THERE is so much to do when you prepare for Thanksgiving Dinner, that you like to leave the bread until the last minute. You can do so if you have a copy of our new Master Recipes with ten delicious kinds of Baking-Powder Biscuits made from one recipe. Here are Raisin Wheels—just the thing to serve with a dinner of Cream-of-Corn Soup, Turkey, Cranberry Sauce, Vegetable Soufflé, Turnips, Cabbage and Apple Salad with Piquante Dressing, Mince Pie and Coffee. In this same little wonder-booklet are recipes for the soup, soufflé and salad dressing.



SOME folk think Thanksgiving Dinner isn't complete without pie or pudding. We don't agree with them! Here is a new Pudding de Luxe which is just the right ending for a perfect dinner. The recipe for it can be found only in the new edition of our booklet, *What To Serve at Parties*. For the rest of the perfect dinner we suggest Roast Duck or Chicken with Nut Stuffing, Cranberry Jelly Unique, Glazed Onions, Riced Potatoes and Southern Spoon Bread, Fruit Salad with Pineapple Dressing, Coffee and Spiced Raisins. Recipes for everything except the potatoes and coffee are in the booklet, too.

YOU have missed a lot if you haven't seen the new editions of our three booklets, *Time-Saving Cookery*, *Master-Recipes* and *What to Serve at Parties*. Why not solve your Thanksgiving Dinner problem—and many other problems too—by sending, in postage, ten cents for each booklet? Address the Service Editor, *McCall's Magazine*, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



# THAT FRESH FROM THE GARDEN TASTE



The fruits and vegetables used in the 57 Varieties grow in all parts of the world—wherever sun and soil combine to produce the best.

Nearby to these gardens and orchards are Heinz Kitchens, insuring that “fresh from the garden” flavor of every variety bearing the name Heinz.

Firm, sun-ripened tomatoes find themselves transformed into delicious Ketchup while their vine freshness is upon them. Rosy apples are pressed for cider

vinegar while in their full tree-vigor and flavor. Pickles are salted while tender and garden-crisp.

And so with the rest of the 57—garden freshness and flavor distinguishing all.

Planted by Heinz, from seed developed by Heinz—grown under Heinz supervision—and then prepared in kitchens that are the pride of the whole world—is it any wonder that all of the 57 Varieties are so truly and uniformly good?

# 83% of these New York State Doctors say—"Cream of Tartar baking powder is most healthful"



930 REPRESENTATIVE  
New York State doctors  
recently expressed their  
opinions on the health-  
fulness of different types  
of baking powder.

772 of them—or  
83%—said:

"Cream of Tartar

baking powder is best from a healthful point  
of view."

PRECISELY this same preference was previously declared by 81% of a similar group of physicians in New England and by 82% of a group of dietitians in hospitals throughout the country.

This remarkable agreement among experts is a convincing testimonial to the preeminent wholesomeness of Cream of Tartar, the principal ingredient of Royal Baking Powder.

From the earliest days of good cookery—before they were able to get baking powder ready-prepared—housewives made their cakes and biscuits light and tender with a

mixture of soda and Cream of Tartar.

This Cream of Tartar is a choice, costly ingredient, derived from luscious grapes and imported into this country from the famous, sunny grape lands that border the Mediterranean. Because of its costliness—and the extra labor involved in getting it—cheaper substitutes are sometimes used for this precious Cream of Tartar.

But Royal has never departed from its high standard. For more than fifty years The Royal Baking Powder Company has continued to import Cream of Tartar for Royal Baking Powder, so that housewives might always

depend on getting the wholesome leavening agent which makes their cakes and biscuits so deliciously fluffy and tender, with no trace of bitter taste.

Today Royal is known throughout the world—used in millions of kitchens daily wherever housewives are most critical of the flavor and healthfulness of the foods they serve—the baking powder which doctors, dietitians and domestic science experts, without hesitation, recommend.



Made of Pure Cream  
of Tartar. Contains  
no alum. Leaves no  
bitter taste.

## 2¢ worth insures success

Yet Royal is not costly to use. It takes only 2¢ worth of Royal to make a large layer cake lusciously light and tender. Such a little to assure your success with all the other ingredients that go into cakes and biscuits—it surely would be false economy to try to get on with anything less than the best!

## A Treasury of Recipes—Free

More than 350 simple accurate recipes for delicious foods that are easy and economical to make. In millions of homes this famous Royal Cook Book is the favorite cooking guide. Mail the coupon today for your copy—it's free.

## ROYAL COFFEE CAKE

A DELIGHTFUL variety of quick bread to serve either hot or cold at breakfast, luncheon or supper. Made with Royal it is sure to be light and tender, with a fine crunchy crust.

SEND for the famous  
Royal Cook Book—FREE

The Royal Baking Powder Co.,  
113 East 41st Street, New York

Send me free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book—over 350 delicious, tested recipes for all kinds of foods.

Name .....

Address .....



## ROYAL SPONGE CAKE

SPONGE cake made with Royal has the tender foamy texture and delicately rich flavor that blends so deliciously with fresh fruits or with ice cream. Whip the eggs with a wire whip in a long, light, over-motion to insure the finest texture.





Nearly every Parisian restaurant has specialties—or claims to!

## Parisian Dining-Adventures

By ROBERT FORREST WILSON

IN PARIS there are two ways of dining. The easier way and necessarily the commoner with the hurried tourist, is to sit down amid familiar surroundings in one's own hotel dining-room, or in some central, conspicuous and much-patronized restaurant wherein you hear more English spoken than French. In such places you are apt to dine well—but without excitement.

Then there is the other way. You can make dining an adventure.

sometimes seems as if one might spend a lifetime in Paris eating every day in a different place and never twice entering the same establishment. Few there are who can do this main long in Paris and not succumb to the universal passion for searching out for oneself new and unknown places to eat.

All but the highest-picked restaurants of Paris post their daily menus outside for public inspection, and these give you your most obvious clues to the quality of the fare inside. There is a fascination about these posted schedules. They will show you the prices and the general attractions of the spread within. Once you enter, your first concern is to discover the house's specialties. Nearly every Parisian restaurant has them—on an eating-place to present a few dishes upon which their chef exerts himself.

It is well not to rely entirely on the menu to find what the specialty is, but also to inquire and having inquired, to believe—difficult instruction for the skeptical American, who is liable to suspect the waiter's answer of being prejudiced by prices! Should you disregard his advice and follow your own judgment, you have only yourself to blame if you fare indifferently in a place ready to serve you with something exceptional. You may even be missing a triumph of cookery. If on top of the waiter's counsel you see others partaking of his recommendation, hesitate no longer. In a restaurant with a real specialty, three out of every four diners order it.

At the Cochon d'Or—The Golden Pig—is served, I am convinced, the best beefsteak to be found anywhere on earth! It is a small restaurant in a wretched neighborhood. Its little terrace is partially concealed behind boxed shrubbery. The front of the establishment is simply a narrow barroom with a file of tables down one side and a rear door that might lead to dining-rooms farther on; and, though

the dinner-hour was well advanced when I discovered the place, only two or three customers were to be seen at the tables.

René Ayral, the proprietor, assured me that we could be served with dinner, if we would follow the waitress through the rear door. There proved to be only one dining-room behind, and that so small that an automobile-party half filled it.

There was no need to inquire what the attraction was. The automobile-crowd was eating thick steak. René, who had followed the waitress to make sure that a good dinner was "commanded," confirmed what was already a certainty. Steaks were his specialty—steaks and mutton chops. It took some time to prepare one-half an hour perhaps. Monsieur might like to sit on the terrace. He would be called in plenty of time for the hors d'oeuvres.

A good restaurant is good all the way through. It will proclaim itself in its hors d'oeuvres, which, in Paris will include—as those of the Cochon d'Or did—in their bounteous array both Norwegian anchovies

and butter. But it is utterly to prepare one for the excellence of the steak that eventually arrived.

René himself, white-aproned, flushed from standing long over the grill, brought in the superb thing and displayed it with the half-pretentious confidence of an artist unveiling a masterpiece. To say that it was three inches thick is to understate the truth. It was nearer four—a veritable paving-block of meat! Outside it was brown but not charred; within, an even pink clear through but not raw. So tender was it that the steel knife would almost sever it of its own weight.

With the steaks and chops grilled in such restaurants as these, go of course. *Pommes de Terre Soufflées*. If you must have potatoes fried, that is the best way to fry them. It is a mystery that the French chef, whose taste is so excellent in so many ways, seems never to have discovered the baked potato. Nor for that matter, creamed potatoes either, nor yet mashed potatoes. In fact, when he comes to this commonest of vegetables, he is lamentably weak—except when he fries it.

And he is at his best when he fries it. *Pommes de Terre Soufflées*, are cross-section slices of potato that puff up into hollows. Not every chef can do this so well. Only a few are able to produce the Zeppelin-like proportions of René's vaunted *Pommes de Terre Soufflées*.

### POMMES DE TERRE SOUFFLÉES

**PEEL** medium-sized potatoes and slice in one-eighth inch slices. Soak in cold water one-half hour. Drain thoroughly and dry on cloth. Put in a frying basket and immerse in kettle of warm but not hot fat. When potatoes are hot and partially cooked, lift out basket and plunge into a second kettle of very hot fat. Each piece of potato will puff up like a ball from the air inside. When delicately brown, remove from fat, drain on unglazed paper and sprinkle with salt.



## Banished! Those "teen age" morning blues!

—with a good hot breakfast to renew the energy supply

Every age has its problems, but any mother will say the most difficult of all is the "teen age." No longer children; not yet grown-up; a "between" stage hard to handle.

The first hour of the day often seems particularly trying. Young bodies are tired out with rapid growing and strenuous study and play.

Yet they must be up and off to school on time. No wonder spirits are at low ebb or tempers at high pitch!

**The first need of growing children** Physicians say the first thing children need in the morning is a breakfast of hot, nourishing food; that children of any age should never be allowed to go to school without a proper breakfast.

The main thing breakfast should supply is the one thing high school girls and boys use in greatest amount—energy!

An energy breakfast, delicious enough to tempt capricious appetites, leisurely

eaten! Mothers can supply this quickly and easily in one famous food—Cream of Wheat.

Cream of Wheat is a wonderfully rich energy food. Made of the best hard wheat, it is high in carbohydrate content or energy substance.

But it has another advantage equally valuable. It is in a very simple, easily digested form. It asks no extra work of digestion, robbing the energy supply which the body needs so badly.

Rich energy to last the morning through—easily, quickly available for use! This is what a Cream of Wheat breakfast gives to all the family.

Send for free sample box of Cream of Wheat—enough for four generous cereal servings. We will also send our recipe book which gives 50 tempting dishes made with Cream of Wheat. We have an authoritative book on babies' and children's diet, approved by nutrition authorities, which we will send free.

Send for Free Sample and Book of 50 Recipes



Cream of Wheat Company  
Oreos, Ill., Minneapolis, Minnesota  
☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."  
☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."  
☐ Please send me free trial box of Cream of Wheat.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





WILLIAM RANDALL BUTTERBAUGH  
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Butterbaugh  
Narka, Kansas

## How they solved this difficult feeding case

"WILLIAM RANDALL BUTTERBAUGH was the largest baby ever born at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Lincoln, Nebraska," writes Mrs. William Butterbaugh, mother of this sturdy-looking boy.

"On arrival he weighed 13 pounds. The feeding problem proved very difficult, therefore. After trying several formulas without success we used your Eagle Brand with such splendid results. Our laddie has never been ill and thrives wonderfully on it. He has thus far been a specimen of health and vigor."

If for any reason you can not nurse your baby and have a difficult feeding problem to face, Eagle Brand can probably solve it for you, too.

Babies with weak digestions; delicate, underweight babies; babies who require more than the usual amount

of nourishment—all of them find in Eagle Brand the qualities they most need—easy digestibility, high nutritive value (the all-essential vitamins, too), absolute safety and uniformity. Made simply of pure country milk combined with sugar, Eagle Brand is more nearly like mother's milk than any other prepared baby food. That is why it has become the standard food wherever bottle feeding is necessary.

Thousands of mothers endorse it enthusiastically. Read some of their experiences in our new booklet, *What Other Mothers Say*.

And for general advice on the care of your baby, there's the other well-known Borden booklet, *Baby's Welfare*. The coupon below will bring you a free copy of each. The Borden Company, 499 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.



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Please send me my free copies of *What Other Mothers Say* and *Baby's Welfare*.

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These dinners will tempt the appetites of your family and at the same time satisfy your desire for variety and economy

## A Dozen Unusual Dinners

By MILDRED WEIGLEY WOOD

Chairman of the Homemakers' Section of the American Home Economics Association

I WONDER what you give your family for dinner?

Are they content to live week in and week out on the conventional plan of a roast, or fried or broiled meat, potatoes, a vegetable, salad and a dessert? Or are you, like the majority of homemakers, searching for easy-to-prepare home-dinners which will be tempting because they differ from this, done-to-death pattern?

Every homemaker knows what a problem it is to plan dinners which give variety without over-taxing the pocketbook. In recent years, fewer business men take their mid-day meal at home, and for many people breakfast consists mainly of fruit, cereal, milk and coffee with milk for the children.

So the left-overs which frequently round the noon meal must now be used in dinner-dishes; and the sausage, bacon and eggs which used to be served at breakfast must be included in some dinner menu if we ever are to have a taste of them!

Dinners from left-overs are often—as many women admit—some of the best dinners they have. But almost in the same breath they say, "I hate to plan left-over dinners! Give me the easy dinners of meat and potatoes!" How well we all know that feeling! And how often we fall to have the variety we might because we have not registered in our "menu brain" unusual dinner-dishes with appropriate combinations to accompany them. We plan and eat the ordinary type of dinner so often that we cease to consider the principles back of good combination—if we ever knew them. Here are some of those principles which I have found I must use in planning the unusual dinner.

You will find them easy to remember. Read them over once, and if they don't stick in your mind, put them where you can refer to them whenever you are planning the day's principal meal.

**Flavor:** Choose combinations in which all the foods are not bland or mild in flavor. For example, don't serve creamed peas and boiled potatoes together.

**Avoid serving foods which repeat distinctive flavors at the same meal, as tomato soup and tomato salad.**

**Avoid serving together foods with distinctive flavors, which conflict, as for example, escalloped salmon and orange marmalade.** Such foods should have other very bland foods served with them. Salmon loaf and peas are a much better combination than salmon loaf and cauliflower because the latter has a flavor just as distinctive as salmon and both are competing for first place.



### WHY IS IT?

Dinners from left-overs are often—as women admit—some of the best dinners they have. But almost in the same breath they say, "I hate to plan left-over dinners!"

Avoid excessive acidity such as you would get in a meal where escalloped tomatoes, fruit salad and orange cake were served together.

**Texture:** The texture of foods is far more important than it appears at first thought. There should be a mixture of the dry and the liquid, the crisp and the soft. Croquettes and creamed potatoes are a much more pleasing texture combination than the same croquettes and Saratoga chips would be! Or than creamed meat and creamed potatoes!

**Color:** Color has a remarkable effect upon the appetizing quality of a meal. When a dinner is colorless, as it might be even with such a well-flavored combination as roast

lamb, mashed potatoes and cauliflower, it needs a bit of parsley and a spoonful of bright red jelly to make it look as good as it really is.

**Avoid startling color effects for they are equally unappealing.** For instance, never make a vegetable salad of beets and tomatoes.

The following twelve dinners were planned with all these principles in mind. They were planned around some one central dish which might be either left-over meat, or a meat, or a meat rarely served meal, or a meat substitute. Some of the dinners may at first glance seem to be almost too light. But if you examine them more carefully you will see that this is because many of the main dishes carry both a meat or other protein food and potato or a vegetable.

Unless the menu includes some form of hot bread it is assumed that bread and butter is served. The beverage to be served is not given except when one particular beverage seems to fit into the meal better than any other would.

With these dinners you will tempt the appetites of your family and at the same time satisfy your desire for variety and economy.

- (1) Cream-of-Tomato Soup      Crackers  
Sausage      Waffles with Sirup  
Coffee
- (2) Corned-Beef Hash      Tartar Sauce or Catsup  
Buttered Carrots  
Snow Pudding, Custard Sauce      Sugar Cookies
- (3) Cheese Souffle  
Escalloped Potatoes  
Steak Beans  
Pickled Peaches or Pears  
Chocolate Pie

[Turn to page 48]



# LET MUNSINGWEAR COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION

**MUNSING**  
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## HOSIERY

for MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, INFANTS

*Silk Vests and Bloomers for Women*

*Combination All-in-One Silk Vests and  
Slip-on for Women*

*Form-Fitting Knitted Union Suits for  
Men, Women, Children*

*Loose-Fitting Women Union Suits for  
Men, Women, Children*

*Infants' Vests, Tied Bands and Boders  
and Double Breasted Wrappers*

*Sold only through  
Retail Merchants*



## Correct Undergarments and Hosiery for Every Member of the Family

Munsingwear is now obtainable in hosiery as well as in union suits. The hosiery line comprises an exceptionally large assortment of numbers in the wanted colors and materials in styles for men, women, children, infants, and is already recognized by the trade as one of the great hosiery lines of the country. Thousands of Munsingwear dealers have already put Munsingwear hosiery in stock and are selling the hosiery with the same confidence they have always had in selling Munsingwear union suits.

When buying your Munsingwear union suits, ask your dealer to show you samples of Munsingwear hosiery. You will find the same fine quality and workmanship in the hosiery that for so many years have characterized all under garments bearing the Munsingwear trade mark symbol.

## Munsingwear Quality and Workmanship Assure Comfort and Service

THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

# Make This Famous "SELF SELLING" TEST



## PROVE BEE-VAC'S Matchless Advantages

WOMEN are learning of a new and better way to buy electric cleaners.

More than 12,000 stores are featuring it. National magazines reaching eight million housewives are giving the details. Its greater simplicity and economy win instant approval.

### You "Sell Yourself"

Dealers who sell Bee-Vacs have a more convincing, a more courteous way of proving its advantages. They make no exaggerated claims. They enter into no lengthy arguments. They use no forced selling methods. They let the cleaner "sell itself" in their own homes—on your own floors. The Bee-Vac will sell itself to you—all by itself—without strenuous sales effort.

### Make This Comparison

According to the Bee-Vac "Self Selling" plan, you select three or four other cleaners and have them sent to your home—along with the Bee-Vac.

BIRTMAN ELECTRIC COMPANY, Dept. M-150, Chicago, U.S.A.

You compare these cleaners with the Bee-Vac—for beauty—for ability to remove all embedded dirt, all dust, all surface litter—for fast and safe cleaning—for lightness and ease of handling. You compare the Bee-Vac two-year guarantee.

Bee-Vac dealers are so sure of its superiority that they openly invite this comparison. They know women seldom take long to decide to keep the Bee-Vac.

### Post Card Brings Details

More than 400,000 women are already acquainted with Bee-Vac's fine performance. Its remarkable success has back of it more than sixteen years of quality electric cleaner building.

A post card brings the name of a Bee-Vac dealer who will gladly let you make this test—and booklet entitled, "Sell Yourself a Bee-Vac and Save \$20." Also details concerning the Bee-Vac electric iron at \$5.75.

# BEE-VAC

Electric Cleaner

RAPID • THOROUGH • SAFE

## A Dozen Unusual Dinners

[Continued from page 40]

(4)  
Meat Croquettes  
Creamed Potatoes  
Buttered Lima Beans  
Cottage Cheese Salad,  
French Dressing  
Jelly  
Chocolate Sponge

(5)  
Creamed Salt Pork  
Baked Potatoes  
Lettuce with Seasoned Dressing  
Blackberry Bread Sponge

(6)  
Baked Heart  
Riced Potatoes  
Creamed Onions  
Apple Pudding with Hard Sauce

(7)  
Stuffed Peppers  
Creamed Celery  
Cheese  
Baking-Powder Biscuits  
Lemon Milk Sherbet  
Chocolate Cookies

(8)  
Poached Eggs on Toast with Tomato Sauce  
Baked Squash  
Strawberry Shortcake

(9)  
Cream-of-Spinach Soup  
Bacon  
Rice Muffins, Maple Sirup  
Coffee

(10)  
Cream-of-Celery Soup  
Spiced Ribs  
Fried Apples  
Bacon Braised Bread

(11)  
Ham Omelet  
Escalloped Cabbage with Cheese  
Baking-Powder Biscuits  
Orange Gelatin Custard  
Sugar Cookies

(12)  
Salmon Loaf with White Sauce  
Riced Potatoes  
Green Tomato Pickles  
Lemon Jelly with Cream  
Cake

### RECIPES USED IN MEALS

(Make about 6 servings)

#### CORNEB BEEF HASH

Cook corned beef and remove gristle, skin and most of the fat. Chop or put through meat grinder. Make hash by either of following methods:

- (1) To 3 cups chopped meat add an equal quantity of diced cold boiled potatoes. Moisten with a little milk. Season with salt and pepper. Put into a hot skillet in which has been placed a small amount of fat. Cook slowly until well browned on bottom and thoroughly heated. Turn one half over the other as for an omelet and turn onto platter. Garnish with parsley.
- (2) Prepare as in (1) but substitute raw chopped potato for the cooked, using 4 cups raw potato to 3 cups corned beef. Cover during cooking and cook until the potatoes are tender and the hash browned on the bottom.

#### TARTAR SAUCE

1 1/2 cups mayonnaise dressing  
1 tablespoon chopped sweet pickle  
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Mix olive and pickle and parsley with mayonnaise and serve with hash.

#### SNOW PUDDING

2 tablespoons gelatin  
2 tablespoons cold water  
2 cups boiling water  
2 cups sugar  
2 egg whites

Soak gelatin in cold water, add sugar and lemon juice, then boiling water. Stir until dissolved. Set in cool place. Stir mixture occasionally and when it begins to thicken add stiffly beaten egg whites and continue beating until stiff enough to hold



its shape. Put into small cups or large dish to mold. Serve cold with soft custard.

#### SUGAR COOKIES

1 cup shortening  
2 teaspoons baking-powder  
1 egg  
1 cup milk  
1/2 cup flour  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream together shortening and sugar, add beaten egg and milk. Sift together dry ingredients and add to first mixture. Add vanilla and chili. Roll out, cut with a cookie-cutter, sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake in a quick oven (425° F.) 5 to 8 minutes or until a light brown.

#### CHEESE SOUFFLE

2 tablespoons shortening  
2/3 cup cheese, grated  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 cup flour  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 egg

Melt shortening, stir in flour, salt and pepper. Add milk slowly and bring to the boiling point, stirring until smooth. Remove from fire and add the cheese and stir until melted. Pour the sauce over the beaten egg yolks. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into sauce mixture. Pour into a buttered baking-dish and sprinkle with paprika. Set baking-dish into a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) 45 to 50 minutes.

#### CHOCOLATE PIE

1 cup flour  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 cup shortening  
1 egg  
1 cup water

Mix and sift flour and salt (mix in shortening thoroughly) with tips of fingers. Add water, a little at a time, until flour mixture will stick together. Roll out on slightly floured board and bake on an inverted pie-tin in a quick oven (425° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

#### FILLING

6 tablespoons flour  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 cup milk  
1/2 cup cocoa  
1 egg yolk  
1/2 cup vanilla

Mix the flour, sugar, salt and the cocoa if it is to be used instead of chocolate. Add to scalded milk and bring to boiling point. Cook over hot water for 15 minutes. The chocolate, if used, should be added after the milk is added. Remove from fire, add to egg yolks. Return to double-boiler and cook a few moments, stirring constantly. Add vanilla and cool. Pour into baked shell. If pie is made a few hours before serving, it will be of the right consistency to cut. If it is to be served as soon as cold, an extra tablespoon of flour must be used in filling.

#### CHOCOLATE SPONGE

1 tablespoon gelatin  
2 cups milk  
2 tablespoons cold water  
1 square chocolate cut in small pieces  
1 egg yolk  
1/2 cup vanilla

Soak gelatin in cold water 10 minutes. Heat chocolate and milk together and stir until the chocolate is melted. Add salt and sugar and mix well. Pour over the beaten egg yolks. Return to the double boiler and cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Add the gelatin and mix well. Cool. Add the vanilla. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into individual or large moulds which have been dipped in cold water. Chill. Serve with cream.

#### CREAMED SALT PORK

Salt Pork  
2 cups milk  
4 tablespoons flour  
Salt and pepper

Cut salt pork into slices about one inch thick. Soak for one hour in cold water. Drain and wipe dry with clean cloth. Dip in flour and place in hot frying pan. Enough fat will come through flour to brown slices. Fry until pork is crisp. Remove from pan and pour oil all but 2 tablespoons of fat. (Turn to page 88)

Use standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level

# Beautiful Waxed Floors

*this new easy way*

IT is no longer necessary to get down on your knees to wax your floors and linoleum. Try the Johnson Liquid Wax treatment on them. It eliminates all stooping—there's no mess—no rags or pails—no soiled hands—and it's as easy as running a carpet sweeper!

Just pour a little Johnson's Liquid Wax on a Lamb's-Wool Mop and apply a thin, even coat to the floor. Allow five or ten minutes for the Wax to harden—then a few easy strokes of the Weighted Brush will quickly bring up a beautiful, durable lustre.

This Johnson Liquid Wax treatment takes but a few minutes—it cleans and polishes your floors in one operation—and afterwards they will require only half the care. Ordinary dry dusting will keep them immaculate. And "traffic spots" in doorways can easily be re-waxed as they show wear without going over the entire floor.

The Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit is all you need to put and keep your floors and linoleum in beautiful condition. It includes Johnson's Liquid Wax—a Lamb's-Wool Mop for applying the Wax and a Weighted Brush for polishing.

## The New Electric Way

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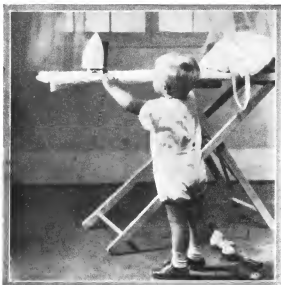
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## There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day

[Continued from page 13]

word in the Gospel about the country that lies around the city of gold and jasper in Heaven."

"Country?" I repeated, being puzzled.

"Why Aunt Caroline, what an idea!"

"There must be country," she said, "because the angel took John on a mountain to show him the city, and there is a river flowing through the city, so it must flow into the country. I reckon John was so busy writing about the wonders he saw in the city he didn't have time to tell of the country."

"I never thought of it, Aunt Caroline," I said weakly.

"Well, there must be country," she said decisively. "John don't say so, but he went onto a mountain, and Dan'l and I talked it over many times before he went and we decided there must be."

"What put the idea in your head?" I asked.

"Why," she said, as if surprised, "God knows neither Dan'l or I ever would be quite happy in a city. John says the gates are open all the time, so we could live outside and still be the same as in Heaven. No sir," she added decisively, "the good Lord knows Dan'l and I wouldn't be quite happy if we had to live in a city, and He wants us to be happy. We never would feel quite at home with all the grand folk who will live there in the houses of gold and jewels. Just think, there will be Moses and John the Baptist, and the Apostles, and George Washington, and Abe Lincoln, and Napoleon Bonaparte, and maybe Jeff Davis, only I ain't so sure of that, and thousands of folks, and me and Dan'l we would feel as if we didn't quite fit in. Dan'l and I talked about it when we knew he was going and Dan'l agreed that when he got there he'd just bow down."

"Oh Lord, you know Caroline and me never was meant to live in a city and we know just what it is to be happy in Eternity. I don't want to bother you none. Lorri, with so many more deserving ones and Dan'l's mind was so full of things to have a little place out of town somewhere, where we can see the city and its glory, and hear the church bells. I'd like to have some lumber so I can build a little house and have it all ready when Caroline comes and there ain't much time to waste. Lorri, let me be here a little longer."

"Of course there is beautiful country," I assured her, "but don't you think the Lord will arrange to send him, and have him place far better than we can conceive, waiting?"

"He could," she said wistfully. "But I reckon He'd know I'd like it better if Dan'l built it for me myself. He hasn't got much time, and Dan'l was slow, potent'ial round his work."

"Nonsense, Aunt Caroline," I said.

"You're going to live to be a hundred."

"No, child," she said gently, "I calculate I'll take Dan'l a little over a year to build that place and start the garden and have the flowers growing. Then, when he's ready, I'll go to him."

Her calmness and her quaint conception of the Heaven to which she was going affected me strongly. For some time I hesitated to talk with her about it until I discovered she enjoyed having someone with whom she could discuss the little problems that worried her.

"Aunt Caroline," I said one day, as she sat knitting, "you speak as if we will be the same in Heaven as we are here. Don't you think we will be changed and different and that we will not need or want the things up there we need here?"

"Lawsy, child, don't the Bible say we will?" she replied, as if shocked. "The Gospel says, plain as day, we will not be the same. If I don't say just what we will be like but I reckon we'll like the same things there we like here, and dislike the same things, only the things we don't like won't be there. I reckon each one of us that is counted worthy will be just the way we like to be just more or less."

"We must look something like we do here, else we wouldn't know each other; and then we wouldn't Heaven."

"I keep wondering," she said after a time, "what sort of a site Dan'l picked out for our house. Reckon I should have been a help in him decide. Shouldn't I like Dan'l never was a hand at decide?"

without me. We talked it over and I told him how I like it. I'm hoping there will be a little creek close to the place, maybe just down the lane. Dan'l said if the good Lord gave us a place in the country, he'd pick out one near a creek, one like Elm Creek used to be before the dye works was built, and then we could have a boat and maybe go rowing."

"Why the creek?" I inquired, with curiosity aroused.

"Child," she said gently, dropping her knitting and clasping her old hands together, "Dan'l and I was rowing on Elm Creek the evening he told me first that he loved me. Dan'l was going away to the war the next week. He was wearing his uniform, and I had on a white dress. I had made myself. I was considered a tolerable pretty girl in those days," she added naively.

"The vivid reality of it all in her mind, her little bewilderments as she strove to 'finger' it out, amused and touched us all. One day I discovered her sitting on the side porch, gazing away across the valley through which Elm Creek wound its way. She appeared worried. At first I imagined she had not heard me, so not to disturb her I went on with my work. She turned and smiled. 'I reckon I'm a foolish old woman,' she said, sighing, 'but I can't help being a bit worried.'"

"Why should you worry?"

"I reckon this is my worrying day," she said, sighing resignedly. "I've been worrying all day whether there are any chickens in Heaven."

"She said it so seriously I laughed aloud. "There ain't no chickens all right," I was nodding decisively. "Fears to me Dan'l wouldn't be entirely happy without fried chicken once in a while."

"I never heard it mentioned," I remarked, smiling at her earnestness. "But it follows that, if everything is perfect, he can have fried chicken as often as he pleases."

"Probably," she said, as if the matter were settled. "I hope they'll be Rhode Island Reds and not Brown Leghorns. Then Rhode Island Reds would set all the time and keep a person busy chasing them off their eggs, but deliver me from Brown Leghorns. I don't want to spend all eternity chasing them."

"Maybe only good chickens go to Heaven," I suggested, laughing.

"No, child," she said, "they won't be any Brown Leghorns," she concluded. "It's a comfort to know Dan'l will have fried chicken as often as he likes. Gracious knows he never got enough down here."

The surprising manner in which all such problems solved themselves in her mind and her faith which she placed in all de-

tails left me with a feeling of awe. "It certainly is a comfort to know we will have such good neighbors," she continued complacently after permitting her imagination to roam over the subject. "We've always been lucky with neighbors down here, although we worry several times for fear the wrong ones would rent the house next door. But up there all the neighbors will be perfect. Maybe Ellies will live next door to us. They liked living in the country, too, and came here to be outside the town. I'd like to know well if they did. Then Dan'l and Mr. Ellis could sit on the porch and talk politics."

"Politics in Heaven, Aunt Caroline?" I asked.

"Maybe not just politics, but Dan'l and Mr. Ellis liked powerful well to argu-

ment, and maybe they'll be happier if they had something just to talk about that way."

She always spoke of Heaven and the future as if speaking of our village and its people, and it was very real to her. If she saw it. She spoke of the Saints as if they were neighbors and friends.

One day in October the weather turned chill suddenly. I drove out to the old white house through a cold, driving rain and found her wrapped in her shawl sitting before a blazing fire of hickory wood. She seemed glad to see me and brightened as I drew my chair to the fire.

"Dan'l has the house under roof and plastered by this time," she announced. "I've been figuring it out. Dan'l always is a help in me decide. Shouldn't he get some of the house?"

"He got some of the house?" she asked.

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"He got some of the house?" she asked.



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## SECOND IN THE SERIES OF HOUSES THAT HAVE CHARACTER



The old Capen house, in Massachusetts, with its small-paned windows, ornamental "overhang," and "drop," has a quaint, romantic comeliness that is altogether charming.

# The Early American Home

BY MARCIA MEAD

McCall's Consulting Architect

Collaborating with Daniel P. Higgins, Associate in The Office  
of John Russell Pope



AT THE time the Dutch settlers were establishing their fur-trading posts along the Hudson River Valley with such notable success, the English Colonists in New England and Virginia were putting up a brave fight for life itself. The breaking of ground for farming was slow work, and the settlements had to be supported partially by the home country. Little do we know of the hardships of those days of exposure and starvation, all endured for the sake of an ideal.

They had no money to buy brick, which was used extensively in England for building, but they had forests of timber which had to be cut to clear the land and these forests they could hew with their hands; moreover, in contrast with the Dutch settlers, many of the English Colonists were trained craftsmen, having a goodly knowledge of the art of building.

In no country is the history and character of the people so clearly expressed in its architecture as it is in England. From Medieval times the Gothic style had waned and finally had merged, under the influence of the study of Italian work, into what is known as the Tudor, Elizabethan and Jacobean periods, in which horizontal lines more and more predominated while at the same time many Gothic details were retained.

Naturally the spirit of building of the times was transplanted to America by the English Colonists, so that in these early houses it is not surprising to find diamond-paned windows, off-centred gables and decorative structural members, which are essentially Gothic. At the same time there is expressed a sense of balance and repose prophetic of the later so-called "Colonial" styles.

Out of their tribulations they produced: first, a simple house of two stories, having one room on each floor, with a fireplace at one end; then another room was added on each floor, with the new fireplaces formed against the old chimney; and finally, to accommodate the growing family, a lean-to was added, until a form of house was evolved which became typical of those early days, a style which has been overlooked and almost forgotten but whose quaintness and picturesque qualities constitute a worthy precedent for a small house of any time.

For the modern house-builders, who insist on having second-story rooms of full height throughout, this style should be a boon as it shows them a way to make a tall house pleasing in its proportions. One of the earliest of

these houses is the Hathaway house in Salem, and the home of Paul Revere in Boston, with its diamond-paned windows, its ornamental drops, its sturdy structural members and decorative paneled interiors, is one of our best examples of this early work.

From the beginning, one of the characteristics of the type was an overhanging second story, usually in the front. It is said that the overhang was originally for the purpose of protection but if so, the Indian marauders must have been of a rare and sportmanlike variety, attacking only the front of the house! Despite this legend, it is evident that the overhang, with its ornamental features, was invented for purely decorative purposes.

The basis of the structural form of the houses lay in the builders' knowledge of English half-timber construction. The logs were squared, fitted, haced and joined in such manner that the framework supported itself in a truly Gothic sense but instead of filling in between with brick, as they had been accustomed to do in England, the framework of the walls was covered with horizontal matched boards, or siding, and the roofs were covered with long hand-split shingles, laid with wide exposure.

DORMERS were not thought of. If more light were needed in the roof-story, a secondary gable was introduced, often producing many-gabled roofs. This we see in great variety in the House of Seven Gables, made so familiar by Hawthorne's famous tale. These gables have their advantages as they give more height and spaciousness in the roof story than dormers allow.

The projecting surfaces and ends of the timbers were chamfered, molded or carved in the most charming fashion. The drops at the extreme corners of the overhangs, which were the projecting ends of the framing timbers, were carved in receding moldings, kept square in plan. Between these drops a few ornamental carved brackets were introduced.

Often a drop was placed on each side of the entrance and served the double purpose of giving support to the overhang and adding dignity and importance to the doorway.

The interiors were extremely quaint, with a certain "romantic comeliness" altogether charming. The fireplaces were cavernous, with heavy oak lintels. Walls were wainscoted with boards set vertically, often extending from floor to ceiling. The joints were sometimes beveled but

LONG before the "typical Colonial house" was ever thought of, the first truly livable houses were built in this country. After the hardships of the days of the crude huts in which they had previously lived, our forefathers were grateful for the comforts of their new homes. The simple dignity and rugged beauty of these houses, described in the article on this page, are the historical bases for the delightful, modern, six-room house designed especially for McCall's and shown elsewhere in this issue. The illustrations for the article on this page are by Otto R. Jigger, Associate in The Office of John Russell Pope.



In the "big room" of the Capen house is the cavernous fireplace, heavy oak lintels, wainscotted walls and sturdy furniture characteristic of the early American House.

more often were marked with raised moldings at the joinings in the Jacobean manner.

The ceiling beams were chamfered or molded. The angles of the heavy ridges were cut into moldings terminating in the familiar lamb's-tongue motif. The stairs were usually of open character, with a closed string formed by the wainscot. The balusters, which were few and widely spaced, usually aligned with the joints of the wainscot, were turned with deeply cut moldings. Posts and exposed framing, braces and supporting brackets often were carved elaborately.

THE big room, which was the most important room in the house, used as it was intensively and continually, was beloved and purposely beautified. In the long, merry evenings it was lighted with candles in wrought metal sconces, polished and gilding in the firelight. The blaze of logs on the spacious hearth

"Made the rude, bare, raftered room  
Burst flower-like into rosy bloom."

The doors were plain or of wainscot boards with buttens molded or chamfered. Decorative wrought nails were used and set to form a pattern or design. The Dutch door was known and used frequently. This was a convenient and amiable door and in those unsale days served to prevent the little children from wandering away from the house.

The furniture was sturdy, strong and squarely built and was modeled, naturally, after the furniture with which the makers were familiar. The old manor-house in England had been set up with Elizabethan tables and chairs and bedsteads with elaborately carved, heavy, bulbous framework. Wainscots were paneled with series of arches and stiles outlined with intricate patterns. Fortunately these heavier types gave way to a certain extent to the less cumbersome Jacobean models.

Compared with all this, the life of our Colonists was simple indeed; but from these antecedents came the wainscot-carved chair with carved arms, with straight, strong legs and posts strengthened with heavy floor-stretchers; and the long tables, carved chests, and sideboards with paneled doors.

Out of this also came another type of furniture the framework of which was turned very simply, resembling strips of wooden beads. The general lines were the same, straight and square. The chair back was

[Turn to page 55]

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Creators of World Renowned Perfums of Personality and Poudres de Luxe

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The Paul Revere House, still standing in Boston, is one of the best examples of its era.

## The Early American Home

(Continued from page 52)

sometimes paneled but more often padded with leather, as was also the seat. This type of furniture is very dignified and very beautiful against plastered walls. The side chair is particularly attractive.

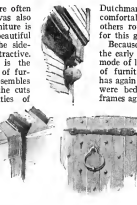
This head-like turning is the basis of still another type of furniture of the period. It resembles beads of various lengths, the cuts regulated by the necessities of framing. This is evident in the mushroom chair and in a variety of rush-bottom chairs with slit-backs and spindle-backs. The lines remained upright and square but the pieces were lighter and fitted for more common use.

Due to the influence of the cabinet-makers who went to England from Holland during the reign of William and Mary, some furniture of a different character was introduced. The Dutch cabinet-makers were famous and their work represents the best of that time.

The Dutchman will always be squat, smiling and comfortable; we cannot imagine him in lofty halls of dignified presence; but the work which he does with his hands is done well. So the furniture of the Dutch influence was broad and low but it was of great refinement of workmanship. The turned, bell-shaped legs of the lowboys and highboys were gracefully molded, the drawers perfectly fitted; the metal mountings and pulls seem almost as if they had been made by the jeweler's art.

Then there are the smug, graceful chairs with banded posts merging into the tops of the solid spat backs—these were pictured in last month's issue with the little old Dutch House—and the cabriole furniture so characteristic of later Dutch work.

You will recognize the stool of the chimney corner, with its spreading, neatly turned legs, the similar tables and the round-about chair with its shaped seat—it is truly a "round-about" chair which supports the back and rests the arm. Are they not the forerunners of the comfortable Windsor chairs, which will never lose their popularity? A



Top—the decorative drop; left—ornamental framework of the interior; right—door of wainscotted board.



The Jacobean stair with graceful, turned balusters is part of the beauty of this period.

Dutchman is bound to make things comfortable for himself and for others round him. We thank him for this gentle touch!

Because of the limited space in the early homes and the one-room mode of living, a space-saving type of furniture was evolved, which has again come into its own. There were beds which folded up into frames against the wall and a great variety of tables, which were always folded and put away religiously after they were used. There were the hutch tables, the drop-leaf tables with gate-leg or wing-leg supports, the butterfly-table and the console card-table. Almost any of these may be bought in good reproductions in any of the shops today.

Although the better furniture was produced after these English models, the designing and making of furniture in the Colonial days became an art. For quaintness, charm and grace, American furniture previous to the mahogany period is unsurpassed.

The ironwork was almost as important as the furniture. What is a Colonial home without an old knocker! True, the knocker has degenerated into a purely ornamental affair in these days of elaborate electric bell systems but there is much of the old work that is practical as well.

There are the long shutter hinges, the prim "H" hinge and the lifting-latch for drawers requiring no locks; there are the graceful "S" shutter-holders, the long hook with the twisted stem; and in the country places, the foot-scraper, which is by no means out of date; charming iron balusters, inviting balustrades flanking entrances, various wall-irons, weather-vanes and andirons.

Our architects have struck the right chord in their quaint design for an Early American chair, which you will find in other columns of this issue. As they have instilled into its architecture the best features of the old work, let us select for its furnishing, tables, chairs and chests which are in harmony.



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(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)





TANI, an interpretative Spanish dancer says: "I first discovered the splendid Cutex preparations in my own country, Spain, where they are well known and widely used."



DORA STRYDOM, one of Russia's picture-singer, writes: "In playing the guitar, the appearance of my hands is a first consideration and Cutex Liquid Polish a real friend."

## Hands

### THEY PAY TRIBUTE TO

THE world has long paid homage to beautiful hands. Poets have sung of their pink-tipped loveliness, their cool aristocratic shapeliness.

Today the world pays this tribute also to capable everyday hands that engage themselves with a thousand things, yet keep their enchanting loveliness of jewel-like nails.

Everywhere women have learned to give their own hands the exquisite care that keeps them beautiful. Not only in America, but in the aristocratic capitals of Europe, they depend upon the Cutex method and Cutex manicure preparations are more widely used than any other kind.

Try this method favored by the smart women of two continents. First wash your hands in warm, soapy water. File the nails then smooth with an emery board. Dip the orange stick in Cutex. Twist a bit of cotton around the end and dip in the bottle again. Gently loosen the dead, dry skin that clings to the nail base. Pass the wet stick under the nail tips to clean and bleach them. What smooth firm ovals of skin now frame the nails. What clean transparent tips.

A TINY bit of Nail White smoothed under each nail tip. A light buffing with the delicate powder polish. A careful washing to remove particles of powder and paste—and you are ready for the final touch of grooming!

Now, spread a drop of Cutex Liquid Polish smoothly over each nail. You will be proud to show your hands!

Cutex Sets, from 35c to \$5.00 wherever toilet goods are sold. Single items are 35c. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. F-11, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada. NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Paris, London.

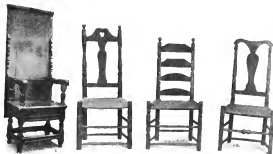


Mlle. SPINELLY, charming young French actress of international repute says: "In my dressing room at the Theatre Cosmopolite, I keep always at hand the delightful Cutex preparations. At a moment's notice my maid can correct any roughness of the cuticle with the dainty Cutex Remover."

### Mail coupon with 10c for Introductory Set

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. F-11  
114 West 17th Street, New York City

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for Introductory Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polish, Cuticle Cream, orange stick, emery board and booklet on care of nails.



A space-saver—the early folding chair-table, Jacobean influence. Spint bottom, ladder-back and two-back chairs. The back of chair at the right shows the beginning of the use of the cyma curve, a Dutch influence.

## The Early American Home

(Continued from page 55)

The furniture here shown is selected from the best examples of American-made furniture, all which may be seen in the New American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

The furniture manufacturers of the country are realizing the beauty and simplicity of the old work and you will be surprised how many similar pieces you will find in the furniture stores within your reach.

If you do not find what you want, demand it, and it will eventually be forthcoming, for it is being reproduced very generally throughout the country.



Early chair with regularly turned spindle growing more refined but retaining the squareness of the early English furniture.



One of the earliest drop-leaf tables, showing the first spindles with regular turnings, which grew out of the heavy English forms. It is the forerunner of the stretcher-table.



This table and desk show the variety and skill developed in the turning of the wood. The turned work constantly grew lighter and more delicate, finally culminating in the graceful spindles of the Windsor chair, which we shall show in a later issue.



Another space-saver—the butterfly table, a variation of the gate-leg table. It is so called because the pivoted bracket-leaf support resembles a butterfly's wing. It is sometimes called the wing-table.



Chests showing early elaborate paneling. Turned wood cut in half and applied to plain surfaces was a favorite feature. The heavy, bulbous, curved or turned leg was also characteristic of the Jacobean influence.

# You Never Lose a Single Moment's Precious Charm

In this NEW way that solves woman's oldest and most trying hygienic problem so amazingly

*By providing 3 unique factors unknown before!*



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Graduate Nurse

**F**ILMY frocks and lightest silks . . . you are asked to motor, to dance, to dine. Do so now . . . in security.

There is a new way in woman's hygiene . . . a way that eight in every ten women in the better walks of life have adopted.

It assures immaculacy, charm and exquisiteness under the most trying of conditions. It will make a great difference in your life.

## New advantages you'll appreciate

This new way embodies three factors of importance . . . plus many others.

It is different in material from any other product obtainable for this purpose.

It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad. And thus assures a true protection.

It is as easily disposed of as a piece of tissue . . . and thus banishes the embarrassing difficulty of disposal . . . and laundry.

It deodorizes . . . and thus supplies a feeling of security that old ways denied.

AND . . . it is obtainable everywhere, at

every drug store, every department store—virtually at every corner—to meet emergencies.

You ask for them by name, and without hesitancy, simply by saying—Kotex.

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your life, in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and health.

60% of many ills, common to women, according to many leading medical authorities are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Hygienic authorities charge almost 80% of the lack of charm, poise and immaculacy, expected of women in this modern day, to the same mistake in hygiene.

Thus, on every count, millions are turning to this new way.

## Test Kotex, please

A fair test will prove its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy.

Obtain Kotex today at any department or drug store. In many you'll find them ready wrapped on a display table, and ready to take out without even having to ask.

*You'll appreciate these 3 factors*



① Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



② No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



③ Easy to buy anywhere.\* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

**KOTEX**  
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular  
4% per dozen  
Kotex-Supers  
9% per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

\* Supplied also in personal service cabinet in woman's rest-rooms by The West Disinfecting Co.

## FREE 10-Day Tube

### Note Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.



# Dazzling White Teeth

Here is the quick, new way dentists are widely urging

Make this unique test. Give your teeth high polish, and fresh new color simply by removing the dingy film that coats them and invites decay and gum troubles.

THIS offers you a simple, scientific test—one judged the most remarkable of all dental tests.

It will bring out qualities in your teeth you do not realize they have. In a short time you can work a transformation in their color and their luster.

Modern science has evolved a new and radically different method which successfully removes the dingy film that imperils healthy teeth and gums.

Simply send the coupon. Don't think your teeth are naturally "off color" or dull. This will prove they are not.

### Film—the enemy of beautiful teeth and healthy gums

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film . . . a viscous coat that covers them.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy, "old color" look. Grown by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull and unattractive.



### New methods remove it. And Firm the Gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called *Perseptol*, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—the firmness of your gums—will amaze you.

Ordinary methods fail in these results. Harsh, gritty substances are judged dangerous to enamel.

Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Why follow old methods when world authorities urge a better way?

Canadian Office and Laboratories  
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

**FILM** the worst  
enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

**FREE** Mail this for  
10-Day Tube  
THE PERSEPTOL COMPANY  
Dept. 902, 1164 S. Wabash Ave.  
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Only one coupon per family. 1023

**Perseptol**  
THE NEW-DAY QUALITY DENTIFRICE  
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities



Six-room  
house, to be  
built for about \$6,000

## In The Early American Manner

Designed by The Architect's Small House Bureau  
(Controlled by the American Institute of Architects)

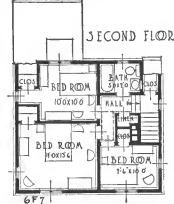
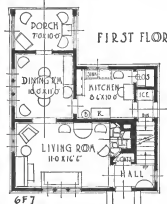
Collaborating with  
MARCIA MEAD, McCall's Consulting Architect



THIS early American small house adheres to the characteristics of houses built in New England about the end of the 16th century, like the Capen house and the home of Paul Revere, shown elsewhere in this issue—houses inspired by those built in England during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I and referred to as Elizabethan and Jacobean.

Quaintness is effected by the off-centredness of the windows with their diamond-shaped panes and leaded muntin bars. The long, low slope of the roof gives the effect of a lean-to at the rear; the single

gable, devoid of breaks, gives length to the front. The rakes and the corner-boards are plain with beaded edges; the cornice consists of only two members. Hanging gutters are the only modern addition. The broad wall-surfaces are composed of drop-siding with small exposure to the weather. The slight vertical breaks in the chimney add interest to the brick surface; the cap is formed by corbelling the top course. The old-fashioned leant-to has been utilized for the modern porch.



Two complete sets of detailed plans and specifications for this Early American house will be sold for \$30. (No fewer than 2 sets will be sold for any house of this series.) Extra sets of plans, on paper, \$35; on cloth, \$55; extra specifications, \$5.

Or, if you desire to see other house plans and designs, send for McCall's Service booklet, *The Small House* (price ten cents), showing four-to-seven-room houses costing from \$8,000 to \$16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, \$15 a set. Address: The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



*Your Needs* can all be supplied through your National Style Book. Coats, dresses, hats, shoes for all the family—men's and boys' clothing, and all dress accessories in guaranteed qualities at money saving prices.



Page 10 of your National Style Book shows this wonderful value coat, price \$16.97; page 30 shows this exquisite dress, price \$19.98.

"**E**ACH time I turn through my National Style Book I find many new things. I have learned that it will supply nearly all our needs and always save us money."

Thousands of National customers write that they have found a great saving and the greatest satisfaction in using their National Style Book all throughout the year.

You will be surprised to find almost every personal need of the woman, everything the man or boy needs in wide variety—and there is always the assurance of value—of complete satisfaction with any order sent to the National.

Style Specialists for 37 years—through long experience we have learned how to create and find the best styles—how to give you the greatest possible values. Your National Style Book brings you the utmost in good taste, in becomingness and in true economy.

Your National Style Book always answers the question of "What to Give." For Christmas you can shop conveniently at home and buy almost two gifts for the price of one.

### Gift Suggestions In Your National Style Book

Gifts for the Home	Silverware	Gloves
Men's Furnishings	Perfumes	Coats
Silk Underwear	Slippers	Dolls
Toilet Articles	Hosiery	Bags
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#### Everything for Women's Wear

There is a wide choice of Christmas Gifts for every member of the family at National Money-Saving Prices. Let the National Style Book be your Christmas Shopping Guide.

The National Style Book will be mailed free as long as the edition lasts. If you live East of the Mississippi River write to our New York House—if west of the Mississippi to our Kansas City House. Both Houses offer exactly the same goods at the same low prices.

If you have the National Style Book, remember it is a copy of a limited edition—a book of value, of money-saving that deserves your care and use.

"Your Money Back if you are not satisfied"—our 37 year old guarantee.

## NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

235 West 24th Street,  
New York City

617 Hardesty Avenue,  
Kansas City, Mo.

STYLE SPECIALISTS FOR THIRTY~SEVEN YEARS



## Women who want beauty -are learning this new way

Here is a new principle of complexion care which is easy, quick, sure.... try it FREE

All too many women have lost hope of any real help for their complexions. They never seem to find the way that really brings loveliness.

Even Science could not tell how to keep the skin of the face soft, smooth, young for as long a time as the skin of their body. Women wondered why their body skin remained young and lovely long after the first wrinkly, withered, old look had come to the skin of their faces.

Now it is known. Now there is a new way, that does for your face skin just what Nature does for your body skin. It is Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. You can try this new way—FREE.

This new principle of complexion care was discovered in the Frostilla laboratories. For over 50 years Frostilla Lotion has been famous for keeping hands soft and smooth, but not until now did scientists learn the reason why—not until now did they come upon the principle of "precious moisture."

Frostilla Lotion is just the very kind of natural moisture that Nature provides to keep the skin soft. It is made scientifically just exactly as the body makes it naturally.

You need an extra supply of this precious moisture for your face, neck and



So many women are turning to Frostilla Lotion for the new way of keeping skin young and attractive. You will love its alluring fragrance.

*Frostilla became famous fifty years ago as the first way of keeping hands soft in spite of housework.*

hands because they are exposed, while your body isn't. Now, especially, with cool weather, with harsh winds and raw, chill air, all exposed skin dries out faster than Nature can supply her own natural precious moisture. That is why the skin gets parched, chapped, tough.

But by supplying enough Frostilla Lotion you can make up for the greater need of your skin. You can keep your complexion soft, smooth, young—simply by giving it this natural liquid. Try this for a few days. You will see why it is that thousands of women are enthusiastic about Frostilla Lotion. Send the coupon now for a free trial bottle. It will show you the new, scientific way to keep your skin lovely and fresh.

### Some special uses—

After housework, dishwashing and the like, apply Frostilla Lotion to your hands; you can almost feel the skin get softer and smoother. After outdoor hours, too—even though your face doesn't feel chapped, treat it to soothing Frostilla Lotion.... to prevent the horrid redness and roughness. Also—regularly in the evening to keep your complexion lovely and soft—and in the morning, as a base for powder.



## Frostilla Fragrant Lotion

Selling Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., New York and Toronto

THE FROSTILLA COMPANY, Dept. 511, Elmhurst, N. Y.  
Please send me your free bottle of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion, the lotion that keeps skin soft and young in Nature's own way.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

(In Canada—10 McCall B., Toronto.)

Two sizes—35c and \$1.00  
The larger bottle is the more economical  
in use at its regular rate. Then also  
uses the 35-cent size.

## How Can The Bureau Save You?

BY ARTHUR C. HOLDEN

Acting Director, Atlantic Division of The  
Architects Small House Service Bureau

GOOD intentions alone on the part of a group of architects such as are gathered together in the Architects Small House Service Bureau do not go very far. One of the hardest problems that the Bureau has had to solve has been how to make it possible for the man of slender means to get, from the architect, the advice that he both desires and needs.

Two things must be remembered. First the architect has only one thing to give and that is advice; second, this advice, like that of any other professional man, is not going to be of much use unless the architect gives that advice with an understanding of his "case." Probably nine out of every ten persons do not look at it in this light. They want the architect to sell them something to use. They are thinking of the houses they want and they would much rather get the house direct and do without the advice.

Almost everyone knows what he wants—or thinks he knows what he wants—when it comes to a house. This is all very well if the house is already built or it would be all right if one could say "pretzle" and have the house spring into being. But if the house is not already built one has to get someone to build it.

Now there are thousands of varieties of houses and each house is a complicated thing. It takes much explaining to make even a very good builder understand what the house you wanted is to be like, to explain that it is not this nor that, nor larger nor smaller—in short, just that it is wanted and just what it is to cost.

That is the reason one goes to an architect for advice. The first thing the architect is to do, is to find out what is wanted. This must be done without wasting time. The owner's time is as precious as that of the architect.

For this reason Information Sheet No. 2 has been prepared. It will pay the

owner to read it carefully before he fills it out. It will enable the Bureau architect at a glance to give him his first piece of advice. It will enable him to suggest a few plans that have been prepared, already, and from which the owner can select the plan nearest to what he wants.

A summary of this sheet is given below. The reader can readily see how necessary it is to give the required information as a guide to the Bureau advisor so that real help can be given in selecting one plan from among several hundred available. On another page of this issue is shown one of a series of house-plans which the Bureau is designing especially for McCall's. In succeeding issues the work of the Architects Small House Service Bureau will be further explained.

The plan at first selected may not meet the pocketbook of the owner, so the first part of the advice which the architect will be called upon to give will be financial. The houses which are to be shown in the pages of McCall's can be built for an average of \$6,000 each. But—two houses similar in appearance but vastly different in quality and cost may be built from the same set of plans, simply by varying the specifications. In some localities the cost runs higher than in others. Transportation of materials and the wages paid to labor make a difference. An experienced or clever builder can build for less money than can an inexperienced man.

Sometimes in order to save money, plans and specifications are not followed. This is a foolish policy because the plans and the specifications when once agreed to, form a contract and if they are not followed the contract is broken. Charges should be agreed to beforehand. The specifications are as important as the drawings—and sometimes more so. Time spent upon them is seldom wasted. They are the means of controlling cost.

TO BE FILLED OUT BY PROSPECTIVE OWNER. The purpose of this blank is to save the owner's time and money. Answer clearly and fully. NO CHARGE for filling this blank unless question No. 12 below is answered "Yes" and fee of \$1.00 is enclosed.

- Have you purchased your lot?..... 3. Width of lot in feet?..... 4. Give points of compass, making sketch showing on which side road lies, also view and prevailing breeze.
- Character of ground level?..... 5. Gentle slope?..... 6. Step?..... 7. Rocky?..... 8. Sandy?..... 9. Wooded?.....
- Give exacted lot number and land..... 10. Give cost of land?..... 11. Give cost of house?..... 12. Give cost of lot?.....
- Give cost of the features that you want with a Y; those that you insist upon check with an X. Leave blanks where you are not sure.....
- ..... Kitchen..... 13. Open Porch.....
- ..... Dining Room..... 14. Bathroom.....
- ..... Living Room..... 15. Bath Room.....
- ..... Number Extra Double Bedrooms..... 16. Extra Bathroom.....
- ..... Dining Alcove..... 17. Extra Storage Bedrooms.....
- ..... Note members of family..... 18. Indicate in space above any special features desired.....
- Check one of exterior design that please you..... 19. Check one of exterior design that please you.....
- ..... New England farmhouse..... 20. Single floor bungalow.....
- ..... English cottage..... 21. Long roof with long lines.....
- Check types of Exterior Materials that please you..... 22. Slender Colonial proportions.....
- ..... Shingles, stained..... 23. Checkboards.....
- ..... " weathered..... 24. Brick.....
- ..... Slate..... 25. Shingle.....
- Check types of Mechanical Equipment required..... 26. Heating by gas?..... 27. Hot water?..... 28. Hot air?.....
- ..... Heating by steam?..... 29. Hot water?..... 30. Hot air?.....
- If you wish to have sketch plans that meet the above requirements selected for you and sold for your approval at the office, enclose a fee of \$1.00 with this sheet and return the sheet with your name and address in space to right.....
- If you wish several sketch plans made to your address, enclose a fee of \$1.00 with this sheet and return the sheet with your name and address in space to right.....
- This preliminary fee will be credited to you when you purchase a set of plans.

### REQUEST FOR INFORMATION

Please send Information-Sheet Number 2.....  
Name..... Address.....  
Town..... State.....  
Remarks.....

Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

## Castaway Stuff

(Continued from page 13)

said, stily. "We'll need some kind of shelter in case they don't come for us tonight, so I've cleared out a space under the carves they spread over the properties. There's room enough for both of us and it'll be dry, anyway."

Rena rose and started to run with uncertain steps, then stopped and looked up at him helplessly. Sidney also stopped but refused to meet her eye. She timidly reached out and placed her hand in the nearest one of his. "Forgive me for being so familiar," she said, meekly, "but I'm an awfully poor runner and I don't think I could possibly get there by myself."

So they started to run together, Servis holding his head with a rigid forward gaze. Rena glanced up at his set expression and suppressed a giggle.

After gaining shelter, Rena sank on a soft pile in the dark and cried out ecstatically. "O-o-o, blankets! Now we can keep warm."

"They were used in one of the scenes on the boat," he explained. "I found them in moving this stuff around."

Half an hour had passed before she felt tempted to utter another word. Then the invisible "If we could only eat!"

He replied grimly: "I'm sorry I can't provide food for you. Doubtless if I were big and strong and resourceful I could find some way to catch fish out in the sea and then build a fire in this rain to cook them. Not being that kind of man I am unable to do so."

The girl reached over and touched his sleeve. "I'm sorry for what I said. In fact I think you're a wonderful man to arrange such a snug little hotel for us."

But he went sternly along. "If I were resourceful, I would probably be able to weave a hammock for you out of seaweed or take an axe and cut a bed of boughs. But, of course, as it is, you might just as well be asleep."

Rena's temper needed no further prodding. "Oh, dry up!" she snapped. And that was the last remark made that night.

THE next morning the air was chilly, and Rena shivered as she emerged from her shelter. Her costume was not adapted for anything but the balmy of breezes and was picturesquely abbreviated. Sidney was armed to the teeth with a hatchet. He lacked in actual clothing was made up for somewhat by the heavy stubble covering his chin. To acquire a sufficient appearance of respectability, gone unshaven for two weeks. He began the day with a series of vigorous setting-up exercises calculated to restore the circulation, but Rena hastily diverged back into sleeping quarters and emerged with her blanket wrapped snugly about her.

"I did a lot of thinking last night," Rena announced. "I feel very strongly that I'll be justified in suing the Perfectart for a heavy sum."

Sidney suspended operations in the midst of a complicated movement of arms and legs to remark: "Say, that's funny. I was thinking of suing them myself."

"One of the items my lawyers will list," he said, "will be the mental—well, the mental anguish of being left with a person as antagonistic and disagreeable to me personally as you. That would be worth ten thousand dollars by itself. And then I thought of another thing," pursued the girl. "The story will make a newspaper sensation, of course. It's—"

"Hold on!" cried Sidney, suspending everything in the extremity of his alarm. "Your paper won't get out of this. Every member of the company will have to be sworn to secrecy."

"What is ridiculous. Can't you see what it means? Why, every person in America will want to see the picture after they've read about this adventure of ours. Do you suppose the publicity department would consent to suppress a story worth hundreds of thousands of dollars in free advertising?"

"Guess you're right," assented Sidney. "In fact, I've a notion to boost my claim for damages another twenty-five thousand on the head of it," declared Rena, emphatically. "Here I am suffering, starving, to provide a press story worth a fortune to the company. But there's another thing to be faced. The public will expect—well, they'll expect us to get

married as a result of this."

"The public, then, will be sadly fooled!" laughed Sidney.

"Of course!" said Rena, tartly. "You needn't think for one minute I would tie myself up for life to a Greek god profile and a pair of eyelashes! If I ever do get married I'm going to pick a man with a low-key nose and two cauliflower ears. But," more coolly, "we have our public to consider. It will be bad business to disappoint them. So I've thought of a plan."

"Shoot."

"Well, we must draw a deep line in the sand, running right from the water's edge. Then we'll give it out that you never crossed to my side of the line."

"Say, you've got a headpiece," said Sidney, grudgingly. Then he straightened up and unconsciously struck an attitude very familiar to the movie public. "You understand, as a man of honor, I have intended anyway to offer marriage. I know, of course, you wouldn't think of accepting but it will be an incumbrance on me to give you the chance."

"Cheer up. A polite but emphatic no will be the answer."

"But why couldn't there be a follow up story in my proposal? And say, we might arrange to have a photographer just happen around and get a couple of good stills of me on the point of entering your studio, say, to offer my hand."

Rena pondered this. "No, I don't think I care to have carried that far."

Sidney was disgusted. "Of course not! In the first place, it's my idea, in the second place, you wouldn't be in the picture."

But the girl's mind had jumped to a much more pressing matter. She suddenly tossed her blanket aside and sprang up excitedly. "Here we are starving and I'm sure there's food to be had. There must have been lots left from lunch yesterday, and in their haste to get away they wouldn't have bothered to take the scraps."

Without a word Sidney dashed at the pile of property and in a few minutes had located a large zinc container into which he distinctly remembered tossing a half-finished ham sandwich the day before. Going down on his knees, he began a hurried search, and emerged with a sort of triumph. "All here! he cried. "Ham and cheese sandwiches—yours! Six! Grand crusts of bread! Glorious bits of sausages! Lots of divine stale cake!"

"Get it all in a hurry, you understand!" Sidney said, leaning over the zinc.

"Then we'll take stock and see how much we can have for each meal. This food will probably have to do us until Tuesday."

"Two reasonably slim meals a day," announced Sidney, after a survey. "Our first banquet will consist of one fresh sandwich apiece and a few scraps of dry bread. For what we are about to receive Lord make us truly thankful. Go!"

They fell to, and had recovered the first ration in a very few minutes. Sidney then drew a case containing several cigarettes from his pocket and, after some searching, found one matches.

"Suppose I can afford to waste one of these precious matches on a smoke," he established, leaning in mouth. "Why don't smoke, do you? That's one thing I've always liked about you."

"Well, that's nice—to think there is something about me you can approve." Then, after a pause: "There's something about you I've always wanted to know. Is Sidney Servis your real name?"

"Partly, the Servis part of it is my own but I wasn't christened Sidney."

He grinned broadly. "Bill," he said. Rena cried out approvingly. "I like that. You need a man as good-looking as you need a real plain name as an offset. Now Sidney—"

"It's too easily carried out to nicknames like Sissy," he supplied. "Don't blame me. The press agent wished Sidney on me."

"We'll be also responsible for the stories of your early life? You see, I've read the stories printed about you."

"I'm flattered. Especially as there's nothing to any of them. My father's judge back in Indiana. Mother's a little went to college and did a little acting there and then took it up as a career."

"Now tell me honestly," said Rena, "what does your [Turn to page 63]



## Be on your guard for signs of Pyorrhoea

4 out of 5  
are victims

Just as the stability of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so healthy teeth depend upon healthy gums.

Bleeding gums are the first sign of Pyorrhoea's approach. Then they begin to recede and the healthy pink color gives place to a pale, whitish tint. Soon the teeth are loosened, pus pockets form and drain their poisons through the system, often causing indigestion, rheumatism, neuritis and many of the other diseases of mid-life.

### Let Forhan's help you

Forhan's For the Gums is a most effective agent in the fight against this insidious disease. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astrinogen (as used by the dental profession) to neutralize oral poisons, and keep the gums in a firm, strong, healthy condition. Also, it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps the mouth sweet, clean and wholesome. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhoea. Thousands have found it beneficial for the gums. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c per 60c tin.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York

# Forhan's

## FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—  
it checks Pyorrhoea



## Taking Starvation out of Diet

**K**NOX Sparkling Gelatine with its many table and other important uses, is also invaluable in giving appetite attraction to otherwise tiresome diets.

Not only does it make the plainest foods delicious but it actually aids their digestion, as your physician will tell you.

### For the Diet

In Diabetes, Nephritis, high blood pressure, gastritis and other stomach disorders, for fevers and wasting diseases, for convalescents and undernourished children, **KNOX Sparkling Gelatine** has been found most important and unusually beneficial.

It was discovered (through our scientific tests at the Melloa Institute, Pittsburgh), that one level tablespoonful of pure, unflavored, unsweetened gelatine dissolved and added to a quart of milk, increases the available nourishment by about 23%. This is beneficial to thousands of babies, undernourished children and adults every day. Ask your physician about this.

## KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

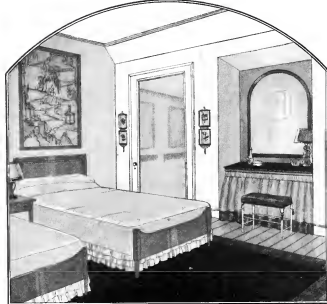
### Important Diet Book Free

Write for the book "The Health Value of Gelatine" which has important information on the health of infants, children and grown-ups. Sent Free with other interesting books for your grocer's name.

#### Health Department

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.  
108 Knox Avenue, Johnston, N. Y.

Each package contains the important "Health Value of Gelatine" booklet. Sent Free with other interesting books for your grocer's name.



## The Little Room Under The Eaves

BY LURELLE GUILD

**T**UCKED away under the eaves there can be a charming bedroom. Where the roof drops low, you can have a most modern clothes-closet. Use drawers from a discarded bureau for bats and small wearing apparel; a rod above for coat-hangers makes a chiffoniere, compact enough for the most fastidious house-keeper; on the inside of the door put two triangular-shaped racks for shoes—this keeps them off the floor and away from dust and dirt.

The bed in the room pictured above, has had its headboard cut down in an attractive design to act as the footboard; the bed was painted a soft apple-green and covered with a spread of dotted swiss finished smartly with three tiers of ruffles.

Two pieces of wallpaper or chintz are attached to the wall above the beds by narrow strips of molding painted green. The same material is used for the lampshade on the small table between the beds.

A discarded mirror has been set into the molding of the door. A smaller mirror hangs in the alcove above the dressing-table which has been made by placing a piece of cretone around a medium-sized table. The idea of black oilcloth under a sheet of glass for the top comes

from an exclusive shop. A bench-seat before the dressing-table may be painted or upholstered, just as you desire.

Small boxes, enameled or appliqued with chintz are serviceable for pins and knickknacks. An old oil-lamp that has been wired, may be enameled to suit the color scheme of your room.

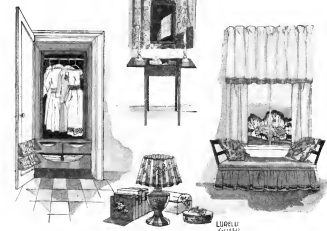
The top of a small table may be cut through the center and hinged on either end to make a dressing-table. The inside can be lined or painted with a soft, harmonious color.

A small mirror appears larger and fills an empty wall space if hung on a piece of chintz or brocade as a background. The material may be tacked flat or in pleats against the wall.

A small figurine, wired, makes an unusual lamp. Nicely shaped bottles, enameled, are attractive on a dressing-table.

Two old chairs form the basis of a charming window-seat. The front of the seats are placed together so that the backs form the arms. A thin piece of board is nailed across the seats and a cushion fitted to it. This may be used as a day-bed.

The vogue for upper and lower curtains that work independently of each other adds a note of real distinction.



LURELLE GUILD

## Giving Variety to the Orange

**N**O FRUIT offers more in health and enjoyment than orange. But even the healthful qualities of this and all other fruits (fresh or canned) are increased when combined in a variety of ways with **KNOX Sparkling Gelatine**, a pure product without fruit extracts or artificial coloring.



### Orange Charlotte (8 Servings)

A surprising recipe from the land of the Orange Groves.

15 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine Salt  
1 cup cold water 2 tablespoons lemon juice  
1 cup boiling water 1/2 pint of cream  
1 cup orange juice and pulp 1 cup sugar  
1/2 cup lemon or lime juice

Boil gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and when dissolved add lemon juice, citric acid, salt and cold orange juice and pulp. When mixture begins to thicken add cream. When mixture is quite thick add cold water, lemon juice, orange juice and pulp. Stir thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with butter paper. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of white of eggs.

## KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

Write for the Knox recipe books which are a real education in the preparation of delicately original dishes. Beginners find them invaluable. Experienced housewives find many new suggestions. Free for your grocer's name.

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Each package contains the important "Health Value of Gelatine" booklet. Sent Free with other interesting books for your grocer's name.







THIRD IN A SERIES ON THE ETIQUETTE OF BEAUTY

# To Be Fastidiously Correct You Must Be Exquisitely Dainty

BY EMILY POST

Author of *Etiquette*, *The Blue Book of Social Usage*



## Nothing Daintier for Luncheon than a Cranberry Meringue Pie!

Try a Cranberry Meringue Pie for your next luncheon and see how your guests will enjoy it. A dessert that is different in taste and flavor.

### Ten-Minute Cranberry Sauce

1 pound (4 cups) cranberries, 2 cups boiling water,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 cups sugar ( $\frac{1}{4}$  to 1 pound). Boil sugar and water together for five minutes; skim; add the cranberries and boil without stirring (five minutes is usually sufficient) until all the skins are broken. Remove from the fire when the popping stops.

### Cranberry Sauce Meringue Pie

To two cups cranberry sauce add yolks of two eggs, one level teaspoonful flour thoroughly mixed. Simmer together three minutes. Stir in one level tablespoonful butter, half teaspoonful vanilla. Cool, turn into piecrust shell previously baked. Cover with meringue, place in medium oven to set and brown meringue.

Many other delicious desserts can be made with Cranberry Sauce or Cranberry Jelly. Pies, puddings, tarts, shortcake, jelly roll, as well as sherbets and other dainty beverages.

**THE TONIC FRUIT**—Dietary authorities agree on the tonic properties of cranberries. Rich in iron, lime and carbohydrates—the vital elements that aid in restoring nerves and building up the system. Easily prepared. No peeling, no coring, no waste.

Ask for **EATMOR CRANBERRIES**. The trademark label is on all barrels and boxes.

Always cook cranberries in enameled, porcelain-lined or aluminum vessels.

*Recipe booklet sent free on request*

AMERICAN

**CRANBERRY EXCHANGE**  
90 West Broadway, New York City

**Eatmor  
Cranberries**

*The first requisite of smartness is beautiful neatness—"grooming," really*

**F**INE clothes do not make fine people! Beautiful clothes are always an adornment but the most beautiful clothes ever made, if inappropriate to occasion or combined with the wrong accessories or worn flauntingly, awkwardly, or worst of all dirtily, become objects of actual abhorrence. A country coat, a sweater suit, or any plain garment made for service, can look well—even smart—when it is so old that it is going threadbare; but an elaborate evening or afternoon dress that is not freshly new looking and accompanied by appurtenances equally immaculate, is unsightly; and if it is soiled or stained it is revolting.

The first requisite of smartness is beautiful neatness—"grooming," really, much the same sort of grooming as that which changes a rough-coated colt into the satin sleek animal that carries off the blue ribbon in horse shows. But "grooming" does not consist in a brilliant head, red-gloss nails and a shower of pungent perfume! Perfect grooming begins early in the morning—every morning—is continued periodically throughout the day and ends when one goes to bed at night.

Item the first: Five minutes minimum to about twenty minutes maximum of setting-up exercises near an open window. (No one can carry clothes "smartly" on flabby muscles.)

Item two: A thorough scrubbing with soap and water, much soap and plenty of water. Beauty lotions can not possibly be potent unless applied to a thoroughly clean skin.

Item three: Every beautifully "smart" woman covers her beautifully clean skin with clean underlinings; they may be of cotton or linen or silk—or rubber if she likes! The material is of no matter. But that every thing she puts on shall be freshly sweet and odorless is the essential requirement. Clean stockings every time she dresses and well-treed and well-bushed shoes. Hair beautifully brushed. Next, a spotlessly tidy dress, carefully put on.

Item four, five, six and so on would include: healthful food, outdoor exercise, washing and brushing and dressing, washing and brushing, more exercises and bed. The result is bound to be trimness. And trimness is smartness.

One couldn't look tubbed and neat and smoothly groomed and well set-up, and evade looking smart—unless one had really horrible taste and no sense of fitness.

Horrible taste declares itself in exaggeration and inappropriateness. For instance, stiff-heeled sandals, an ankle bracelet, huge imitation jewels, complete sleevelessness and skirts to the knee, would be

the height of bad taste on young "business women" during office hours.

If a young girl has a fancy for ankle bracelets, there is no reason why she should not wear them or any other outlandish adornments, in the privacy of her own home—but not in public and very certainly not in an office.

I want to emphasize what I said about the word "clean" by calling it a "delicious" skin. I don't mean a perturbed skin. I mean a skin that is so fresh-petal clean and sweet that the faintest touch of orris or soap clings to it for hours.

Such a skin, once upon a time, was not attainable for everyone no matter how much soap and water was used. But modern physicians and chemists offer the priceless boon of a delicious skin to every one who is willing to take the trouble to have it. The unfortunate side of this subject is that those who really need deodorant remedies most, are usually the very ones most unconscious of their need.

It is a frightfully difficult thing to tell any woman that she is unpleasant—especially as such unpleasantness is believed by most people to be an evidence of dirt. This is of course often the case; but not always by any

means. There are certain body-odors that belong to the glandular peculiarities of certain people, just as a "doggy" smell belongs to a dog. A newly-washed dog becomes clean-smelling for just a little while and then he is "doggy" again. Personally, like Gulliver, I don't mind dogness or horiness—but that "motor exhaust" odor that emanates from occasional women (to their own amazing uselessness) is if anything more nauseating than that produced by their only rival, the little brown animal with white stripes.

In writing this I cannot in any event be personal or know to [Turn to page 66]



*In these modern days it takes more than Spartan courage not to luxuriate in bathing all day!*



*The result is bound to be trimness—and trimness is smartness*

*Everything you put on, should be sweetly fresh and clean.*

## Castaway Stuff

[Continued from page 63]

been so sudden and so recent that he had barely had time to grasp it or to determine just how far it had gone. Now, with her head buried in his shoulder and the tremors and fragrances of her as she lay trembling in his arms, he became aware that the change in his own feelings toward her had not stopped at mere liking.

"There's nothing to be frightened of," he said, tenderly. "But say—don't move until you feel entirely all right again." Rens straightened up at once in an attitude of strained attention. "There was someone behind my hut," she whispered. "I dreamed that the picture was true and that the pirates were out and were trying to kill us. I wakened up and heard foot-steps—heavy foot-steps. Then I ran out." He took possession of her hands and laughed reassuringly. "All imagination," he declared. "There couldn't be anyone on this island but us. Just to show there's no reason to be alarmed, I'm going to have a look around."

Rens seized his arm with nervous fingers. "No, no!" he pleaded. "They're sure to be armed. You might be killed."

"But if there's someone there, it's better for us to get them off the island," reasoned Sylvia. "We're trapped here by the ocean. I've got to lay this open or you won't have any peace of mind all night."

"All right, I'll go with you," she said at length in a determined whisper. The sky was clearing and there was occasional moonlight. The place seemed deserted.

"What did I tell you?" said Sylvia, speaking aloud for the first time. "We've got to get the whole island all to ourselves."

Suddenly, however, he laughed and drawing his companion close to him, pointed out the shade.

"You're a pirate!" he exclaimed. "There's your pirate! A loose piece of canvas striking against one of the barrels when the wind raises it. Now you can go back to dreaming."

He paused and gave her a quizzical look. "Are you still frightened?"

"No, oh, no," replied Rens, firmly. She took two steps toward him and then stopped. "Yes, I am. I suppose it's childish but I'm frightened still. I—I can't see there's anything there."

"I don't suppose it would do any good for us to swap bits?"

"No. Let's sit by the fire and talk." So they replenished the blaze and they squatted down before it again. Neither of them has since been able to explain just what it was that they had dreamed. But suddenly his arms were about her and her head was lying on his shoulder and a perfect understanding had been established between them that all of their words in the dictionary could not have accomplished.

It was Sidney who first broke the silence and although under the circumstances he was rather glib, all that he could say now was, "Rens—Rens—Rena!" And the other, quite contented with the one word, "Bill!" She sighed contentedly.

The chronicler is rather seriously handicapped in recounting what followed, for the two had gone so far into their retirement and they sat so closely together that the dancing flames of the fire cast long shadows behind them. But it is possible, therefore, to tell the story with the wealth of detail that is generally deemed essential to a love scene. This is unfortunate. They were both justly celebrated for their emotional intensity in the final fade-out and there is every reason to suppose, therefore, that their love making was quite perfect. All that can be recorded is the conversation which ran as follows:

"First of all, Bill, I haven't always hated you as much as I made out. I knew down in my heart that I liked you. I've hated you ever since I thought if we ever had a chance to know each other away from the lot, we might find out. I intended to be pretty good friends. So, when I saw them getting ready to leave, and I knew you weren't going, it occurred to me that there was the chance to try it out."

"You mean that you knew the boat was going and stayed behind on purpose?"

"Yes, I've hated you in the world. Rens. I've always known that but I've never acknowledged it before."

"You mean I was being stupid?" he began. "I knew that you despised me—Bill."

"But I didn't. I liked you right from the very start. Only you seemed so up-stage and you got so that you hated the very ground I walked on—or at least I liked that way."

"Wait, Bill, till you hear the rest of my confession. I'm afraid you'll think I'm pretty brazen but I want you to know everything. I know it was the same as making that noise! We'd gotten on so well and just reached the point where you were willing to be friendly and we have such a little while longer on the island and I thought perhaps—a kind of a crisis might—bring results."

"Rens, you little snail! And I was enjoying acting as protector to you. I've got a confession to make myself! You didn't need to invent your pirate story at all. What do you suppose I was doing all the time I sat here alone tonight? Thinking of a way to propose to you."

"And you're sure you don't mind marrying the daughter of the widow Murphy? But what I wanted to say was that mother didn't dislike you until she saw by my letters—how things were."

"I'm afraid it's going to be difficult for me to be taken down and caulked over can that you demand?"

"I didn't mean that. Oh, I didn't! I'll be broken-hearted if anything ever happens to that wonderful profile of yours!"

**TUESDAY** morning broke clear and calm. The sun shone like old times. The members of the "Robinson and Mrs. Cramo" company were assembled at the dock—all that is, but the two most important.

"Miss Romanoff," said the captain, snapping irritably. "Has anyone seen her?"

No one had. Then, he missed Sylvia. "She's not here either."

"Get them both on the 'phone,' Simmons," ordered Harkaway. "Give them fifteen, no ten minutes to get here!" The telephone rang but there was no answer.

"No one knew where Rens had spent the week-end and her friends were sure she was out of the country. Harkaway developed with reference to Sidney Servis. Then Harkaway began to think back.

"Say, did anyone see them getting off the island?" he demanded, excitedly. "For that matter, did anyone see them getting on?"

"No one," said the truth dawned. Harkaway paced up and down the dock and rumbled his fist frantically.

"Here I have the greatest opportunity," he growled. "I'm the only one who can see the history of the screen art under my masterpiece—and this has to happen."

Conover, the company's treasurer, spoke up sharply. "There's only one thing worth consideration now. And that's the removal of the young republic. Why, they may be in quite serious condition as a result of this. Do you realize they haven't had food or shelter for three days? They're like a doctor and trained nurses along."

Then a new voice broke in. Bud Fuller, the company's chief electrician, said his way to the front. "Dry those tears, Mr. Harkaway," he said. "You can thank me for starting the fire. It was this agent happens out of the picture. I'll have at least two columns on this story in every newspaper in America!"

Just five minutes to see and a flash out on the wires that two of the greatest stars of the film have been missing since Saturday night and it's believed they were left alone on an island in the Pacific. Then twenty minutes to get reporters down here. They've got to be on hand for the rescue scene of course. Then we can leave the rest to them. Man, this is going to be a regular ring-tailed wonder, the best since the days of the old show."

"Nonsense!" said Conover. "We'll not hold this boat one second longer than is necessary. We'll have to be heard him, they'll be heard him. Harkaway and Fuller had all dashed to telephones to invoke the mighty power of the press. Then Conover himself had procured a doctor and trained nurse and who provided stretchers and medical supplies. Then the one who had been the chief architect of the verities will ever forgive the excitement that prevailed nor the exultation that swept over the boat when they drew within. [Turns to page 66]



Illustrated by F. Meyer

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# Sylvia Surprises Herself!

By MARION BRYANT

No LATTER today, either. Sylvia tried to stifle tears. She dreaded what this silence meant about her and Dick. The city pulling him from her... girls making him forget even to come to them with her. When he came back—saw her—felt sorry for her—she couldn't stand that!

She looked herself in that room to face things. "Clothes aren't everything, but they'd help!" Would they? That got her to start trying to make it do another season. She thought of the shops, but prices there lifted the few choice dresses way out of reach. If only I could make my own! She thought of the other girls, their things myself—make them right!—She remembered a magazine article. Wondered. Wondered on paper.

Things began happening to Sylvia. Letters! Books! Packages! It seemed the mail carrier always had something for Sylvia. She fairly haunted the post office, looking long at some new dress of dreams in a window, then finding at the counters inside often among the remnants—lovely length of this, a bit of that for trimming, a dainty ornament. A few dollars and she had a treasure load she carried gaily home. Out of her own closets, too, she tumbled dresses of other days and fashioned them into newness with a bit of orange or blue or rose.

If you could have peeped in on Sylvia those days you would have found her working magic with her fingers; singing as she worked. Underthings soon fitting about her as lightly and silkily as a breath. Sleek in-between things. A negligee lazy and luxurious... all this intimate perfection before the first sign of a frock. Then the frocks!

The way materials took shape and shone themselves into a soft-dream affair with only its stripes for trimming... or a trim strep reappearing with tiny jade buttons marching right up the hip... or a butterfly chiffon that retained every whiff of its fairy-like beauty... or any other frock Sylvia thought the might like, and did like amazingly—the whole lot—all this happened was something to marvel at.

It seemed most magical still to Sylvia, for she was just the usual sort of girl. Without a word of elation, with the usual careful talent for making things. Just wanting nice things and not knowing how to get them until she saw that magazine article.

When Dick came—well, you can guess the meeting. Sylvia was in her city-most frock to warble him, and her pliant hand quite took his breath. She didn't tell him where she had learned how just those lines give the sylvan slenderness, and just those color-mixes and loveliness of eyes.

Yet when she appeared in a different frock for almost every occasion; each one, somehow, exactly Sylvia's frock—right for her slenderness, her coloring, the curve of her throat, her ankles—she quite out of the ordinary, then with more and more concern. A city salary, he started thinking, to a girl of her looks!

She guessed his thoughts—"It didn't take

a lot money," she explained. "It's just what I've learned how to make a little money do so much. You see I used to save and save for just one really nice dress. And now for the cost of that one I can have three pretty frocks and even other things besides if I choose and buy carefully. And it's such a treat, Dick, when you know how to plan and make the things you want. The Woman's Institute makes me everything, right here at home."

"You know I never could sew but a little. I thought it was hard. Now I know it was just because I never got started right—never learned the right way, and that means the easiest way to go at it. But the Institute makes sewing as delightful as reading a joyous book. They taught me how to make everything from the simplest garment to the loveliest. Wait until you see the gorgeous dress I'm making for the club dance!"

"Sylvia," Dick broke in, "you're too lovely to leave. I'd never rest a minute. You're going back with me!"

Thousands of women and girls have learned the secret that meant so much to Sylvia. It is fun to make your own clothes, to see what you will be like, and almost before you know it—have it. When you have it, you know it's your own, and without any problem at all—wear it.

The Woman's Institute helps you study yourself, your life, your tastes, your needs, and then helps you make clothes appropriate to the mode and to yourself, in surprisingly little time, with astonishingly great ease, at just about a third the usual cost. You can ever consider money, too, if you want to have a shop or just make things at home.

There is not the slightest doubt about your ability to learn. The Woman's Institute has been teaching to sew, and to millinery by mail for nearly ten years, and in these ten years has taught more than 20,000 women and girls. It is the largest women's school, and the success of its students is an indication and a promise of what it can do for you.

It makes no difference where you live, because all of the instruction is carried on by mail and it is so easy to get your own mail that you can have your own lessons at home, and you can have household duties, because you can devote as much or as little time to it as you desire and just when it is convenient.

The Woman's Institute is located in Scranton, Pa., but it has students in every section of the United States and throughout the world. There are 12,700 students in California alone, 7,700 in Texas, 14,400 in Ohio, 25,000 in the New England States, and in every State. There are many thousands of students there are women and girls who have solved their clothing problem and found more happiness than they ever dreamed possible through the help of the Woman's Institute.

The Institute is ready and willing to help you, no matter how poor you are. And it costs you nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just mark and send for your free literature. You can learn the mail, Dept. J, J. Scranton, Penna., and you will receive this story free. It is a story that will help you to women and girls all over the world, the happiest, the daintiest, becoming clothes and save, saving almost too good to be true, and the joy of sewing.

## WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

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Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your free literature. I can learn the self what I have marked below.

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery

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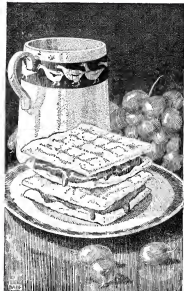
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Address \_\_\_\_\_

The Woman's Institute is associated with the International Correspondence Schools.

## To Be Fastidiously Correct, You Must Be Exquisitely Dainty

[Continued from page 64]



## The child forms his own ideas

Children do take the most eager likes to some foods and the most violent dislikes to others. They all like Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. The smooth and creamy texture, the wonderful nut flavor, seem to win a sure place for Beech-Nut in the regard of every child who tastes it.

It's better for the child when he likes his food—and it certainly is pleasant for the mother. Give your children plenty of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. It's wholesome, nutritious, pure as Beech-Nut can make it. And there's no standard of food purity higher than that of Beech-Nut.

Keep Beech-Nut Peanut Butter in the house. For the children—at meals and between meals. And for adults. Makes delicious refreshment sandwiches for guests. Supplies flavor for cooking. Your grocer sells Beech-Nut in sparkling glass jars.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY  
Canejoharie, N. Y.

## Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

"Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor"



when I may be speaking; therefore, dear friend, whoever you may be—if some one who loves you tells you that you are in need of any one of the deodorants—don't just let hurt feelings and anger thrust your well-meaning friend aside but take her advice and overcome the failing. Fortunately the remedies are infallible—especially when thorough bathing is persisted in. Hot water with a pinch of soda in it and plenty of soap. And remember that the soap must be thoroughly rinsed off. Hair should be shampooed every ten days. A foot-sponge should be taken, by those who perspire, twice a day. Thorough tooth-brushing finished with a good mouth wash is essential for everyone after getting up and before going to bed. For extreme cases the patient should seek the advice of a physician.

Of course, in discussing this question of cleanliness, it must be remembered that fifty years ago the old tin tub in a damp cold room made bathing a matter of Spartan courage. But today with inviting pale green waters in a deep porcelain tub in a white-enamelled summer-warm bathroom, with a row of enticingly detectable bottles and boxes and jars with every variety of aromatic deliciousness, and with brushes and sponges and wash clothes, bath-soaps and face-soaps and a dozen sweet smelling unguents and extracts—it takes more than Spartan courage now to turn Roman and luxurious in bathing all day!

Bath-soaps, soaps and such delicate sachets and perfumes as are composed chiefly of orris, are not only delicious but suggest the essence of cleanliness because such faint and evanescent odors are perceptible only on a flower-fresh skin. The odors avoided by all people of sensitive refinement are the heavy Eastern sandalwoods and musks which suggest smell-eradicators and are actually allied to the deodorant pastille burnt in sick rooms!

It is these stifling small-disguising odors which are responsible for the mid-Victorian ban against the use of scent by persons of refinement. But no one ever associated the odor of orris, fresh violets, tea roses or heliotrope with anything that is not summer-garden fresh. Lilies, tuberoses, gardenias, roses are distasteful—even sickening to certain persons, and those who like these extracts should anoint themselves sparingly in public.

The Eastern scents—endless in variety—might be classified as good or bad according to their evanescence. Any perfume which penetrates and persistently clings to everything it touches, not only suggests bad odor camouflaged but has, also, an inevitable stinkiness from successive unevaporated applications, that is mustily repugnant to keen nostrils. There are, however, a sort of exotic perfumes which melt out entirely after a short while, and can therefore be classed as

clean perfume—and delicious if you like their odor. To exude a blast of scent that leaves a trail wherever one goes is the height of vulgarity. The charm of perfume is dependent on the elusiveness of its fragrance.

Staleness, by the way, is something that those who live in small quarters—especially those who are much in an atmosphere permeated with tobacco-smoke or cooking, must be at special pains to overcome. If there is any possibility that a dress has absorbed an odor of any sort, it should be thoroughly aired in front of an open window. Clothes that have been exercised in should be aired for hours—and if necessary, sponged off on the inside. As a matter of fact, exercise should be taken only in fluff garments. A dress that has any likelihood of an odor clinging to it should never be shut into a chest. Shoes that have been walked in should be aired and then tread.

The same dress or shoes should never be worn two days in succession. If you have only two dresses, wear them alternately—if you have three or four then wear them in rotation. They will last longer and stay fresh much longer if they are allowed periods of "recovery" between wearing. Pressing is less necessary than supposed. If you hang a dress over steam in the bathroom for an hour or so and then hang it in the air for a day or a night, it will press itself much better and with less injury to the material than ironing it.

If silk stockings are rinsed the moment they are taken off, they will wear longer than if washed less often.

The woman who has a limited income and one that herself to look after her clothes should choose materials that clean and stay "in press" easily. As I have already said, woollens, crêpes de Chine and marabouts—cliffings and charmeuses in fact most materials press themselves beautifully if hung in a bathroom over a tub filled with a few inches of hot water.

Dresses that have organdy collars can be made instantly crisp and clean-looking by putting on a clean collar—assuming of course that the dress is spotless and odorless.

No one can look beautifully appointed who is not beautifully clean, both in person and surroundings, one cannot emerge from a musty, dirty home or put fine raiment on top of unwashed skin or underthings and expect to look smart or to exert the best charm. One might look effective in the distance but upon close approach those keen of scent will detect a waft of tell-tale fiftiness than which nothing is more repulsive. On the other hand, the simplest, most unpretending clothes, clean and well-aired, on a thoroughly well-groomed body can not only produce anything less than a dainty and therefore detectable personality.

## Castaway Stuff

[Continued from page 65]

eyecight of the island and espied two figures on the shore.

"There they are!" cried Harkaway. "Safe and sound. The future of American pictures is assured again. Birney, for heaven's sake, get this!"

"Cripes!" said Ed. Birney, disquately. "I've been working the old crank for the past five minutes. Give me credit for that much sense. And to give him credit, he never let up until the whole story was packed away in celluloid. It was apparent from the first that Conover's thoughtfulness, after all, had not been necessary. The marooned couple gave every evidence of activity and health. They skipped about the beach and waved excitedly."

"Be sure and get that in," cautioned Harkaway, as they launched the first row boat. "I'm going to jump out before we beach and wade in to them. And I think yes, I'll take Rena in my arms and kiss her. That'll make an effective bit, I think."

"I'll get it, never fear," muttered Birney.

"But you ought to be relieved at the safety of Sid. Are you going to kiss him?"

Harkaway did not hear. He carried out his idea so enthusiastically that the first words Sidney Service addressed to the party were in the nature of expostulation. "Here, break away there, Harkaway! That young fellow belongs to me!" All of the company gathered around the castaways. Thermos bottles with steaming coffee were produced, the famished couple fell upon them with cries of delight.

Then, in the very midst of the confusion, came one of those chance moments of quiet and Rena was heard to say, "Sidney's been perfectly wonderful!" Conover turned to Harkaway and laughed. "Well, Mr. Director, you did it," he said. "You got a new twist to the cast-away idea and now all the world will acknowledge that you did it. It won't be in the picture." Then he added: "Unless Cupid carried a camera."

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## The Angel Standing in the Sun

[Continued from page 16]

as they may, the growth of the United States, from Plymouth Rock onward to the close of the World War, would be what the French call a conclusive exhibit. The older and sagacious nations of Europe and Asia have not always had our advantages. The slow but sure corrosion of time has eaten into their optimism and confidence. Yet they feel, as do all right minded people, the need of thanksgiving. But the American nation is unique in setting apart one day for the giving of thanks to the Author of all good. This day has no patron saint because it includes every benefactor of humanity. It magnifies no earthly ruler, because the supreme moral Sovereign of the Universe is the sole object of its undivided praise. The President himself is its herald; the various Governors of States echo its official proclamation; the people ratify it by their observance of the day. Public and private benefits, matters purely personal or of nation-wide importance, are blended together as a reason for gratitude. As a matter of fact, the day is the appointed time for home-comings when parents and children, lovers and friends gather together after the Old Testament manner, and keep their feast upon the hearth.

We usually connect Thanksgiving with the gains of agriculture, manufacture and trade. But its genuine importance is heightened by its religious genesis. Because in times of trouble, trial and starvation, when it was not very easy to see "The Angel Standing in the Sun" who peacefully directs its vital rays. It is difficult, unless one knows the American people, to understand why they should commingle grief with gratitude, and severe privations with praise. Yet this is exactly what they have done on Thanksgiving Day because they hold that their Protector safeguards the nation in the sun and eclipse, as well as at its meridian. The day has a nobler meaning because it originated in the sorrows sanctified by faith.

Again, the United States is chiefly an agricultural nation drawing its health and vigor from the soil, and on Thanksgiving day says its tribute to Nature as its prolific mother. One sometimes hears

complaints about Thanksgiving orations which dwell upon our abundant harvests enabling us to feed ourselves and half the world besides. Yet these references are a return to the wise worship of the Old Testament, which shows in Nature's beauty and bounty the robe which God is always weaving for himself. The Psalmists and Prophets delighted in the stretches of growing corn which "laugh and sing." Our Lord Himself emphasized the sower going forth to sow, and following hard on the heels of the ploughman. He taught people to see the beauty of the hills and fields. His parables and metaphors were steeped in the daily round of the husbandman and the householder. To bring into the churches at Thanksgiving the first-fruits of the farm and field is a commendable custom. To gratefully enforce the beneficence they exemplify is a relative obligation. Of course there are times when crops wither, cattle die, and blizzards or droughts blot out the harvests for which men labor. Nature like the stream of human events, is not a perpetual merry-maker. Yet these are nothing more than her turnings in the mighty bend of her rest. Her normal tasks are to fill the oceans to the brim; to isolate the peaks, carve out the river channels, shift the strata, and reverse the soil. For one crop she ruins she produces a million; for one human being she starves she feeds ten millions. It is entirely appropriate, as I see it, that we should link Thanksgiving with the wonder, loveliness, the utility of Heaven's bountiful abundance to men through Nature's stewardship.

Every nation makes its contribution to the aggregate of human good or evil. That nation will survive which by force of example, and not of armed strength, shall sustain the ideals which preserve and elevate humanity. In this spirit we hail Thanksgiving Day of 1925. The year which its crowns has been one of marked progress, here, and everywhere. The foes of justice and peace are on the defensive. We have stable ground for hope, for faith, and for that charity which buds at Christmas tide, and breeds the peace and brotherhood which will come fruits and bomes at Thanksgiving.

## Making Your Vote Count for Something

[Continued from page 2]

of the Civil War, until the election of Grover Cleveland, there never had been a Democratic president in power. If anyone had told me up to that time that it would be possible to change the government of our country from a Republican form to a Democratic form, and not very rarely blow up the whole works, I would have thought them violently insane. I was just a girl, working like a galley slave to do whatever the Republicans suggested be done by the woman who won the election of James G. Blaine. I knew all about his twenty years in Congress, his brand of statesmanship. I thought, "I think I think I think now, one of the greatest political figures this country has ever known. When the awful 'Kum, Komanim and Rebellions' fiasco occurred in the New York speech which defeated James G. Blaine just at the close of his campaign, my father came home a sick man. He said that one unfortunate phrase in the mouth of a Republican speaker would defeat our candidate, and it did. When it became known the day following the election that what my father had felt would occur really had occurred, we shut ourselves up in our house while the pursuing Democrats rode up and down the sidewalk, up our front walk, and with long-handled brooms swept our residence from the upper story to the lower. Regardless of flower beds and the lawn, they rode round us, a howling mob. My father had made many speeches; he had always influenced many voters. That day he sat with his head bowed and his heart almost broken, then we walked in fear and trembling to learn what the awful Democrats were going to do. I have not the faintest notion today as to exactly what I expected that they would do. It was to be a big bid, menacing thing that

was to bat the entire country. This may seem extreme now, but it was not at that time. I happened to live in a country that, so far back as my memory extended, never had known a Democratic official. Wabash county always had gone Republican by huge majorities. Later I woke to the dumbfounding realization that for six months the Democrats had been in power while the blasting menace that was to sweep the entire country, in so far as it concerned the Republican Party, was in the best Post Office the city had ever known. I learned to my amazement that we could elect a Democratic President and get over the change of administration a better Post Office!

When that realization struck home, it marked the first period at which I quit being glibbie and began to think for myself. I realized that it was quite possible that it did not matter who was in the Presidential chair; God would go on reigning in Heaven, and the Government in Washington would continue to survive. Looking back without prejudice over the history of nations that have been controlled by the votes of the people, one sees that there always have been two opposing parties that have handled the affairs of the government. To be sure, we have always had a train of little parties and movements, the result of a lot of people heads too busy to realize that under our constitution the man who received the majority of electoral votes was going to be President; that the chances were ninety-nine out of one hundred that the candidate of one or more of the two great parties would always hold the office. Just why such a large per cent of our people have been so intensely interested in throwing away their votes, I do not understand.

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For proper cleansing, soap should be used once a day—but it must be the right kind. RESINOL SOAP is ideal for every skin and will stand any test of purity. Its particular fragrance as well as its rich color is your guarantee for the healthful Resinol properties it contains.

No heavy perfume is required to conceal inferior quality. Buy a cake

from your druggist or toilet goods dealer, and bathe your face with it tonight. Note how readily it lathers, how gently but thoroughly it cleanses the pores, how easily it rinses, how soft, velvety and refreshed it leaves your skin.

But don't let your treatment be too harsh! Many a woman ruins her beauty at the start by scrubbing her face with a rough cloth and hot water, when she should use lukewarm water and a soft cloth—or better still—her finger tips. The rinsing should be thorough, and the skin dried carefully by patting lightly with a soft towel.

Where blemishes are already present, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment is also unexcelled for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles, boils, chafings, scratches, etc. Your druggist sells the Resinol products. No home should be without them.

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A single Treatment at the Elizabeth Arden Salon will tone and refresh your skin wonderfully. But if you are too far away to make this possible, you can follow the same method in your care of the skin at home. Elizabeth Arden will be happy to answer your inquiry on the correct use of her Preparations or the use of her method to correct your individual skin faults. Elizabeth Arden recommends these Preparations for your Self Treatments each morning and night:

**Venetian Cleansing Cream.** Dissolves and dislodges all impurities in the pores, leaves the skin soft and receptive. \$1, \$1.50, \$3, \$6.

**Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic.** Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, \$1, \$1.75, \$4.75.

**Venetian Orange Skin Food.** Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles and lines. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$4.25.

**Venetian Velva Cream.** A delicate skin food for sensitive skins; nourishes without fattening. \$1, \$1.50, \$3, \$6.

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**Venetian Amoretta Cream.** An exquisite protective cream, gives a soft, smooth, natural bloom to the skin. An excellent powder foundation. \$1, \$1.50.

**Poudre d'Illusion.** Exquisite powder, fine, pure. *Illusion* (a peach blend), *Rachel*, *Orris*, *White*, and a new shade called *Monroe*, \$3.

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## With a Bob— It's The Upkeep That Counts

DIRECTIONS BY VIRGINIA KIRKUS

**DON'T** think a bob means a lazy life! First and foremost you should have a clip at least once in three weeks, by an expert. No home-clippings. Insist that the neckline be neat but not harsh; and that the back, if cut close, be clipped French fashion a few hairs at a time, never in straight lines.



**B**OBBED hair tends to be oily, so be very careful in shampooing to soap and rinse thoroughly at least three times, then rinse in gradually cooler water and dry by hand. If you would have lustrous hair, brush twice a day, through to the scalp and up.

**I**F you must conceal your bob and look truly dignified, use a cover-bob. It's an ingenious double switch held securely in the shortest hair by cleverly contrived combs. A soft chignon covers the telltale neckline, a hair net and a few pins do the rest.



**T**HERE'S lots more that can be told to you of the bobbed head. Send us a two-cent stamp (for postage), for suggestions about shampooing, waving and treating short hair. Or if your problems concern long hair, or figure, or skin, or hands, send ten cents for "The Little Book of Good Looks." Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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There's a Land That Is Fairer  
Than Day

[Continued from page 50]

young boys who haven't any folks in Heaven to help him finish the house. He'll be fretting because I haven't come and wanting me to hurry. I hope he has a fireplace that won't smoke. This one always has been such a comfort."

"But it won't make any difference," I said, blundering thoughtlessly again. "It is to be June, and fine weather, and you won't want a fire, but will be outdoors."

She sighed and sat gazing thoughtfully into the flames. "Maybe not," she said, a little wearily. "There are so many things about Heaven I can't figure out. I know everything will be perfect, but I can't just figure out how. It would be something of a disappointment if I couldn't have an open fire to sit by some of the time." She spoke wistfully, but brightened at a new thought. "Maybe it's wicked to ask so much," she said. "But He can fix it so we all can have everything we desire."

The next day I was called to a distant city and returned at the end of a week. I had noticed the slow falling of her strength and as soon as I reached the village I drove up to the old house on the hill. I found her sitting in her big chair by the fire and her smile was welcoming and untroubled. "Dan's getting impatient," she said presently. "I don't think the house is done now. He'll be lonely waiting all this time for me to come."

A husband yearns is like a day up there, Aunt Caroline. I reminded her.

"Not for Dan's will me no there," she snipped quickly. "I don't reckon Dan'll think it's Heaven at all until I come. He'll be wandering around the field pottering with the plants, or upsetting every drawer in the house. He can't stand it to wait for me much longer."

"We can't stand to be without you either, Aunt Caroline," I said.

"Laws, child, you can't say me nothing like Dan's do," she said complacently. Two days before Christmas the nurse telephoned to me. "Come to the house. I found Aunt Caroline sitting propped up among her pillows, a look of amazing happiness transfiguring her face. She seemed not to observe that I had entered the room. "She has been like this for an hour," the nurse whispered. "She has been talking of Heaven as if she has seen it and I'm—I'm scared."

"I wasn't sleeping, child," she said, as I took her almost transparent hand in mine and felt the feeble flutter of the pulse. "I saw it and it is all true, just as Dan's and I knew it would be. The city is beautiful and bright, and so wonderful it made my old eyes ache. There's the most beautiful country all around the city, with woods and hills and a creek. I can't built the house on a little hill with the creek winding around in front of it."

She paused and smoothed her face toward me, lighted with triumph. "I wanted to see it before I went, child," she continued simply. "So I had to let you know it was true. You may say as I said, but if you only half believed, I knew I would see it, because of the old hymn."

"Which one, Aunt Caroline?"

Her tired voice quavered feebly: "There's a land that is fairer than day."

"And by faith I can see it afar."

"By faith," she repeated. "I knew I'd see it, and I saw it just now. Dan's had a wide porch on the house and a big stone chimney, and flowers in the yard, and honeysuckle starting on the porch pillars. From the porch you can see the city, the towers of gold shining in the air, the clouds glowing; and Dan's waiting."

She closed her eyes and sank back in the pillows. In her wrist I could feel the slow ebbing of life. Suddenly there was a quickening of the pulse, such as often precedes the final flutter of life. She opened her eyes, and seemed to gaze at us all, and smiled. "Child," she said to me, "tell Annie to fetch me my best mantle and shawl from the hall closet. Dan's does hate to be kept waiting."

The maid brought the bonnet and I folded the India shawl across her shoulders. She smiled weakly and closed her eyes. The pulse was fluttering weakly. Presently she opened her eyes again and said:

"Coming, Dan!"

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# Leadership



## Leaders of Tomorrow Play at Leadership Today

AND millions of mothers—looking ahead to the future of their children—realize that much of life's success, health and happiness depends upon cleanliness and proper clothing.

For 34 years "E-Z" Waist Union Suits have been guarding the health of upcoming citizens—over a third of a century they have been giving the utmost in comfort, wear and protective warmth to the children of America—and all the while lightening the burdens of millions of mothers who have worn "E-Z" as children and are now buying them for their girls and boys.

The real bone buttons are taped on so that they can't be pulled off or sewn, nor can they be broken in the wringer.

The flat-locked seams leave no bulky ridges to irritate the child's tender skin, and the knitted tubular garment-supporting straps place the weight of the child's clothing on the shoulders just where it belongs.

And with "E-Z" Waist Union Suits there's only one garment instead of three to put on, take off, wash and mend.

They are made in medium weight (blue label) and extra heavy weight (purple label) in high neck, long sleeve, or "Dutch" neck, short sleeve, knee or ankle length styles.

For your protection each suit is sealed in an individual, sanitary, glassine envelope.

Winter Weight (blue label) . . . \$1.00  
Extra Heavy Weight (purple label) . . . \$1.25

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**UNION SUIT**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The Standard by Which to Measure All Children's Underwear

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT OF  
MOST GOOD STORES

The E-Z Waist Co., 61 West St., New York

# "Meet The Boy-Friend!"

Of Course One Never Means to Say or Do Anything  
Awkward When Introducing Friends—But—!

VERSES BY LOUISE THOMAS  
Service Editor, McCall's Magazine



If you would glitter socially,  
Don't say, when guests arrive for tea,  
"Miss Jones, shake hands with Mr. Knight,"  
Or, "Meet my girl-friend Sally White!"



In this picture is a sample  
Of a Horrible Example—  
But perhaps He does not know  
That He should stand until They go.



When Fate presents you, at a dance,  
To any Possible Romance,  
It isn't etiquette to rise—  
Just register receptive eyes!



Avoid that cheery social blight—  
The man who shakes hands at first  
sight.  
No wonder that his presence daunts  
The hearts of little debutantes!



If you must shake hands when you  
meet,  
Your hand-shake should be short  
and sweet—  
Not like the person pictured here  
Who thinks she's being 'fer-de-  
Vere.

## Compare

the following features of  
superiority of

## "E-Z" WAIST

Union Suits for Children

SIZE—"E-Z" Waist Union Suits are made to fit children—not a pete. Use a tape-measure and compare with other makes.

SEAT CONSTRUCTION—Compare with other suits into the floral rooster suit which children require. Comfort, grip at sides. Comfort-cut to allow "E-Z" freedom.

FABRIC—Knitted of fine soft yarn into double ribbed cloth which conforms readily to the body—absorbs moisture and allows the pores to "breathe."

STRAPS—Genuine "E-Z" tubular knitted straps, the only straps for real comfort and satisfactory wear in a knitted suit.

BUTTONS—All of real bone. Genuinely-appearing buttons all taped on and doubly secured. Won't break in the wringer and can't lose off during play.

BUTTONHOLES—Special "E-Z" reinforced. Will not tear, break or stretch. GARTER HOLDER—No metal tube to cut or pinch in the wringer. A "tube of tape" keeps the garter pin straight and always in perfect position.

PACKING—An attractive, individual glassine envelope for each suit. Insures sanitation, avoids chafing.

FINISH—Uniformly excellent workmanship throughout. All seams flatlocked, leaving no bulky ridges to irritate tender skins.



To know the complete *savoir faire* and *savoir dire* of introductions and all good manners, send for our booklet, *A Book of Manners* (new edition). Price ten cents. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



*Sécho de Paris*

*Flowing Lines  
distinguish  
The Evening Mode*



4257

No. 4257. The lower back of this youthful dance frock swings out in the accepted flare and joins the upper back in a distinctive fashion. Inverted tucks at each side subtly suggest a low waistline in front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4269. A crushed girdle cleverly cut in one with the bodice and tied in front is the point of interest on this charming evening frock. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. The wheels of ribbon may be made from Embroidery Design No. 1296.

No. 4262. This evening wrap provides wide sleeves cut kimono fashion and a gathered flounce to intrigue one's fancy. Wide bands of fur provide the trimming and add a luxurious note. Sizes: small, 14 to 16 years; medium, 36 to 38 bust and large, 40 to 42 bust.

No. 4215. A long slender bodice and circular skirt are joined under a ribbon sash which ties in front in this smart model. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Developed in georgette with beaded trimming from Embroidery No. 1465 it would be exceedingly chic.



4269

Emb. No. 1296



4262



4215

Emb. No. 1465

# Echo de Paris

## Jabots that flutter and Capes that swing



4287



4305



4280



4300

4273

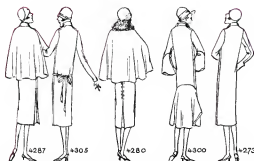
No. 4273. A buttoned tab fastens this slender coat frock over an underfront of contrasting material. The sleeve tab is cut in one with the long set-in sleeve. A practical model for cool November days. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4300. Another coat frock of wool material has an underfront of figured silk in clever simulation of a coat and separate frock. Circular sections on the sleeves and sides add the flare and swinging movement that Paris demands. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4280. Equally appropriate for practical or more formal wear, this smart coat wears a dashing cape and a long shawl collar cut on becoming lines. An inverted pleat gives additional width in back. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4305. This is an excellent choice for the new bordered materials and is especially adapted to cut from 54-inch widths. Two jabots cascade in graceful ripples down the front revealing a contrasting panel underneath. The standing collar with tie is a smart addition. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4287. One should have at least one of these practical tailleurs with its fluttering shoulder cape and inverted pleats at sides and front. The buttoned closing and boyish collar strike the youthful note. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.



*L'Echo de Paris*

*The Mode acquires  
a new grace and motion*



4270  
Emb. No. 1115

4296

No. 4270. A youthful frock is this smart one-piece model with flaring lower edge, and triangular motifs applied over each hip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Cherry sprays, in satin-stitch, from Embroidery No. 1115 may be used.

No. 4296. With true Parisian chic this little frock buttons itself down the back and wears a rippling flounce in front. The smart collar ties in back. Gathers over the bust provide additional fullness. Long set-in sleeves complete the effect. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4291. Close fitting shoulders, and a flaring lower edge achieved by means of circular sections set in at each side, are the smart features of this coat. The back is flat and the collar adjustable. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust.



4291

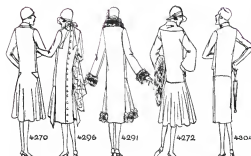


4272  
Emb. No. 1474

4304

No. 4272. Full bell sleeves and a jabot collar that ripples gracefully down the front are the smart style features on this lovely afternoon frock. The circular skirt joins the waist at the hipline. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Button holed flowers from Embroidery No. 1474 would make a charming finish.

No. 4304. The back of this skillfully cut tailleur is plain in contrast to its bolero front with underfront of contrasting silk. Long snug fitting sleeves set into normal armholes and tie collar are smart. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

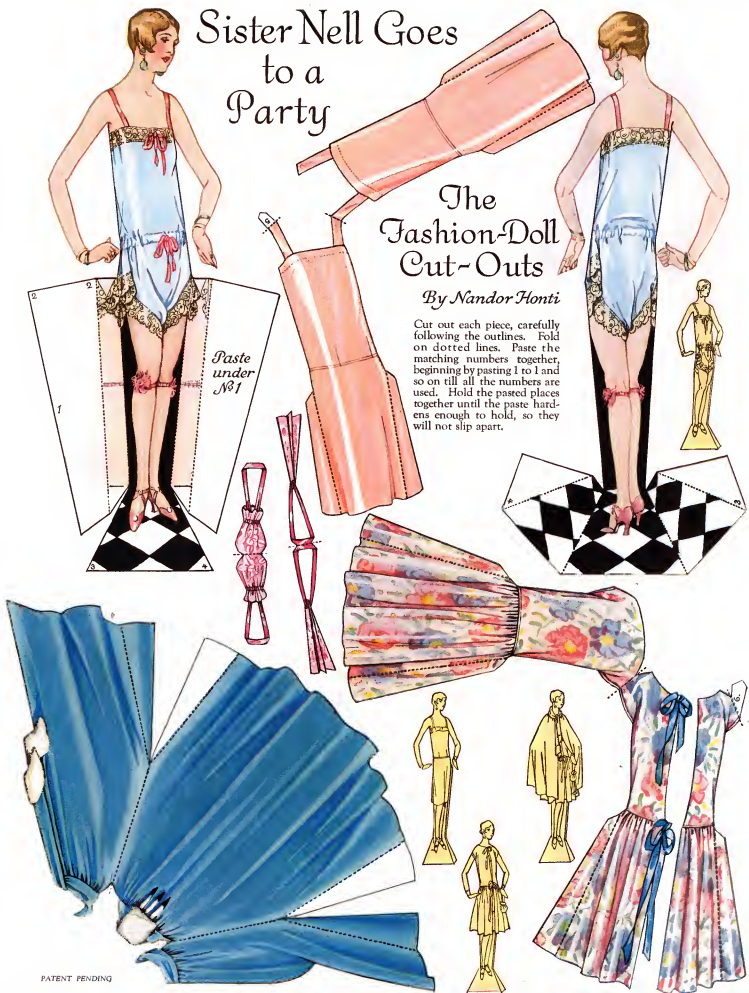


# Sister Nell Goes to a Party

## The Fashion-Doll Cut-Outs

*By Nandor Honti*

Cut out each piece, carefully following the outlines. Fold on dotted lines. Paste the matching numbers together, beginning by pasting 1 to 1 and so on till all the numbers are used. Hold the pasted places together until the paste hardens enough to hold, so they will not slip apart.



PATENT PENDING

FASHION UNI-OUTS dressed in McCall Designs, Slip-in Chemise No. 4200; Dress and Skirt No. 4220; Cape No. 4117.

# Pêche de Paris



4210  
Emb. No. 1466



4299

## THE OUTLOOK by Anne Rittenhouse

PARIS is full of a number of interesting tricks and devices in dress. Women are amusing themselves mightily with accessories, jewelry, coiffure experiments, scarfs and small shawls, mufflers for coats, reptilian shoes. The most amusing and amazing movement in dress is a desire to wear masculine clothes with an excessive degree of femininity. Only women with slender bodies and fragile faces achieve the best result. French women who possess these physical features carry off the trick with astonishing success. That we are trying to do the same thing is apparent to any of us who have just crossed the ocean, homeward. Therefore a distinct warning is imperative; if your body is big and even slightly cumbersome, if your face is florid and jaws heavy, if your hair is long and arranged in a French twist or heavy knot, abjure this trick of masculine apparel. It is not for you. Probably the large woman will be as disgusted with fashion as she has been off and on since the war began, since brevity was substituted for decoration, but she must seek and find some middle way, she must study the problem to suit her physical appearance.

That vast and increasing variety of womenkind who look like planked shad, walk with the undulating grace of a cat, wear their hair cropped close to the skull, and know that painted cheeks are terribly common, but painted lips are not, such as these can play with the new masculine fashions without fear. In truth they are the women who invented them. The moment a woman looks masculine, then the game is up. The main idea behind the craze is to compel the onlooker to perceive a vivid contrast between what you are and what you wear.

I emphasize this creed, this doctrine, for all the women over here do not understand it. They have heard that masculinity is the smart thing and they immediately translate it into hard-himmed hats, four-in-hand cravats, blue serge suits, low-heeled shoes and white shirts, waists, or they turn from the fashion with scorn and declare themselves unrelentingly against it. (Turn to page 86.)



For descriptions turn  
to page 86



4210



4010



4010



4288

4299



*Echo de Paris*

*The suggested waist line—  
a new line of division*



4250



4276



4271



4264



4277

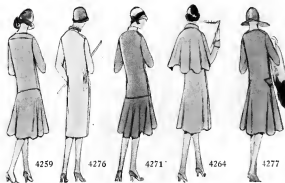
No. 4264, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with cape. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 54-inch material; collar and cuffs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch; cape lining,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 40-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 4276, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; front closing with inverted pleat below. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 4277, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; cut circular at sides; applied motif on each hip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch. Width, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 4271, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch material; collar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 40-inch. Width, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 4259, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular tunic and jacket. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.



4259

4276

4271

4264

4277

*Echo de Paris*

*Fashion approves the Redingote  
and surplice front*



4297

4279

No. 4279, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with underfront; kimono sleeves. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material; underfront, 1½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4297, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; surplice front; two-piece skirt; two-piece circular tunic. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 8¼ yards of 40-inch material; vest, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4287, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with cape. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material; cape lining, ¼ yard of 40-inch; collar, ½ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2½ yards.

No. 4301, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with underfront; set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material; underfront, 1½ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

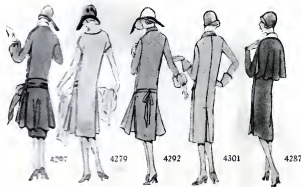
No. 4292, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular front tunic. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting puffs, ¼ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.



4292

4301

4287



4297

4279

4292

4301

4287

Echo de Paris

The  
Princess  
silhouette  
sponsored by  
Paris



4286

4285

4266

4284



4271

No. 4285, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with vest and convertible collar. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2 yards.

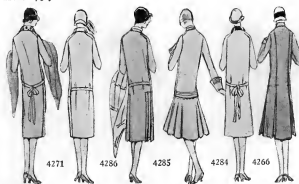
No. 4286, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with vest, front gathered in apron effect. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch bordered; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4271, LADIES' AND MISSES' SKIRT-OR DRESS; contrasting collar and tie. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2¼ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4284, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; in the new princess style; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40- or 3 yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 3½ yards.

No. 4266, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; inverted plait at front and sides. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 2½ yards.

No. 4293, LADIES' AND MISSES' SKIRT-OR DRESS; slightly fitted. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 54-inch. Width, about 2½ yards. Darning-stitch trimming may be made from Embroidery No. 1450.



4271

4286

4285

4284

4266

4293



4293

Emb. No. 1450

*L'Echo de Paris*

*Neck~  
and  
hemlines  
points of  
interest*



4295

4265

4303

4272



4302

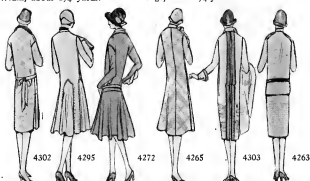
No. 4272, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 5½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 4½ yards.

No. 4295, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with circular insets. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 54-inch material (bonded); collar facing, ½ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2½ yards.

No. 4265, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with flaring lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4303, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; suitable for 54-inch material. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 54-inch (bonded); contrasting bands and straps, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4263, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; overblouse and camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch or 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.



4302

4302

4295

4272

4265

4303

4263



4263



# LET ME SAVE YOU

## 1/3 to 1/2



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*The simple tailleur worn by  
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4267

4303

4278

Embl. No. 1312



4263

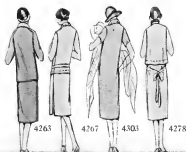
Embl. No. 1377

No. 4267, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; in bolero effect; scarf collar of contrasting material. Size 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; collar, 5/8 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/2 yards.

No. 4263, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS, Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch; collar, 5/8 yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/2 yards. Motif in outline-stitch may be made from Embroidery No. 1377.

No. 4303, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; suitable for 54-inch bordered or plain material. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2 yards of 54-inch bordered. Width, about 1 1/2 yards. Embroidery No. 1315 in darning-stitch may be used.

No. 4278, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; in bolero effect with inverted box pleat at front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting 3/8 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/2 yards.



4263

4267

4303

4278

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## Bolero and coat effects are chic

4298  
Emb. No. 1055

4305

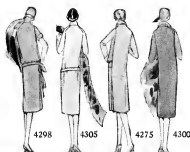
4275

No. 4298, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; surplice closing; set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Banding may be worked in running-stitch from Embroidery No. 1055.

No. 4305, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; yoke and sleeve in one; suitable for 54-inch material. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch (bordered) material. Width at lower edge, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 4275, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' ETON DRESS; with contrasting waist front; inverted pleat at each side. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 4300, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; in coat effect; with straight lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch material; inset,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 54-inch (cut crosswise). Width, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.



4298

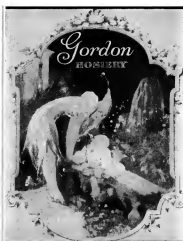
4305

4275

4300



4300



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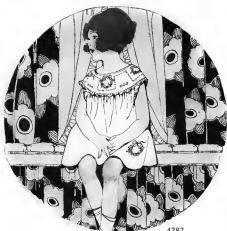
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## Practical Dress-up Frocks



4274

4258

4267

4289  
Enth. No. 1331

No. 4267, MISSIE'S Dress. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4289, GIRL'S Dress. Sizes 14 to 20 years. Size 14 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4258, GIRL'S SLIP-ON Dress; yoke and sleeves in one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards of 32-inch material; sash, 2 1/2 yards of ribbon.

No. 4282, GIRL'S Dress; with special embroidery. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; 2 1/2 yards of edging.

No. 4274, GIRL'S Dress; with front box pleats. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material; collar 1/2 yard of 36-inch.

## Correct That Droop Under Your Chin

Watch your chin line, for "beneath your chin your age is written." Here are two photographs of the same woman—would you ever believe that just the chin line could make such a difference? One, the relaxed and sagging chin line of age; the other, the firm and graceful chin line of youth. Even with young women, that cruel droop may creep in through neglect.



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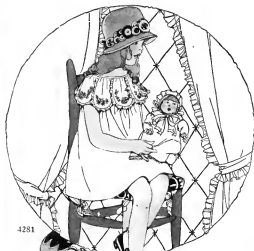
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4281

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Junior



4290



4294



4275

4268

Emk. No. 1450

No. 4294, GIRLS' COAT.  
Sizes 6 to 14 years.  
Size 14 requires 2½  
yards of 54-inch material;  
lining, 3½ yards of  
36-inch; trimming,  
¾ yard of 40-inch;  
¾ yard of 40-inch;  
¾ yard of edging.

No. 4281, CHILD'S  
SLIP-ON DRESS; with  
special embroidery.  
Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size  
6 requires 2 yards of  
36-inch material or 1½  
yards of 40-inch; petals  
¾ yard of 40-inch;  
¾ yard of edging.

No. 4290, GIRLS' SLIP-  
ON DRESS; kimono  
sleeves lengthened by  
gathered sleeves. Sizes  
6 to 14 years. Size 12  
requires 3 yards of 32-  
inch; contrasting, ½  
yard of 36-inch.

No. 4275, MISSES' AND  
JUNIORS' EREW DRESS;  
with set-in sleeve. Sizes  
12 to 20 years. Size 14  
requires 2½ yards of  
54-inch material; ¾  
yard of 36-inch.

No. 4268, GIRLS' DRESS.  
Sizes 6 to 14 years.  
Size 10, 2¾ yards of  
36-inch; 1½ yards of  
3-inch ribbon. Darning-  
stitch Embroidery No.  
1450 may be used.

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# THE TREND OF FASHION IN EMBROIDERED MOTIFS

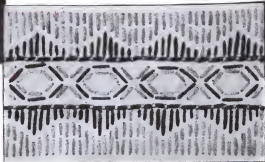
By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



4202 Dress  
Enb. No. 1473



1474. Detail of Motif Developed  
in Wools of Various Colors.

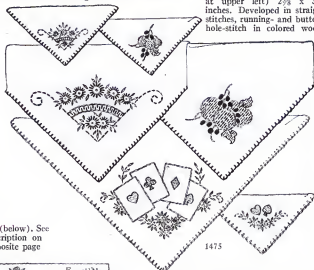


1473. Detail of Wool Banding on dress at left.



4270 Dress  
Enb. No. 1474

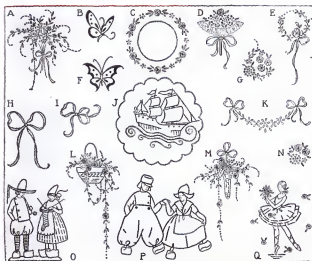
No. 4270, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLEEVELESS DRESS. 7 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Embroidered pockets are indispensable to this smartly semi-tailored model. Design No. 1474 provides 1 pair of triangular motifs,  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 7$  inches; 9 small motifs (see illustration at upper left)  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Developed in straight stitches, running- and button-hole-stitch in colored wools.



1475 (below). See  
description on  
opposite page

No. 4272, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLEEVELESS DRESS; closing at left shoulder. 7 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. The smooth finish in front is inviolated by the smart wool embroidered banding down the side. Adapted from Multi-Color Design No. 1473, the width  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches, the length yards.

1475 Detail of  
Motif on Cor-  
ner of Refresh-  
ment Set.



No. 1475, DESIGN FOR THREE REFRESHMENT SETS. Essential to the success of the afternoon "at home" are the dainty viands served on the embroidered linen set. Design for cards, fruit and floral fan-shape, each set matched by half a dozen napkin corners.

1477. Detail  
of Motif D,  
 $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$  inches.



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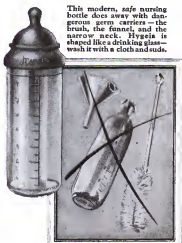
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The Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Inc.  
Buffalo, N. Y.

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This modern, safe nursing bottle does away with dangerous germ carriers—the brush, the funnel, and the narrow neck. Hygeia is shaped like a drinking glass—wash it with a cloth and inside.



## A Man Under Authority

(Continued from page 23)

chief trouble? Want of sleep?"

"I never sleep," said Gaspard, bitterly. "Look here, Gaspard! I wonder whether your mother would consent to let you study with me for an hour or two every day, if I undertook not to let you get tired?" Bill's voice was eager.

"Oh she'll consent," declared Gaspard. "I say, padre, this is decent of you—a wish, you know." He grinned at Bill like an impish child, and then abruptly his whole demeanor changed. He lay back again very soberly upon his pillows, all the light gone out of his face. "Yes, I wonder how soon you will repent."

"Cheer up!" said Bill. "I dare say we shan't quarrel overmuch, if we do—"

"Yes, if we do?" Gaspard looked at him with a sort of heavy curiosity.

"Something about him touched Bill—something that was in neither speech nor expression. He fathomed the fact that between, deeply hidden in this boy's soul, was a bitter need.

"I say, I wish you'd call me Bill," he said. "There's no sense in standing on ceremony if we're going to be pals."

"All right, Bill," Some of Gaspard's former animation returned.

"I say, Bill, do you pray?"

"Rather!" said Bill.

The boy looked at him uncertainly. "I don't mean just the usual routine ones."

"Nor do I," said Bill.

Gaspard's confidence increased. "You believe in it then? You do it because you think you'll get something out of it?"

"Yes," said Bill with absolute sincerity. Gaspard turned to him fully. "Then it's no good doing it—the chance?"

"What?" said Bill. "Pray to Something you don't believe in, for something you don't think you'll ever get? No, I don't think there's much in that."

Gaspard uttered a hard, involuntary sigh, and passed on. "And you don't believe in confession and absolution and all that sort of thing?"

"But of course I do!" said Bill with decision. "Or I shouldn't be what I am. To some, confession is an impossibility; to others, a necessity. And as for absolution—"

"Yes—absolution!" said Gaspard.

"I made a queer end very recent gesture," said Gaspard. "As God for that!" he said.

"You mean you couldn't give it to anyone?"

"There was almost almost in Gaspard's voice."

"Only as the instrument of God?"

"You couldn't give it to an infidel?"

Bill faced him squarely. "I could give it to anyone who wanted it, Gaspard."

"You could? You are sure?" He raised himself again eagerly for an instant a new light shone in his eyes, and then it was gone. He dropped back again. "What rest are we talking! I shall be discussing penances next!"

"No, I don't believe in penances!"

"You don't? And why not?" Again the black eyes sought the General's.

"I only believe in trying to make amends," said Bill. "He held absolute simplicity; if he had noticed anything unusual a moment before, his manner betrays nothing of it."

He left Gaspard a few minutes later and went down to the garden in search of Lady Rivers and the General.

As he neared it, he heard voices—the General's gruff and hearty, and that quiet, sweet laugh of hers that set his veins tingling anew.

"My dear Lady," said the General's voice, "she's a man in a thousand, but he has a heart of flint. There's only one splinter in the district who has got anywhere near softening it. And she hasn't made a vast success of it, apparently. Oh, you'll never catch Bill Quintin napping. He knows a bit too much."

Bill's hands clenched abruptly; he walked straight forward.

"Hello!" was the General's greeting.

"The man himself! We were just talking about you. I've been telling Lady Rivers that what a wonderful padre you are, how you preach wisdom to the fools and folly to the wise, and so on."

"I hope she hasn't believed you, sir," said Bill soberly.

"Sit down!" said Lady Rivers. "How did you find that boy of mine?"

Bill remained on his feet. Somehow it had become imperative to get the General

away as quickly as possible. He made the approaching storm an excuse. He was "glad most of the way back to the Vicarage gate. Old General Farjeon stumped through and waited for him."

"Well?" he demanded, as Bill maintained his uncompromising silence. "What about it? Haven't you got anything to say? You told me yourself she wasn't ordinary, and by gad, you were right. That sort of woman doesn't come and bury herself in the depths of the country for nothing. I tell you, they simply don't do it. Why, she'd be an empress in her own sphere! Adoration is her daily food. It sticks out a yard long, man. She's used to walking over the necks of her slaves, and she'd like to add you to the number. She's a dangerous woman, I tell you. How do I know it? Why, I can feel it in my bones. I've met that sort before."

Here Bill muttered something. "What do you say, Bill? What? Speak up, man! I can't hear."

Bill turned towards him. His face was pale; his eyes were extraordinarily bright. "I said, 'Get' sir," he said, with great distinctness. "And I meant it."

The General broke into a laugh. "That's quite enough, Bill." He laid a hand-od hand on the Vicar's shoulder. "That's what I like about you, Bill," he said.

"You're so straight. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. But you'll be careful!"

"As careful as you are yourself, sir," Bill promised. "And now—I don't want to hurry you, but hadn't you better be getting back before the storm breaks?"

He saw his old friend mount, and sped him on his way. "I'll be back with great distinctness," he said, with great distinctness. "And I meant it."

Then there came out to the lawn and stood there for a second or two as if dazed. Before him stood the abbe, one long sheet of unopened buds gleaming against the dark spears of its foliage. He moved forward slowly till he reached it, and stretching out a hand, he held the lovely thing against his face.

"Empress indeed!" he said. "Could a slave of yours do anything but adore?"

General Farjeon, rising home to the stormy evening light, spent a good deal of thought upon Bill.

Bill, of course, he's smitten—badly smitten," mused the General. "He wouldn't be human if he weren't. Good heavens, that must be like Bill, who sees nothing but Winches and Barnes every day of his life, when a woman of that type floats in his horizon?"

Why, I'd sooner see him married to my pretty Molly. His thoughts veered. "No, hang it! He shan't have Molly. She's fit of boredom if she married Bill. I'm not sure that Stafford would be much better for her—except that she's in love with him, the man. Yes, she'd better have Stafford—if I can bring him into line, Cousin the fellow! He's got the pride of the devil, but I believe he's fond of the girl all the same."

The old problem occupied his mind once more. Stafford and Molly had been friendly enough in the winter, but there had been a split of some sort. Either Stafford had been too overbearing or Molly too evasive. Perhaps both, and the result had been a rupture and the failure of old General Farjeon's most tenderly cherished plans. For in his aged, querulous way, he had set his heart upon having Molly for his nephew's wife. He did not like Stafford, but he regarded him as a pawn in the game. And he firmly believed that once married to Stafford, Molly would spend as much time in his company as in that of her husband.

"No brains—no brains!" the General always said of his nephew, but Molly had brains enough for both. She would make her mark wherever she went. Though only eighteen, her originality and independence stamped her as one who would always hold her own—even if by sheer selfishness.

"Yes, I'd like my little Molly to reign at Hatfield Place when I drop out," said the General. "By gad, there'll be some gnashing of teeth in the county if she does! But she'll hold her own."

He was nearing his own shade as he came to this comfortable conclusion, but save for a few deep rods of thunder far behind him the storm seemed no nearer than before. He [Turn to page 89]

for Men  
for Women  
for Children  
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## A Man Under Authority

[Continued from page 87]

turned his horse, and rode on to Hatchsted Rectory.

In the heavy gloom of the brooding storm the place looked utterly dreary and forlorn. An old-fashioned bell-pung by the front door, and the General gave it a sharp tug, but without result.

The open French window of the drawing-room at once attracted his attention, and some malicious spirit prompted him to step on to the grass of the lawn and approach the window without sound. He would surprise the solitary Lottie and the prim Mr. Bird at their love making.

The next instant, he stifened, almost as if he were standing at attention.

For there, before him, prone upon the floor and sobbing—sobbing wildly, fiercely, with complete and even terrible abandonment—was his little Molly, who had never shed a tear in his presence before!

She did not bear his approach, but while he stood hesitating, Molly's terror sensed the presence of the intruder and, burst upon him with indignant bars.

"Drat the dog!" said Molly, springing, disheveled, to the rescue; then, turning in a tury upon her father, "And drat you too, for coming in like that! What did you do it for? You might have waited!"

Old General Farjeon, however, despite the explosive character of his reception, was not means smiling at the girl's outburst with you, my dear Molly," he said. "Drat the dog! If I hadn't been wearing leg-kings, my calves would have been in ribbons."

"And served you right too!" stormed Molly, bestowing the full weight of her wrath upon him, not that the dog was worsted. "What do you want to come sneaking in this way for?"

There was not another person in the world who would have addressed him thus. The General recognized the fact and chuckled. He looked at her flushed face and blazing eyes, and his own softened.

"I'm not going to apologize for interrupting you," he said, "because I'm very sorry I did it. I could have waited in the nick of time. What's the matter with you, child? What's the trouble?"

"Do you think I'd tell you?" demanded Molly with scorn.

"I think you'd tell me sooner than anyone else," rejoined the General diplomatically, "though I don't think you'd be saying very much. Still, you will tell me, I know, because I'm your oldest friend and always to be trusted."

Her tennis-racquet had been flung on a chair. She picked it up and began to hammer it moodily on the toes of her shoes.

He came to her boldly, and patted her shoulder with assurance. "I know what's the matter," he said.

She still played with her racquet, but there was tension in her attitude. The General, standing by in discreet silence, saw her chin begin to quiver.

"Tell me, Molly!" he said abruptly, and put his arm about her.

She turned impatiently and laid her head down on his shoulder. "If you make me cry any more, I'll kill you!" she whispered.

"Or cry if you dare!" said the General. She uttered a passionate sound that tried to be a laugh and lifted her head.

"I don't of course—not in your presence," she stamped on the ground in sudden fury. "Oh, why—why—why aren't you younger?" Then, with equal suddenness, and even more passion, "Oh, dear darling, forgive me! I didn't mean that! I didn't!"

Her tears were round his neck. She would have kissed him, but—to her amazement—he refused her kiss, holding her from him in an iron grip.

"I don't care what you mean," he said. "Whatever I am, I'm flesh and blood, not a miserable ex-cosmopolitan like you. I may have been in the world a bit longer than you, but I'm made of the real stuff the same as you are. And I'm going to prove it, do you hear? I'll marry you myself."

"Good gracious!" said Molly. She stood in his arms as he turned to stone. The General was a man into whose being new life had suddenly been infused. He held her with stern intention.

There was a keen, compelling look in his eyes, which Molly—[Turn to page 90]

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## The Father of Little Women

seated on the front bench beneath the teacher's eye with a half dozen other wriggling young sculpins of the first class, not a pocket handkerchief among the crew. And after the teacher had prepared many pens for many children with chilled fingers, after a dozen bottles of home made ink had been thrust out at the blazing fire, after the teacher had set innumerable copies on papers and slates, after the second class had read stumbly from the Gospel of St. Luke, and the third and fourth classes had spelled by heart long columns of astounding and unheard of words, the master called the little first class before his desk. They came with their primers and slates. Bronson, the tiniest and the new comer, at the foot of the class.

The five before Bronson spelled laboriously through a sentence each. It was Bronson's turn. Blushing in a tiny treble voice, he read his sentence without hesitation. The school master turned a rapid page or two and in a twinkling fabric. Bronson read it without an error, face crimson, blue eyes filled with tears of embarrassment. The master, a staid young man, preparing for the ministry, looked at the small boy with a brightening eye.

"How far have you gone in the primer, Bronson?"

"Through it, please, sir!" guiltily from the child.

"Have you read anything else?"

"The school was all attention, even the loutish class of fifteen listening."

"Of the 1881 Almanac and some of the Gospels," whizzed Bronson.

The master opened his Bible to the lesson over which the second class had been stumbling and pointed with his quill pen. "Read this to me, Bronson."

"And the child read clearly, without hesitation. There was many days of Herod the king of Judea, a certain priest named Zacharias, of the course of Abia . . ."

"And on and on through whatever passages the master showed him. Finally the master took the book from him and said, 'You will read with the top class. Can you tell me the primer?'"

"Only through the primer!" replied Bronson.

"You will spell with the second class. Can you write?"

"Yes, sir. Mother taught me on the floor." He stood at the master's desk, quick tongue caught in the corner of his mouth and with his little chapped fist clapping the slate pencil wrote without copy—"God is Love."

The master started at the huge graceful letters and sighed at sheer pleasure.

"You will write with the top class."

And so the small Bronson was launched on his school career. One must pick the story of this with great patience from his later diaries from his letters to his daughters, to his mother; from notes on his later writings. Most of it is a story of hardship and of unbelievable yearning and striving for the finer things of life. It may be guessed that in a few terms of the district school he practically had exhausted the resources, and he began to look about him for other intellectual worlds to conquer. There were a few books in the neighborhood and Bronson borrowed them one after another. He read them winter evenings before the fire, while his mother knitted and his father worked out hickory shelves. He read them in the spring when, set to weed the garden, he conscientiously did his stint; but at the rest periods he allowed himself, at the end of the rows, he buried himself in some treasury of words. Thus before he was twelve he had read through this small but astounding list: Young's Night Thoughts, Milton's Paradise Lost, Robinson Crusoe, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Henry's Hibernation, Thomson's Poems. Then on a certain unforgettable day he borrowed a copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

"O charming story!" he records. "My haunts by meadow, rock and brook were made by its enchanted ground. More than any work of genius, more than all other books, the Dreamer's Dream brought me into a living acquaintance with myself, my duties; and if the value of work is to be determined by its power to educate its readers, then I must acknowledge my debt to the story of the great Pilgrim's Progress."

He borrowed it again and yet again; and he gave with him. He gave with him when he could not have the book, and often, he says, left the oxen and the plow standing in the furrow, while, sitting on the wall, he read. He had enacted the drama of that most dramatic book, himself taking the part of Christian.

"You will recall that in the diary about his children, he tells of their bed time dramas, and you will recall that the Little Women loved nothing better than to impersonate the parts of the unforgettable Christian. Whoever loaned the book first to Bronson dropped a pebble into the mill wheel, the contriving rings of which were not to cease rippling for a hundred years."

(The first article, disclosing for the first time the diary of "The Father of Little Women," will appear next month.)

## The Circus Lady

(Continued from page 28)

to the eye of any old timer.

"The first word always as one jumps from the coach is, 'Where's the lot?'" It takes the place of "Good Morning" with any good insider. Years may go by; circus life may change so fast that at times the days of the circus are forgotten unless something brings it to mind. But, "Where's the lot?" will always bring a smile to any trouper anywhere in the world.

A considerable amount of years have passed since I have been on the sawdust. There are so many new faces in the ring now, when I go back there to visit Madison Square in the spring. Even the tricks are different.

I sit in a reserved seat, a gille for the second time, and watch the shining pagoda post men, the flying and riding and swooping from dizzy heights—for my amusement. I watch it eagerly, but alas, not as I feel I ought to—not with the eyes of a gille—not with that breathless interest of one who is a stranger to the canvas tent.

Perhaps there is wild applause over a showy act, one that has been ushered in with loud music, and many spots. It is hard to tell to which of them and they are vociferous about it. But I know well that the quiet man who rode so heartily in the ring the act before was doing the work that should have been applauded. His was the work of the old school—beautiful work, that showed practice and the toil of years. He got by it, right, but not with such thundering applause as greets the little slip of a girl half of whose

act is music and lights.

Perhaps, just as the old days of the arts and crafts were passing in every other trade, so they are passing in this too. Advertising, speed, and the desire to get rich quick are just what that old time act is getting rich quick has set its mark here too.

When I am confronted by a little boy in a white suit, wanting to sell me circus foods, do I buy as the rest on me are doing? No, I don't; I put my hand out and draw it back. My father's voice is saying to me, Let the gilles eat the peanuts and drink the lemonade, Josie. You can do your work better without them.

Do I applaud with the rest of the gilles at once particularly good trick? Alas, not half the time, for I am too busy watching a certain circus ringleader under a silk tight to join in the handclapping. Or I am wishing I could get bold of that little girl riding her horse with such evident promise. Some of the things she does are so wrong, and I know how many can be ruined by training of the wrong kind. I could help her along the hard stony road over which my father has met so successfully.

In appearance and action—in the things the Outsiders can see, I may be a gille. In fact, I probably am, for years will leave their marks on the face and the feelings as well as on the face. But I know that deep down, deeper than everyday gets me, I am still one of the old time. Let me tell you. In my heart and soul I belong to the lot and the red wagons and the Big Top.



## Why Multiply Your Sorrow?

There is no need of making sorrow an endless road. But your grief over the passing of a loved one is increased immeasurably through all the years to come if you are in any way negligent of the remains.

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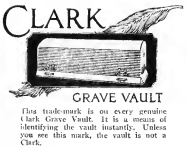
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changed; gray days came and raw nights and rough water. It grew colder; the four winds were up and busy, blowing freshly one day, boisterously the next, never blowing quite—blustering winds, sudden winds, treacherous winds, arising capriciously anywhere and at any hour.

Duck, geese and swan now came in thousands—not remaining, however, very close to Star Shoon and The Old Man's, where early dredging operations stirred them up and kept them from returning until late at night. Also the duck and geese were made uneasy by activities on Tiger Island. Yet, even with all that stir and noise and the constant sailing of boats between Tiger Island and Bonnet Bay, the wild-draft of the wilderness did not have felt very much disturbed had it not been for the nightly reels of Welper's gang—their sudden mania for light-glimmer bonfires and setting off fireworks.

Why and what the Forty Thieves were celebrating nobody on Red Moon Island could guess. It made Lanier uneasy, apprehensive, and finally maddened. Had it not been a case of shooting on sight between him and Evayne Benton, he might again have risked a visit to the Gay-Cat. He was contemplating it.

But he did not want to kill Renton, or anybody else if it could be avoided. Moreover, there was another way of securing information. He went after lunch one day with Jake in the launch to Bonnet Bay; and from Every's house at Steek's Landing, he called up Frank the Clerk at the Hotel Marguerite of Granby in Norfolk.

"Frank," he said, "this is Number B. Give me your number, please."

"Double B. What is your letter?"

"Twenty-six. What is yours?"

"My letter is Fifty-two."

"A jet, Frank?"

"All set."

"How is the fishing?" inquired Lanier.

Number E is very anxious to get fishing. He calls me up every day for instructions. Have you any advice to give?"

"Yes. We are all fishing here, and you are wiring him instructions. Tell him in code that the fishing season has begun; that he is to go on the job at once, find out what is happening in the fish-pond and get the information to me. You know where I am?"

"Perfectly."

LATE that windy afternoon, returning with Bob Skaw from a call on a cruise through a choppy sea, he noticed a strange launch off Red Moon Island, alongside the dredging scow. Bob told him that the launch belonged to the game warden, Bill Bailey, who was on his annual visit to those remote regions for the purpose of inspecting licenses.

The warden, a weather-haten native in sou'wester and tarpaulin, hailed Bob jocosely: "Vere you all be a-sailin' to ven I come a-sailin'?"

"We was chasin' sand-filies on False Cape. We got a license to kill skeeters, too," he laughed the warden, and the warden, who inspected them and returned them.

"At you-all diggin' in de duck-veed, Cap'n Bob?" he demanded in a hanting voice, gazing at the dredging scow.

"We're diggin' up swans' ass, Bill," replied Bob, gravely, "you-all been over to Tiger?"

"I reckon."

"What's all them fires 'n' fireworks for?" demanded Bob. "They act like they's aimin' to clab the bay o' duck?"

"Red!" replied the warden, "ven I send dem dols! yonder I vent over vut de launch. Dee tell me how dee done find some ok ship sunk off 'n' Tiger!"

"Vot kind ship?" demanded Bob incredulously.

"Dee tell me she's Spanish an' dees a hoot o' money is hold."

"Is that why they're shootin' rockets an' celebratin'?"

"I reckon 't's dat a-way, Cap'n Bob."

"I reckon," retorted Bob, "they're a billin' hunch o' fiars, them Bonnet Bay wads. Bert Mewling he's a crook and a poacher and a liar. Does you let 'em tell you they found no Spanish ship full o' gold?"

"I reckon it's silver," drawled the warden, "—vich is vat dee showed me, any-

way."

"You recen silver money took out of de 'water off 'n' Tiger?" demanded Bob furiously.

"I reckon."

The warden ejected a compact quid, slowly gnawed a section from the twist of native pipe, thoughtfully stirred his engine, seated himself and took the tiller.

Lanier called across the widening interval of water: "Did you see those silver coins, warden?"

"Yass, I did, sah."

"What kind?"

"Spanish, I reckon, sah," came the faint reply across the water.

Bob poked the launch to the dock; Lanier sprang to the landing and tied up.

"That looks bad for us, sir," remarked Bob Skaw in semibre tones.

"I wonder," muttered Lanier.

WHEN he was bathed and dressed it was near the dinner hour. He found Maddalen in the library before an open fire, her slender feet on the fender. She extended one hand to him in friendly welcome.

"Well," he said, seating himself, "how is the dredging going on?"

"Nothing, so far," she admitted ruefully.

"You're not discouraged, are you?"

"I don't know," she said, "but now, what the game warden told you and Bob Skaw."

About the Tiger Island gang finding some silver coins."

"Spanish silver," that is rather disturbing, isn't it?"

"In a way, Welper pretends that he's discovered a sunken ship and has dredged up some Spanish silver coins. In consequence the gang went out and shot the drunk, lighted bonfires, and fired rockets. And yet, Maddalen, I'm not as much disturbed as the warden is."

"If he told you so in her arm-chair and said that he was smiling, he said: 'In the documents you have, there is no mention of silver. We are all fishing here, and you are wiring him instructions. Tell him in code that the fishing season has begun; that he is to go on the job at once, find out what is happening in the fish-pond and get the information to me. You know where I am?'"

"Red Moon, galleys, was loaded to the gunwales with pure, soft, Indian gold. The mast mentioned was Indian, not Spanish, and that remote ancestor of yours traded with Indians, not with Spaniards. He was not paid for his beads and knives and looking-glasses in Spanish coin, or in coin of any sort, either gold or silver. He was paid in soft Indian gold."

"I don't know," she said, "but now, what the game warden told you and Bob Skaw."

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"If he told you so in her arm-chair and said that he was smiling, he said: 'In the documents you have, there is no mention of silver. We are all fishing here, and you are wiring him instructions. Tell him in code that the fishing season has begun; that he is to go on the job at once, find out what is happening in the fish-pond and get the information to me. You know where I am?'"

"Red Moon, galleys, was loaded to the gunwales with pure, soft, Indian gold. The mast mentioned was Indian, not Spanish, and that remote ancestor of yours traded with Indians, not with Spaniards. He was not paid for his beads and knives and looking-glasses in Spanish coin, or in coin of any sort, either gold or silver. He was paid in soft Indian gold."

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## The Love of Cactus Carrie

(Continued from page 3)

counter with an expert hand. "Our little Ye-vonne ain't steady on th' job. She's got a weather eye out for a permanent meal ticket, I'll say."

"For Pete's sake!" cried the owner of the name, "don't call me Ye-vonne! She thrust her hand, with an angry gesture, up the lack of her head, fluffing her curly brown 'bob' until it stuck out wildly.

"Calm yourself, kid," advised Miss Eppel, in her capacity of head-waitress. "There's a customer."

Yvonne became outwardly calm, but she "had it in" for Annie. And, in further proof of her histrionic ability, she turned a pleasant face to the man on the high stool, and asked: "What'll yuh have, Mister?" in a sweet, soft voice.

"These kids," complained Miss Eppel to Cactus Carrie, who was shining the coffee machine, "are hard to handle. If they only learn to hold their tongues!—They might take a few lessons from you, Carrie. You don't give no one any lip."

As she spoke she passed Carrie, who glanced aside at her. It was a swift look that said many things—had there been one to read—patience, obedience, were in it—and a strong contempt.

Carrie was the only woman in the place who had kept her natural color and full amount of hair. Two long, straight, blue-black braids encircled her head and were pinned primly. She was flat and straight of body, her hips narrow, her back like a totem-pole, shoulders square.

She had been working three months, and Mr. Hinton, the manager—watching her sharply—knew that she would make a better head-waitress than Sadie Eppel. But Sadie had done nothing to merit displacement; so Carrie—dubbed Cactus by the inventive Annie, the first hour of her arrival—continued to polish and serve with that minute care and earnest application which characterized her daily life.

She turned from the coffee-urn and glanced down the length of the counter. Her dark eyes rested on the figure of the man Yvonne was serving with "savins and sinkers" (doughnuts and coffee). It was a shapely figure—one which should have been athletic—grown now a bit too heavy with the soft flesh of idleness. It slouched at the high counter, and the hand that held the cup of thick cream trembled. But the face that turned toward the perky, pretty, Irish waitress was as appealing as a child's face, with a broad brow, wide between the eyes; the nose straight and fine, with delicate nostrils. Two deep dimples bit the cheeks at each slow smile. The grey eyes were very careless and lazy with dreams; and the lips seemed to have lost the power to meet firmly—they continually smiled.

Cactus Carrie had never seen this man before, but as she watched his damaged beauty the years rolled back. She was a girl again in a New England meadow; a maiden dreaming of knighthood. The Fairy Prince in all of her dreams had looked like this man, before . . . Ah, she had lived a checkered, troubled life! Yet she had never quite forgotten those shy dreams; that shining knight who rode through them . . . And now the fair armor of his courtly strength was dull, tarnished in the tilt of life; and she was—Cactus Carrie from "beyond the line!"

She went and stood by Yvonne, listening. "Where'd you come from, Rudolph?" Yvonne said, "kidding" him: "you've sure got an appetite!"

The stranger looked up. The incessant smile widened. "Wall Street," he said. "Advance agent for H. K. H. No, your pardon, young lady. Where did I come from? Hanged if I know!"

Yvonne laughed, and nuzzled the back of her bobbed hair. But the quiet lips of Cactus Carrie drew into a firm line; her eyes narrowed questioningly. "English, ain't you?" she asked; and the man's attention became, suddenly, fixed upon her. His shoulders lifted a little, and the smile and the dimples disappeared.

"Impriims, he was broke," he said, quoting. "Thereafter left his regiment—later took to drink and losing the balance of his friends—joined the people of the land—That's Arizona and the gentry of the rope and spud, the genus cow-boy. Only work is so blame scarce! Sure I'm English." He slid from [Turn to page 60]

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Extra-Heavy Romper FeetReady  
for  
Bed.Ideal  
for  
outdoor  
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Mentho-Sulphur, a pleasant cream, will soothe and heal skin that is irritated or broken out with eczema that is covered with ugly rash or pimples, or is rough or dry. Nothing subdues fiery skin eruptions so quickly, says a noted skin specialist. The moment this sulphur preparation is applied the itching stops and after two or three applications, the eczema is gone and the skin is delightfully clear and smooth. Sulphur is so precious as a skin remedy because it destroys the parasites that cause the burning, itching or disfigurement. Mentho-Sulphur always heals eczema rash, skin eruptions and pimples right up.

A small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur may be had at any good drug store.

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No more blackheads, pimples, freckles or mudiness! Now you can clear your skin of redness, sallowness, liver spots, and moths.

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Three minutes before bedtime smooth some of this cool, fragrant cream upon your skin. The next morning you will be astonished at the way your skin has begun to clear. Send for a jar of Golden Peach-Blossom Cream now—only \$1.00. If not delighted and amazed your money will be instantly refunded. No purchase will bind and address

Perla Toilet Co., 3611 Oak St., Paris, Tenn.









Two striking features of the show were this replica of a seventeenth-century tulip garden, and an acre of woodland where a million daffodils danced in the breeze

# All Hail the Tulip and the Daffodil!

BY DOROTHY GILES

McCall's Special Representative at the World's Greatest Flower Show Held Recently in Holland



EVERY fall when the packages of bulbs arrive from the nursery men, and I take my dozens of *Clara Bulbs* and *Princes of Austria* and *Gloria of Leyden* from their neat, brown paper wrappings, my faith in miracles springs up anew. So much wizardry of color, so much promise of fragrance, such daring bravery of March winds and wayward April weather, compact in these knobby brown and red-skinned bulbs that look for all the world like rather misshapen onions!

Show me a skeptic, I say, and I will give him a bulb. Two of them, by preference—a tulip in one hand, a narcissus in the other. And, if it can stand guard over him long enough to make sure that he plants them with even a moderate degree of care, there, in six months, I guarantee to show you a believer! So much of faith will be have learned of Mother Earth.

Of the great bulb family, in which the lily is easily queen, and the daffodil, although this belongs truly to the double yellow variety alone. "Lent lilies," the old gardeners called them, since in the sheltered corner of Kentish gardens they may be found blooming cheerily in the chill, dark days before Easter. So too I have seen them, springing joyously from the green turf within the cloisters of Pisa, planted there in soil brought long ago from the Mount of Olives and keeping faithful guard over the bodies of the old monks who were such valiant gardeners.

But to see either the tulip or narcissus at its perfection one must go to Holland—I did last May—that brave little country by the North Sea whose chief exports are—cheeses

and bulbs! In the rich peat meadows that lie just within the sand dunes are hundreds of acres devoted to their propagation. And of this great industry, which Holland estimates is worth some twenty-two million florins (\$8,800,000) yearly, more than one-half have been destined for the American market. So popular, on our side of the Atlantic, are these gay harbingers of the spring.

The world's finest tulips come from Holland, where the affection of the Dutch people for their national flower shows no sign of waning



In this charming, though simple, rock garden low-growing foliage and flowering plants give an effect of color and mass



And such bulbs! Against a background of clipped yew hedges flamed formal plantings of tulips—red, orange, yellow, pink, and two glorious deep purples—*Van Der Meer* and *Conquer Cardinal*. Bold masses of the vivid orange cups of the *Prince of Austria* caught and gave back the April sunshine; and at the edge of a little wood, informal groupings of the lovely double tulips: *Muriel*, *Mr. Van der Hoef* and *Therese* made patches of pale yellow and bluish pink against the glossy green of rhododendrons.

In one sheltered garden of winding, flagged-stone paths, the pointed, flame colored buds of *General de Wet* flickered above a haze of blue forget-me-nots. A lovely planting this, and one which lends itself to even a very small garden where tulips are at their best planted informally and with a ground cover at their feet.

For narcissus enthusiasts—and I confess myself to be of their company—the crowning wonder was the Wood of Daffodils, a little valley of gray-trunked beech trees, and dancing at their feet, a million daffodils! Not that I counted; but, having seen them, I am content to [Turn to page 99]







# All Around You People Know This Secret—

Clear eyes, strong bodies, a new zest in living—all through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-22, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"ABOUT 15 MONTHS AGO I was afflicted with uteris. I had suffered from constipation for several years. One day I noticed dark spots appearing upon my hands. I consulted a physician. 'You have auto-intoxication,' he said, and explained that the waste matter was forcing itself into the blood. He handed me a pamphlet advertising Fleischmann's Yeast. I began taking yeast that day. I took it for four months. I have never had another eye since I ate the first cake; and I am freed of constipation."

Mrs. AUNA LEBERT, San Antonio, Texas

BELOW

"I AM THE OWNER of a grocery store and recommend Fleischmann's Yeast especially to my customers who mention having indigestion or nervous trouble. Because it was when I had those troubles myself that I started using Fleischmann's Yeast. I had only a half-hearted hope that it might help me. But in two months I was eating and sleeping normally. Today I have better health than I ever had before. In fact, I believe I am in perfect physical condition, and that Fleischmann's Yeast has been a great factor in helping me gain that ideal condition."

Mrs. ROBERT CARL, Toronto, Ont.



"CONSTIPATION was my deadliest foe. I always had the tired, sluggish feeling characteristic of this ailment. Impaired appetite, a sallow complexion and a pimply skin also contributed to my misery. My mother was employed by a prominent Boston physician who recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I finally condescended to give it a trial. I continued for two months, when I noticed a slight change. At the end of the fifth month I had regained my lost vigor and my appetite had improved wonderfully. All signs of ache had vanished and the tired feeling was gone—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

LAWRENCE A. PERLEY, Medford, Mass.



This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!



"BEFORE I BEGAN TAKING Fleischmann's Yeast my face and chest were in a terrible condition with pimples. Finally one day a young woman asked me if I had ever tried Fleischmann's Yeast. After all my failures I thought I might just as well experiment some more. . . . After taking Fleischmann's Yeast for three or four months my skin began to be softer and better to look at. Soon my friends began remarking about the change. Now I am in a perfectly healthy condition."

BEATRICE COHEN, Toronto, Ont.

BELOW

"HAVING MARRIED somewhat late in life, I soon found myself doing daily the thousands of physical tasks it is necessary for a mother of four children to perform, at an age when most women are able to conserve their strength. I looked and felt at least ten years older than other women my age. I did not want to take medicine. To make a long story short, I began to take Fleischmann's Yeast. And when we found that it was toning up my system and re-building what I had unwittingly torn down, the cake of Yeast acted as leaven to the whole lump of happiness at our house."

Mrs. GEORGE N. DAVIS, Macon, Mo.





# Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women

**A** CRITIC says that on this page I am "well trying to solve certain problems that are considered in the Old Testament and as unsolved now as they were then."

No critic is my friend and I am discussing the problems, not solving them; only hoping they may be unraveled sometime, only believing that no wrong ever yet was made right by keeping still about it.

The soldier-boy's reason for complaining fits human relations as well as war: "The wheel that does the squeaking is the wheel that gets the grease."

By investigation and experiment, man has revised many old opinions; has proved that the earth revolves about the sun; has discovered the secrets of the lightning and the thunder; has adapted light and sound to his senses; has solved scores of riddles of the physical world and today uses the information for his advantage. But man has not investigated his morality with much persistence. Sometimes, our mistakes in human relations are the same as those of ancient days.

Through scientific knowledge which man now possesses, he has developed the resources of the earth with such genius that the destruction of the race by war is possible. We are warned of this by wise men of our day.

We know that if moral theory and practice had kept pace with his economical and commercial advance, there never would be another war. The moral issues which we pretend to solve have not taken care to develop and apply, far behind our knowledge of the sciences with which we have taken infinite pains.

Consider marriage, that most important of relationships. With it much which we call immorality is concerned.

Since Old Testament times, the civil laws concerning the rights of married women have improved, but they affect only their morality with much persistence; they are concerned with property, cruelty, adultery.

The intimate, personal loves and hates, jealousies and suspicions of men and women, Adam told the Lord that Eve tempted him to eat the apple.

It is suspected by some scientists that these feelings never can change. If so, or if not so, all human conduct should be based on the truth. Perhaps it is impossible for humans beings to practice the moral ideas they have invented. They preach peace and practice war. Perhaps man is not destined to be monogamous. If so, every woman has a right to know about it before she marries; a right to choose whether or not she will abide by a double moral standard.

We hold certain ideals about the permanency of the home; nevertheless, divorce increases. I have read 1,500,000 letters from women in fifteen years, and it seems to me that there are few wives who have not at some time considered divorce for reasons which have little to do with their legal rights but are connected with elemental revulsions and attractions. Easier divorce may, or may not, be desirable. We can't find out positively unless people think about it, talk about it, form opinions.

Marriage as an institution possibly may not accurately square with human nature. But we certainly can't discard it until we have an adequate substitute for the home wherein to rear children with the father and the mother to guard and guide them. No intelligent person wishes to impress his personal opinions upon others. But we all know that by discussing our troubles, we define them, set them in order, and thereafter are able the better to make our own decisions. And so, friends to this page, let's keep up our discussions of evils which ought not now to exist, which would not now exist, if our forebears had had fair opportunities to talk over certain problems of human relationships as frankly and honestly as we try to do on this page.

## MODERN YOUTH IN LOVE

Reflecting the emotional instability of the time are the letters I've selected for this month's printing. Comments and criticisms are requested as well as after stories of experience.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** I've had talks with boys for three years. I've been able to tell boys that they don't need a nice girl's life. But this spring I've met an entirely different type, the kind you just can't go with unless you are kind. If I refuse to be his boy, he decides that I kiss every man except him and that I won't let him kiss me. I don't let him kiss me. I don't let him work. And my conscience hurts me. I know men never truly love a "soft" girl, I suppose a few kisses will hurt him, but he won't and won't let me. I don't let him kiss me. I am one of the despised common soft ones? How do men react to petting? Will some of them give an honest opinion and help me to decide?—A Nice Girl

Petting makes the average male feel quite complacent and

## Do You Believe That Open Confession Is Good For The Soul?

Because it is a relief  
to minds by telling them  
of our convictions  
down in words—  
to explode before  
runs too high—  
to confessions and  
as inquiries and opin-  
ions. Questions will  
be answered by en-  
dressed envelope is en-  
closed, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

get our troubles off our  
—Because we crystal-  
—when we set them  
Because it is good  
nervous tension  
This page is open  
explosions, as well  
ions. Questions will  
when stamped and ad-  
ed. Write to Winona Wil-  
cox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

egotistical, say the psychologists. Also it disgusts some intelligent men. Of the revulsion which sometimes follows petting, here is an example, from a man who reads this page:

**Dear Madam:** In love, I somehow become engaged, but the girl and I couldn't marry. We had a very nice, but a sordid side of romance developed. She never became "tarnished goods," but we petted far too much. I was repelled and asked for my ring. I always tried to have as much respect for a girl as has for herself. Many times I've had more. This girl I loved was pretty, jolly, refined and charming. Of all the girls I've known, the last I suspect of freedom in petting. Now I'm to blame more than she is, but I was not trying her out. I'm convinced that any girl loses her attraction and even becomes repulsive if she indulges in easy petting. I'd give anything to love with the fervor she once did. But it is impossible. I'd hate to take a chance on marrying her in my present frame of mind. In fact, I've grown pretty cynical about love and matrimony. I believe that I never again can love a girl.—E. A. N.

## THE VIOLETS OF EXPERIENCE

Now for a comment on man's love as seen by a modern girl whose own emotion does not blindfold:

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** SO—love is a game according to men! Not to women it isn't—it's life itself! I ask men—Why do you all flatter yourselves that you are the only ones with ideals of what a woman should be? Girls have their standards of pure living as well as the over-supply of emotion you men are so fond of appealing to with your soft "I love you" and your purring kisses. You men revere for yourselves the right of initiative in the business of love—why shift the responsibility for your morals upon the "weak emotional sex"? According to your code, a woman must possess the strength to dominate both her own and your impulses. You men are keen on "untarnished" goods, yet you forever are interested in making tarnished goods from pure gold. What price ideals? I don't pet! I'm just—"A Dumbell."

Courage rings in the above. Below, the same problem is treated with modern bravado. The difference betrays what is good and what is bad in a woman's mind and character.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** If the girls are subject to the same emotions as our brothers, I believe, why should not we have the same rights? I, myself, have loved too well for a girl. If my brothers are fit for good husbands after such an experience, why not I for a good wife? I am not wicked at heart, neither am I cynical, nor have I lost faith in man. My experience has only given me a keener understanding of the better things in life, and sympathy for those more unfortunate than I. Let those without sin cast the first stone.—Billie

Stones can't harm a girl like that. She cannot feel them. A similar boast ends with the same smugness:

"The pitiful part of it is, I am just good at heart as ever any girl could possibly be. The mad thought which I craved has not untried me and one partner. I am an idealist-dreamer as always."

Now I wonder what can reach a girl so sure that she can take the cash and let the credit go. Can anybody penetrate her egotism and show her that there's a difference between herself and that other girl who has ruled her emotions?

Screaming that "wrong" is "right" doesn't make it so, as some

sophisticates think. I am the other woman in an article which nearly destroyed my first serious love. I had to stop seeing each other or there would have been a murder. I do not think of myself as "bad" though I loved not wisely, but I am doubly unhappy because, to me, being forced to use wisdom in love takes the beauty out of it.—B. B.

## SAVING HIM FROM HIMSELF

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** The man I love is slipping. He is going with the wrong crowd. I have no influence over him. I can't stand by and see him go to pieces in the worst way. What can I do?—Mary

Nothing at all, to judge from the failures made by many other women in like situations, a seldom possible for a girl to keep a man from making his own experiments with life. I do not see how one can save a man from himself. Virtue is not a veneer, it must come from within. Once in a while, however, a wife accomplishes the impossible:

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** My husband was a spoiled son. I lived through six years of constant nagging and growling, at different times taking a stand against it but not changing him. When our children began to understand I said, "Now we will set a good example for our boys." At first he laughed but I was firm. I said, "No more growling in this family!" Why, I had to help him to grow into a different boy, to use a pleasant tone, to find pleasing words! And today you wouldn't know we were the same family. I tell you a woman's family is what she makes it.—M.

"Innocently" a trespasser may wreck a peaceful home is this girl's claim.

"Boarding while teaching in a western community, I discovered that the man of the house was interested in me. I let things drift until I was understood. I said, 'Now we will set a good example for our boys.' At first he laughed but I was firm. I said, 'No more growling in this family!' Why, I had to help him to grow into a different boy, to use a pleasant tone, to find pleasing words! And today you wouldn't know we were the same family. I tell you a woman's family is what she makes it.—M."

For the same reasons that young girls are, "Innocently" Vanity!

## FOR THE CHILD'S SAKE

To offset the story of the town which ostracized an unwed mother and openly condoned a rich young man's offense, comes this account of the women of another community who united to help a young girl in her black hour.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** The boy was a brilliant athlete, his parents rich and respectable. The girl a fair young thing, well liked and good. The girl's parents arranged a secret marriage a few weeks before the arrival of the infant but needless to say, the town knew the details. The couple never exchanged words after the ceremony. The man refused to assume his parental responsibilities. But the women and the girls of the town brought the young mother comfort and cheer and companionship because they were wise and understanding women. Today the girl is honored because she did the right thing when she might have sneaked out of her responsibility unnoticed. The man is regarded as a weakling and a slacker, not for the middle, but for the heart because he was not man enough to shoulder his share in his child's care.—A.W.

## TWO VIEWS OF MARRIAGE

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** Into our middle west town, a newly arrived widow has thrown a bomb. She is over forty, financially well fixed, a good business woman, has many friends, owns her home and car, has no children, travels a good deal. As in our town she is a stranger, she has no money, no social place and no job. Now she has been a widow less than a year but the first time she met our improvident childless, she asked him for many help!

After she courted our husbands applaud her for acting as the fests! But we wives wonder what our men would say had the widow been poor, with several children, and in dire need of a husband's help! Would our men decide that she was a romantic creature whose feelings were a credit to her?—Mrs. B.

This is printed here as an odd detail from the vast canvas of human behavior; and as showing the "different" reactions of husbands and wives to the same situation.

# GOLD DUST



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Always keep a package of Gold Dust in the bathroom. It encourages every member of the family to "leave it as they find it".

A shake of Gold Dust into the tub, a swish and a rub, and there it is gleaming and ready for the next comer.

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First buy one large or three small packages of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour which entitles you to buy a griddle for \$1.69. If your grocer can't supply the griddle with the pancake flour, mail us \$1.69 with his name and address, as well as your own, and griddle will be sent you postpaid. When it

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My grocer does not sell Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. Send me aluminum griddle and 3 packages Pancake Flour, postage prepaid—I enclose \$2.50.

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